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The Caswell News

Vol. 1 No. 1

Let Us Smile

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-strings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

MARCH, 1936

School Spirit

School spirit is hard to define, yet it is always in evidence in every school—a force for good or evil. Even the casual visitor may observe it and will form his opinion of the school more by the type of school spirit he discerns than by all else taken together.

Proper school spirit demands that we put the welfare of our school as a whole ahead of the welfare of our class, our club, our athletic team, or any school organization to which we belong. It is not opposed to class spirit or team spirit, but on the contrary thrives best when class spirit and team spirit thrive. School spirit should cause us at all times to courteously stand up for our school and in turn do all we can for her that she may be worth standing up for. Remember that whatever we do, whether in school or out, we are adding to or taking from the honor of our school. Our school is judged by the words and actions of the boys and girls that make up her roll.

When I hear a pupil speak indifferently of his school, I take it for granted he is not giving his school much in the way of study or effort of any kind and consequently isn't getting much out of it. I imagine that if all the boys and girls are like him the school doesn't amount to much. I always hope they aren't, or I know I wouldn't like to attend his school either.

The student who gives the school the best he has is sure to become enthused with the school. He may realize far more than the other fellow its shortcomings, but he puts his shoulder to the wheel and does his bit to overcome them, and in doing so forms within himself a love and loyalty for his school that will make him stand by her in victory or defeat.

We owe it to our school to honor her at all times with the best that is in us. Whether in the classroom, the study hall or the athletic field, may we remember that the honor of our school is at stake. Our school will be no better than the majority of us are, because we make the school.

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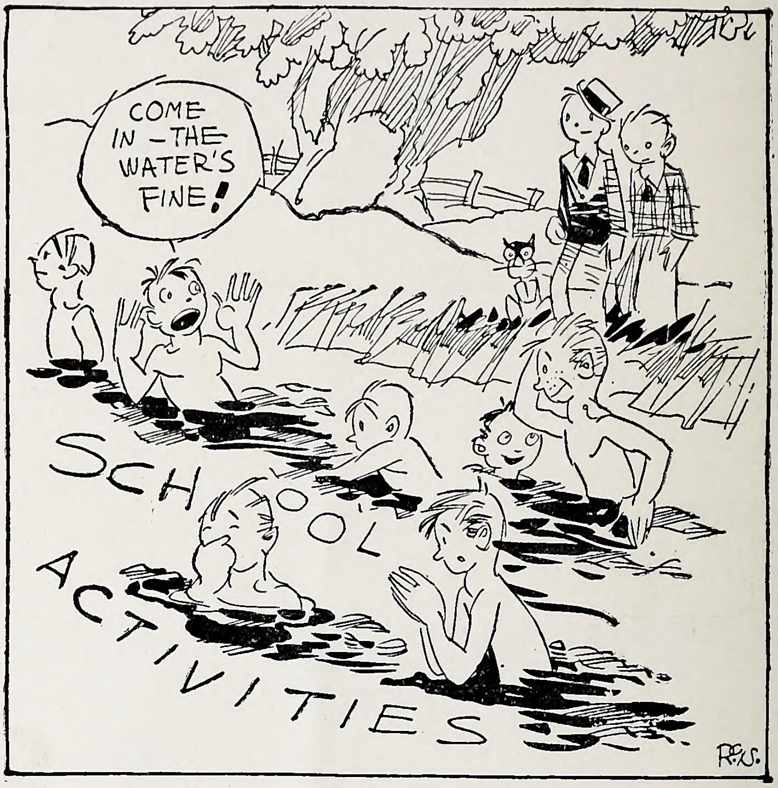
Why should anyone "borrow trouble" when he is sure to be given more than he can handle, without asking for it?

Get Into The Swim


COME IN —THE WATER'S FINE!
SCHOOL ACTIVITIES
R.F.S.

Our School Paper

This magazine has a number of objectives, among which are the development of a better school spirit, the cultivation of the art of expression, a better command of the English language, and a stimulation of interest in school affairs and education generally. The publication of the paper by the students is a means of obtaining the first three of these objectives and the reading of the paper by the people of the community helps to obtain the last one.

The publication of a paper requires the development in the students of a correct use of language and expression of thought. Language and thought are the results when one is required to write something for the public eye.

It is our earnest hope that this magazine will arouse greater interest in the progress of our school and will develop in our students a desire to excel and that we shall strive together for the promotion of education in our midst.

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The name porcupine means "spiny pig."

———o———

The time to save is when the money is coming in.

Editorial

Politeness is almost as important a characteristic of a school as good scholarship. By close investigation and inspection one can learn the scholastic standing of a school, but a casual glance into a school room will reveal its standard of politeness.

All pupils should remember that the tongue is an unruly member of the body and should try to correct this defect by controlling it. When the teachers or other pupils are speaking, the pupils should never be whispering or laughing.

The pupils should show a personal interest in taking care of the building since this is only another form of showing true politeness. In this way thoughtfulness of the janitor is shown. It is his business to clean the building, but by keeping paper and crayon off the floor we are showing courtesies which are due him.

There are many other ways that the pupils may show politeness, and the importance of it grows as one thinks of it. The pupils should give their thoughts to this and improve their manners in every way possible as the reputation of the school depends greatly upon them.

The Caswell News

Vol. 1 - No. 1 KINSTON, N. C., MARCH, 1936 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

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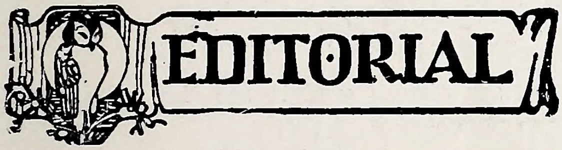

EDITORIAL

With this issue the Caswell News makes its first appearance. It comes to you through the efforts of the employees and the children of our school.

The purpose of the school paper is two-fold. It will promote self-expression and interest among those of us who are on the campus and it will furnish a method through which to circulate news of school activities. Through its accounts we hope to gain many new friends for the school and to keep those informed who already know about our work.

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SOME SCHOOL HISTORY

Past and Present

Caswell Training School—a State School for Exceptional Children. It was first named the School for the Feebleminded. The word "feebleminded" was very obnoxious to many of the children and to many of the employees so the name was changed.

The legislative act founding the school was in 1912—building was actually begun in 1912. Dr. Ira M. Hardy who was the first superintendent introduced the bill in the legislature to establish Caswell Training School. The first children about 15 in number entered in July, 1914. The population has grown to 650 with 85 employees. Caswell is not an insane asylum nor is it a prison. It is a school. No one is sentenced here. When we have room we take children recommended by the welfare officers.

Our budget requires us to collect as much as possible for children's maintenance from parents, guardians or the county sending them. If we lose a paying child by death or any other cause, we try to fill the place with a paying child. This keeps our budget balanced. There have been no new buildings erected in six years, consequently we have a large waiting list, over 800. We have a small turnover in our children. Few die, only one in the last three months. Our building program will take care of over 200 children. This school should be equipped to take care of 2500 to 3000 children. The sooner we can get children after they reach the age of seven or eight years, the more we can do for them.

Discipline—People often wonder how we manage all these children and have such good behavior. Kindness is the keynote of our school. It is strictly against the rules to whip, strike or even shake a child. It is also against the rules to speak to a child in a harsh or loud voice. New employees soon learn that the kind way is the best way.

Rewards—Children that have good reports receive on alternate Thursdays two tokens of the value of five cents each. These can be traded in the store for fruit, candy, handkerchiefs, powder, toothpaste, rouge, etc. Twice a month children with good reports may have dates under supervision. They talk and play games. On Saturday those with good reports who have a dime are allowed to go to the picture show in Kinston with chaperones (matrons for girls, attendants for boys). On Christmas 100 children received gifts for extra good behavior. We extended the time for another three months for those who did not qualify at Christmas (under the rule that "It's never too late to mend"). Santa Claus came to all the children. Gifts from the state baraca and philathea classes and county commissioners made this possible.

Work—All the dairy work, all the hog and chicken work, all dining room work, all laundry work, all work in dormitories, all sewing and mending, part of garden work and farm work, work in the hospital is done by our children under supervision, of course.

School—We have a splendid nine months school with six teachers. This includes craft and music. All employees are really teachers.

Value of school in money—Our present buildings are valued at $1,129,363. We have 1200 acres of land, 650 acres in cultivation. We have 22 mules and 50 milch cows. We are getting 165 gallons of milk daily. We have killed this year 65,000 pounds of meat, raised 5000 bushels of corn, 325 pounds hay, 400 bushels soy beans, 250 bushels peanuts, 2000 pounds pecans, 1500 bushels sweet potatoes, 200 bushels popcorn, and had 25 acres in wheat. We canned 3000 gallons (gallon cans) tomatoes, 4000 gallons beans. We use at the school everything we raise. It takes a great deal of food for 650 children and 85 employees; 2200 meals daily are served.

We are now erecting eight colony homes that will accommodate from 25 to 30 children each, an auditorium that will seat from 500 to 600 people and eight classrooms. All these buildings are fire proof throughout. We have now 800 on our waiting list. The last building, one for children from six to ten years of age, was erected here in 1930. The buildings being erected now will probably be ready by the last of this year.

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WHO'S WHO

Trustees of Caswell Training School

E. V. Webb, chairman, Kinston, N. C.; W. R. Allen, Goldsboro, N. C.; W. E. Dawson, M.D., Hookerton, N. C.; executive committee, Sam Clark, Tarboro, N. C.; R. L. Daniels, M.D., New Bern, N. C.; C. W. Sutton, M.D., Richlands, N. C.; R. L. Coburn, Williamston, N. C.

EMPLOYEES OF CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

Administration

F. M. Register, M.D., superintendent; W. W. Griffin, business manager; Miss Mary Lee Utley, bookkeeper; Mrs. T. E. Cook, jr., secretary.

Medical Department

Mike Lee, M.D., medical director; G. W. Price, D.D.S.; Miss Hazel Wertman, psychologist; Mrs. C. A. Lehman, R. N., superintendent of nurses; nurses, Miss Rose Shearin, Miss Mae Ingram, Miss Lena Rouse, Miss Edith Phillips, Mrs. Emma Carter.

School Department

Mrs. B. S. Barnes, principal; teachers, Mrs. Ethel Hughes, art and craft; Mrs. Lloyd Wooten, music; Miss Rowena Tull, Mrs. Wilbur Dawson, Mrs. Mark Hill.

Culinary Department

Miss Mamie Bryant, dietitian; workers in kitchen and dining room, M. R. Lovick, S. E. Frazier, C. T. Ketchum, Howard Wilson, John Langley, Isaiah White, Mrs. Lennie Beard, Mrs. Otto Fisher, Mrs. S. R. Elmore, Mrs. Julius Freeman, Miss Lou Sessoms.

Housekeeping

Mrs. Florence Leonard, housekeeper; J. L. Aldridge, storekeeper; Mrs. H. E. Taylor and Mrs. James Braxton, laundry; Mrs. B. H. Stokes and Mrs. Sarah Lee, sewing and mending room.

Power Plant

M. V. Harlan, engineer; Thomas Tingle, plumber; Julius Freeman, James Turner, Walter Bowden, firemen.

Matrons and Attendants

Mrs. Fannie Harlan, supervisor of boys and girls; Mrs. Ida Belle Taylor, assistant supervisor.

Matrons—Mrs. Bertha Whaley, Mrs. Bertha Justice, Miss Bertha Gray, Mrs. Mary Parker, Mrs. Emma Grady, Mrs. Addie Jones, Miss Lula Williams, Mrs. Martha Victorian, Miss Leona Broome, Mrs. Ida King, Mrs. Nancy Holloman, Mrs. Mattie Gray, Miss Rose Taylor, Mrs. Sadie Broome, Mrs. Edith Reid, Mrs. Ada Pigott, Mrs. M. R. Lovick, Miss Leila Crowell, Mrs. E. M. Murphy.

Attendants—H. H. Easterlin, E. M. Murphy, Hugh Fisher, A. T. Taylor, Hutson McLeod, S. A. Boone, Carl Higgins, Richard Woods, Edward Smith.

Agricultural

E. V. Brown, farm superintendent; W. F. Beeman, dairyman; James Braxton, manager swine department; Herbert Smith, gardner; Gherman Lane, B. Kornegay, farm workers.

Other Departments

W. C. Gray, night watchman; B. S. Holloman, barber; S. R. Elmore, carpenter; L. L. Taylor, care of grounds; Robert Hendren, vocational and athletic director.

GIFTS

Our good friend, Paul Johnson of Kinston, gave us 150 pounds of candy for the children. Did they enjoy it? You remember how candy tasted when you were a child.

Mrs. Charles Ives of New Bern gave us a lot of children's books. Thanks, Mrs. Ives!

We needed some pianos badly. Had no money to purchase them, put an ad in the newspaper asking for contributions of used pianos. In response to that Mr. and Mrs. William Harding of Raleigh presented Caswell Training School with a most beautiful second hand piano. Who will be next?

Our children need children's books. Who will make us a gift of children's books?

VISITORS

Mr. R. Eugene Brown, director, division of institutions, spent a day with us recently. We want him to come again soon.

Dr. Harry W. Crane, director, division of mental hygiene, came to see us in February. We always enjoy having him with us and wish he could come often.

We are always glad to see the welfare officers and case workers.

CRAFT DEPARTMENT

We wondered why Eleanor was smiling so cheerfully, inquired and learned that she had just sold a hooked rug and a chair mat that she had made. This is enough to encourage anybody especially when one works as faithfully as the boys and girls do in the craft room. Mattie's pillow, wool-embroidered on oznaberg and Emily's luncheon set were purchases in the fall. Marjorie is becoming famous for attractive utility bags embroidered in wool. Since they are selling so well other girls are eager to make them. If you would like a colonial door-stop, ask to see the one Elizabeth made. John is making an easy chair now. His specialty has been carving miniature figures out of wood. The playhouse, large enough for children to get into, made by Charles, is for sale.—Mrs. Hughes, teacher.

SEWING ROOM

We are turning out dresses, overalls, shirts, uniforms and other garments to the tune of a new radio. Sewing machines are busier than ever. Margaret made five pairs of overalls in one day. We think that is pretty good for one who has been in training in this department not much over a year. Mary made seven mattress ticks this morning. Dresses are now being made for the girls in Austin B. In spare moments we make quilts out of leftover pieces. Sarah decided to cut down the bow pattern, worked at it without help and produced a quilt we all admire. Other patterns are the sweetgum leaf, friendship, turkey trot, and blocks.—Mrs. Stokes, matron.

HOSPITAL NEWS

A hearty welcome is extended to Miss Edith Phillips who recently joined our staff of nurses. New equipment is always appreciated. This time it was for the room for minor emergencies. Mrs. Carter and Miss Rouse are March clinic nurses.—Mrs. Lehman, superintendent of nurses.

News From the Dormitories

The Merit and Demerit System

Did you see the group of children going off to the movies Saturday afternoon? They earned that trip by having a good record. You know about dates, parties and bus rides, don't you? They are all decided according to marks. Those little black marks! How we do dread them! If we fail to get up in time for breakfast, are late for school or duty tasks, down goes a black mark! If we use ugly language or talk "sassy" to our teachers or attendants, down goes a black mark! If we fight or refuse to bear our share of the job, down goes a black mark! But when we behave ourselves we do not get black marks. Then we are rewarded by being given the above privileges.

Alternate Thursdays are Date Nights

For nearly three years now we have been using "dates" as a form of reward for good behavior. The boys who wish to do so write notes to their girl friends asking for a "date" in the Central Building. The girls write back accepting or declining. (Very few refuse!) All notes pass through the supervisor's office.

At 7:30 on alternate Thursday evenings the boys come with their attendants and the girls come with their matrons to the Central Building where for an hour under supervision the children gather in groups at tables, play games or sit around the large room and talk. Sometimes they cluster around the piano and sing. This has proven so far to be a great aid to personal improvement and social adjustment. As a parallel we have afternoon parties for the younger groups and use the same method of invitation. They play games as a group. Some light refreshment such as popcorn, parched peanuts or candy finishes up a big time.

The Store

On alternate Thursdays the two stores are opened, one on the boys' side and one on the girls' side of the campus. Two tokens with a value of ten cents is the highest amount a child can receive in this project. In our store we sell toothpaste, face powder, combs, belts, ties, candy and fruits.

Matrons' and Attendants' Meeting

The matrons and attendants also have their meetings. The first Monday in each month they meet with the supervisor to discuss their problems. The social feature with games and refreshments is growing in popularity. This is a real live organization with Mrs. Ida King as president and Miss Leila Crowell as secretary-treasurer.—Mrs. Harlan, boys and girls supervisor.

Tapp Building

First off we hope for the success and the continuance of this sheet. To all we extend our greetings. A timely announcement now is that of the opening of our shoe-shine parlor where employees may get a shine for a nickel, (cash).

Over the past few months we've noticed a decided change for the better in several boys. We wonder if you have noticed it too? If so, maybe a bit of praise from different individuals would help even more. Along with these few warm days comes talk of baseball. We can almost promise some good games this summer.—Higgins and Smith, attendants.

Notes From School Department

Advanced group: The school children have taken great interest in the new buildings. Sources of materials, their cost and their uses have given them studies in history, geography, arithmetic and reading. Both boys and girls printed posters based on their ideas of the various materials. Much use was made of reference books.

Valentine Party: All of the children in the school department and those comprising the Glee club and Harmonica band enjoyed a Valentine party on February 13 in the school auditorium. In a favorite game "Going to Jerusalem" Margaret H. came off victorious and was awarded a prize. Delicious candy and nuts were served.

The intermediate group won a prize for one of the best posters given by the Kinston library during book week. The poster was called "Our Book Friends." It is still on display in the magazine room.

In November the intermediate group gave two scenes from "The Sleeping Beauty." All who saw it said it was very beautiful.

Honor roll, intermediate group—Vivian, Marion, Pattie, Naomi, Pearl, all boys but one.

At the first of the school year this group had as their activity a library corner. Books were brought from the Kinston library. The children had some Little Big Books to take to their rooms. All this was to encourage a reading habit.

The boys and girls are very much interested in the building program. They are keeping a "Home Making" note book. Just now they are collecting a history of our school. James deserves mention for drawing the Central Building and Tapp Building. Later we hope to draw the new buildings.

Chapel: On February 12 we were fortunate in having the Rev. Jack Rountree, a well known Episcopal clergyman of California and Kinston, as the speaker. His remarks were much enjoyed. Selections were played by the band under the direction of Mrs. Wooten. A quartet sang "Every Day" from the famous Sextette from "Lucia Di Lammermoor."

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PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

Clinic Days are Monday and Thursday, 9:00 to 12:00 a. m. and 1:00 to 4:00 p. m. It is advisable to make an appointment. Service has been extended recently to the public schools of Kinston.

Child guidance work is being carried on with the co-operation of those who come directly in touch with the individual children.

This department has met with the matrons and attendants at their monthly meetings. Special interest has been shown in test materials and the results of testing.—Hazel E. Wertman, Psychologist.

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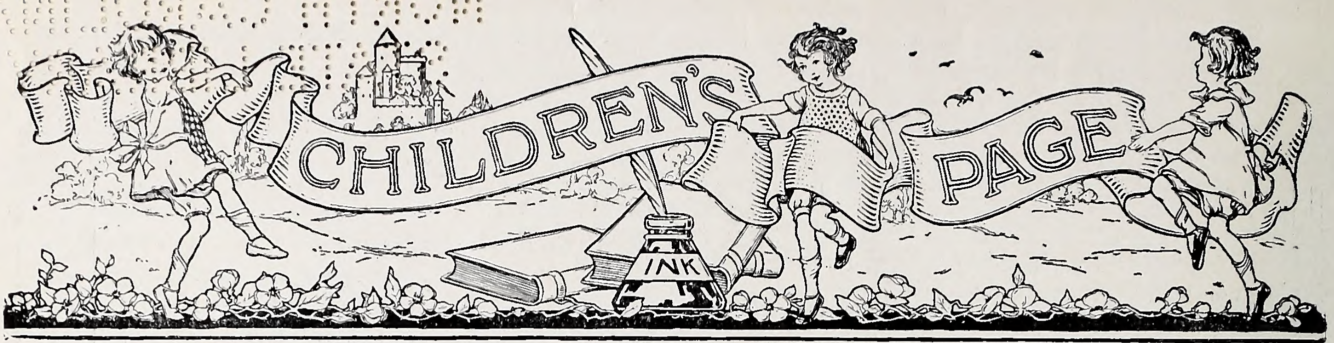
MENDING ROOM

We work not only on children's clothes but also on bed linen and table linen. Helen, Sallie, Dora and Annie keep buttons on garments and Mamie, Vivian, Adeline use the machines. We make quilts here, too, and some months get out as many as four. Some days we make as many as ten pairs of rompers.—Mrs. Lee matron.



When the World Wanted to Play

I'M TIRED of washing dishes, of dusting and making the beds. I'm not going to help you today, mother," said Nell. "Mary and Margaret don't do any work at home and have so much more time to play than I have. I'm going to play with them today."

"All right," said mother, "you try your own way for the day. I want none but willing helpers about me."

Nell picked up her doll and her skates and gaily ran out to join Mary and Margaret, who always could play. They skated and had lots of fun until Nell fell down and hurt her knee and started to run to her house so mother could doctor and bandage it just as she always had, but she stopped when she remembered that she wasn't helping mother today and couldn't ask her to stop and bandage her knee. It would have felt better, but,

"Oh, well," she thought, "it soon will stop hurting if I just go on and forget it." Turning to Mary and Margaret she said, "let's play dolls now."

Nell's doll had pretty dresses that her mother had made for it, but the other girls had only the dresses that they could make.

"Mother hasn't time to sew for our dolls," said Mary, "she has too much else to do."

Nell thought how tired their mother always looked and wondered if she could not look better and have more time for them, if they helped her sometimes as she helped her mother, but she didn't say anything because she was not helping mother now.

At night when she told mother good-night, she felt a little bit sorry that mother looked tired, but she went on to bed without telling her so, and after falling asleep, she had a dream—

The little moon fairies said: "We're tired of oiling our lamp and hanging it out each night. Little Nell is playing all of the time. Why can't we just play, too?" So they didn't shine out.

The little stars said: "We've been shining every night for years and years and we're tired; let's stop and play and not shine out tonight," and they put out their lights, and oh, what a dark night that was, without any moon and stars!

The raindrops came along and said: "We want to play, too. We've always been so busy making things grow that we haven't had time for play. Let's drop our work and join in the fun," and they didn't rain any more.

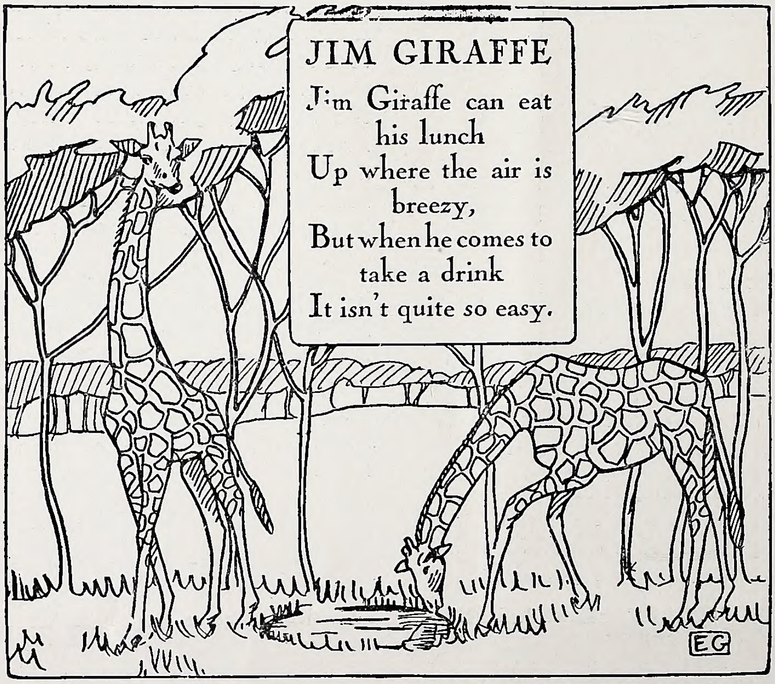
The trees and the flowers said: "If the rain isn't going to fall on us why should we try to grow and bloom when we might be having our games?" and they didn't grow any more.

Along the street that had been shaded with lovely green trees, there were only old stumps with dead branches. In the flower beds around the house and out in the garden where lately blooming flowers of beautiful reds and pinks, purples and gold had been, now there were withered stalks to show where they had grown.

What a strange place that was, without any green trees and growing flowers, and Nell didn't like it at all; and the darkness frightened her. Suddenly wakening, she called: "Mother, oh, Mother, I'm afraid!"

"I am here, darling," said mother, as she held Nell's hand in hers.

"Mother, I'm sorry you were so tired tonight because I didn't help you at all. I'll help you tomorrow. I know now that play isn't fun if I play all the time. There is work to be done and if I don't do my share, someone else must do more. I guess the moon and the rain, the stars and the flowers would like sometimes to play, too, but they just keep on working, knowing that their jobs must be done and nothing and nobody can do their parts for them."



JIM GIRAFFE

Jim Giraffe can eat
his lunch
Up where the air is
breezy,
But when he comes to
take a drink
It isn't quite so easy.

WHY SHOULD WE BATHE?

TO BE clean, of course!

But there is a great deal more than that to bathing.

The Japanese have a proverb to the effect that no one takes out of a bath the same thoughts with which he enters it. This opens a new viewpoint, for, after all, bathing is a matter of much more importance than mere "laundering."

The skin of the body has two opposite characteristics or functions. It is an eliminator of waste matter from within, which passes out through the pores in the form of perspiration—and it is also an absorber of various substances that may be placed upon it. When we speak of bathing for cleanliness, we refer to removal of waste matter, in the form of perspiration, that has been passed out and lies upon the body surface.

If, by chance, bathing is not frequent enough, and perspiration is quite generous, some of this waste matter will be sure to be re-absorbed into the body. Since one of the functions of the body which we find it necessary to stimulate frequently is this one of passing out waste matter, it is apparent at a glance that frequent bathing is the part of wisdom in this regard.

To return to the idea of the effect of bathing upon the mind or thought, as suggested in the Japanese proverb referred to: When one bathes the body's surface with water and follows with a more or less vigorous rubbing of the skin with a towel, there is set up a pleasant increase in the circulation of blood in the vessels lying immediately beneath the skin. Since blood circulation within the body is all a part of one system, so to speak, this increase in local circulation below the skin quickly communicates itself to the general circulation, and in the course of a few minutes new and fresh blood is being carried throughout the body. The brain enjoys its share of this pleasant stimulation of life, and with refreshing currents of blood pulsing through it, it either turns to new thoughts, or to pleasanter functioning upon the old ones—hence the idea that bathing changes the thinking processes.

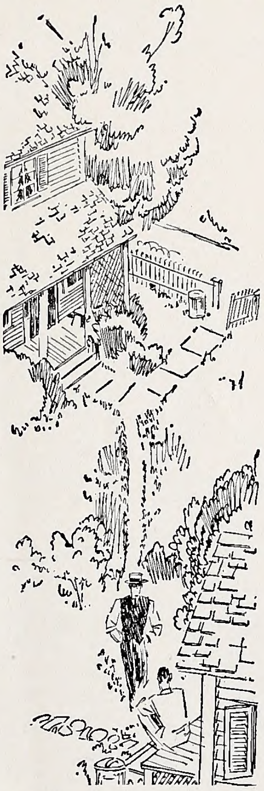
With the increase in convenience in bathing facilities which is a part of our growing understanding of body care and hygiene, we hardly look upon the weekly bath which used to be commonly considered as sufficient—not to mention the "annual" one sometimes humorously referred to—as enough. If one can manage a daily scrub—a quart or two of cool water will do in a pinch—it will be found a well-worth-while procedure. This by reason not only of the sense of fresh cleanliness it promotes, but also in view of the actual physical and mental betterment suggested in reference to increased blood circulation.

An essential part of bathing from which we expect all this pleasant result, is the rubbing or friction with towel or hand afterwards. With too little attention here we are likely to lose the best part of the possibilities of the thing.

'Round Home

by Chas. S. Kinnison

Path o' Friendship



I am proud to be a-tellin'
Of a PATH (not very wide)
From my neighbor's little dwellin'
To the place where I abide!
It's a path that wasn't laid there
Out of bricks, in pattern neat—
But it's daily bein' made there
By the tread of friendly feet.

It's a gentle, silent token
Of a Friendship warm and true,
That I hope may not be broken
'Till our days on earth are through!
It's a sign of hands extended
When the hour of need was nigh—
It's a sign of something splendid;
Something gold can never buy!

You can have your fancy pickets
All around your velvet yard—
You can screen it in with thickets,
You can have a gate that's barred
But for me—no fence I'm needin'—
I've a yard that's open wide
To the paths that may be leadin'
From my neighbors to my side!

THE AIM OF EDUCATION

The aim of education is not fulfilled when you simply make pupils well-stocked reference files. Knowledge is not education. You can know as much as the wisest man in the world ever knew—unless his wisdom consisted of the affairs of the soul, I except that—but so far as his book knowledge is concerned, material knowledge and the knowledge of things, a man may know all that there is to be known, and in the end be a consummate fool. The aim of education is not merely the acquiring of knowledge. It is far more akin to this—the capacity to use what you do know; and the man who can use a little of his knowledge is a far better educated man than the man who knows a great deal and cannot use anything at all of it.—Ramsay MacDonald.

* * *

The compass points exactly north in few places on the earth.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUTURE

"RECKLESS youth makes rueful age," said Benjamin Franklin.

And Percy B. Shelley, poet, whose own life came to an untimely end after incessant periods of excess indulgence wrote: "All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies . . . . of our youth." That is the attitude of the sage philosophers of days gone by, but it still holds true today in the minds of brilliant men who know by experience. Suppose we continue our research of opinion into modern fields of thought.

No less an authority than Arthur Brisbane wrote in a late issue of the Chicago Herald-Examiner, "Youth in its folly mutilates and degrades itself, building up an old age of disappointment and sorrow because it will not listen."

Because it will not listen! That is the cause of it all. Youth will not listen to the advice of men who have undergone the same stage that youth is going through, and consequently hurls itself into a chaos of gayety, laughter, insane flippancy, with little thought as to the results. Youth, wild flaming youth! What a hideous expression!

"Easy come, easy go," says youth, with an attitude characteristic of the younger generation.

"What do you plan to be?" is asked of Youth. "Remember, it is highly essential that you prepare now for the future. What you do now will determine what you will be twenty years from now." And in a light-minded attitude, youth replies:

"I'll let the future take care of itself. While I'm young I'll have my good time, and settle down when I'm old." How asinine! What devilish fatalism! This is no exaggeration! It is the truth!

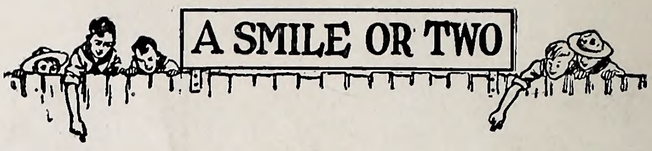
We have no space to devote to statistics, but we shall be compelled to appeal to your reasoning ability.

As Brisbane said, youth is a savings bank. Unless something is put away for the future, there will be nothing to fall back upon when there is need. It pays to take the admonitions of men whose experience has taught them the truths of life. It is unwise to refuse to listen to the advice of men who know. What knowledge you gain now, keep, whether or not you deem it worthy at the present time. Don't allow your mind to become obsessed with the glamorous spirit of modern day follies. Have your fun in a clean, decent way, befitting to Christian morals. Girls should act like girls, not like nit-wit tomboys. Boys ought to act like real he-men, not like cake-eaters or lounge-loafing shieks. Prepare for the future now. Act according to what you desire to be.

Another observant writer has said, "You will be what you are now becoming."

Critics of the young people may be intolerant (?) at times, but you must admit that they often say a mouthful. But if you act more puritanical in everyday life, and drop some of these degrading vulgarisms, your critics will soon diminish for want of something to write about.

A small man who has even the beginnings of wisdom will never get angry and show it. A big man, angry and declaring himself, may be impressive. A little man, angry and sputtering, is merely ridiculous.



Journeyman: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"

Apprentice: "I did; it was at 3 o'clock."

* * *

Visitor: "What's up? Had a bad day?"

Financier: "Yes, I've lost $5,000, and the worst of it is that $20 of it was my own money!"

* * *

Oshkosh had gone to Europe for his health. "How did you lose your health?" he was asked.

"Earning the money to take the trip," he sadly replied.

* * *

"Are you sure your folks know I'm coming home to dinner with you?"

"They ought to—they argued with me a whole hour over it."

* * *

Our Bobby was in a store with his mother when he was given candy by one of the clerks.

"What must you say, Bobbie?"

"Charge it," he replied.

* * *

Jones: "Sorry, old man, my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."

Smith: "That's all right; my dog ate your hen."

Jones: "Fine; I just ran over your dog and killed him."

* * *

Mother: "Eric, dear! Don't go too far out in the water!"

Eric: "But, look. Daddy's out a long way."

Mother: "I know, dear, but your father has his life insured."

* * *

Officer (very angry): "Not a man in this division will be given liberty this afternoon."

Voice: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Officer: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."

* * *

Mother: "We are going up to uncle's farm for a visit."

Daughter: "Has uncle any nice neighbors?"

Mother: "Oh, yes; I've often heard him speak highly of the Holsteins and the Guernseys."

* * *

Forgetful Husband (to friend): "I want you to help me. I promised to meet my wife at one o'clock for luncheon, and I can't remember where. Would you mind ringing her up at our house and asking her where I am likely to be about that time?"

* * *

"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

"No. I didn't know he lived there."

* * *

Fred: "Your car is six months old and yet hasn't a scratch on it. How do you manage to preserve its finish, old man?"

Ted: "Quite simple. I make it a rule always to park between new cars."

Apr 28 '36
NORTH CAROLINA
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The Caswell News

Keep A-goin'

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'.
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'.
'Tain't no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook and keep on tryin'—
Keep a-goin'.

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'.
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'.
S'pose you're out o' every dime!
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feeling prime—
Keep a-goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'.
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'.
See the wild bird on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin', sing.
Keep a-goin'.

—*Frank L. Stanton*

Vol. 1

No. 2

APRIL, 1936

WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO

By M. K. Thomson, Ph. D.

WE ADMIRE A "GOOD SPORT"

A few years ago the English polo team came to the United States to play for the championship. They were defeated. And yet they gained the admiration of the American team and of all the sport reporters for the high type of sportsmanship displayed throughout the games.

Good sportsmanship, of course, is not confined to one nation or a particular sport. We find it everywhere. In championship tennis matches it is not uncommon for a player to dub a shot deliberately when he believes the referee made a mistake in his favor.

This is the sort of thing that we like to see and to talk about. Long after the final score is forgotten we remember the act of good sportsmanship.

We value good sportsmanship because it appeals to our sense of chivalry. We admire it for the same reason that we admire generosity and unselfishness. It is a form of courtesy which means thoughtfulness and consideration for others. Good sportsmanship is in the field of sport what etiquette is in polite society.

We like to see a man win against odds. This appeals to the romantic in us. When an athlete protests a decision or offers an alibi he destroys the heroic element in sport. It looks as though he is not man enough to take his medicine. He has dispelled our illusion and we resent this as a personal insult. We call him a poor sport.

We value good sportsmanship as we value chivalry, courtesy, courage, unselfishness, and self-control. And because these qualities are fundamental the term "good sport" has come to be applied to anyone who displays these virtues in any activity of life.

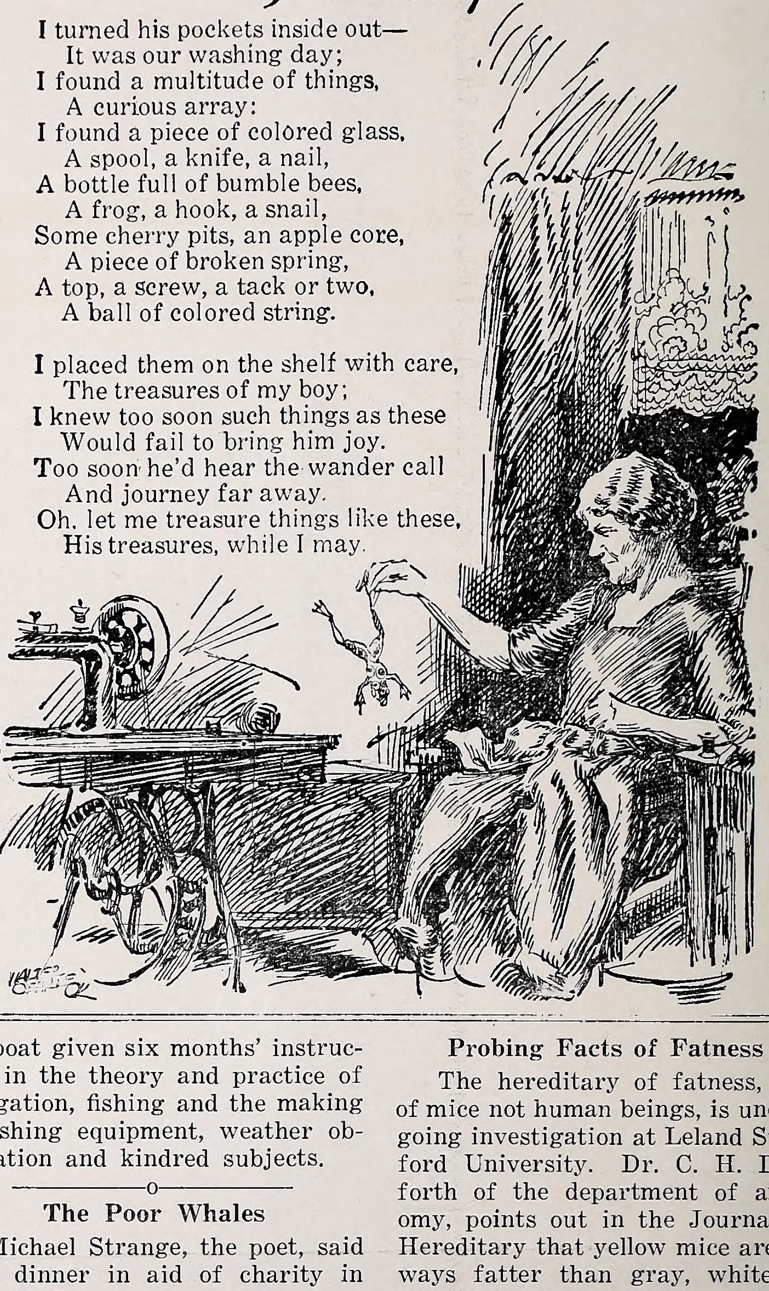
o

"His Pockets"

by A. J. Dunlap

I turned his pockets inside out—
It was our washing day;
I found a multitude of things,
A curious array:
I found a piece of colored glass,
A spool, a knife, a nail,
A bottle full of bumble bees,
A frog, a hook, a snail,
Some cherry pits, an apple core,
A piece of broken spring,
A top, a screw, a tack or two,
A ball of colored string.

I placed them on the shelf with care,
The treasures of my boy;
I knew too soon such things as these
Would fail to bring him joy.
Too soon he'd hear the wander call
And journey far away.
Oh, let me treasure things like these,
His treasures, while I may.



Warship Prison for Boys

To serve as a "floating prison" for delinquent boys, the scrapped Japanese warship, Musashi, has been rebuilt and put into action. The announced purpose is to give the boys plenty of work in a healthy sea atmosphere while learning a useful occupation. Fifty boys, fourteen to twenty-three years old, are to be selected from the prisons of Japan, and while on the boat given six months' instruction in the theory and practice of navigation, fishing and the making of fishing equipment, weather observation and kindred subjects.

o

The Poor Whales

Michael Strange, the poet, said at a dinner in aid of charity in New York:

"The way some of the rich regard the poor reminds me of the old lady.

"John D. Rockefeller had just begun to get a foothold, and all over the country the people were starting to use coal oil instead of whale oil for their lamps.

"And as the old lady lit up for the first time with the new illuminant one evening she shook her head and murmured sadly:

"'Yes, this here new-fangled coal oil's all right, of course, but what'll the poor whales do now?'"

Probing Facts of Fatness

The hereditary of fatness, but of mice not human beings, is undergoing investigation at Leland Stanford University. Dr. C. H. Danforth of the department of anatomy, points out in the Journal of Hereditary that yellow mice are always fatter than gray, white or spotted brothers or sisters. They are not only fatter but seem to have much greater resistance and ability to survive on a restricted diet than their skinnier confreres. It seems probable, says the scientist, that the fat is stored in a manner to make it readily available in time of need. Further studies are in progress to ascertain the ratio in which the mice that are fat and yellow transmit their qualities to their offspring.

o

Don't bother about "what people say." What do you say?

The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Hazel Wertman
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

EDITORIAL

Responses from our many friends who read the first edition of the Caswell News have been very encouraging. This is our second number. Our aim is to add to the welfare of the pupils, to keep our friends informed and to gain many new friends for the school.

o

MORE ABOUT CASWELL

Few people, very few people in North Carolina know very much about the real Caswell T. School. In this short article I want to tell the citizens some of the real facts about this school established for exceptional children. We have a lot of fine, well behaved, happy industrious children at Caswell. If you have a soul as large as a "mustard seed," you could not help but be happy to take a part, however small, in helping to make these children happy and helping to teach them good, clean, useful occupations. You cannot conceive of any happiness greater than have a bunch of these children run out to meet you hollering, "Hello Daddy or Hello Mama." It is wonderful to have them come to you with their little troubles and perplexities. To have them ask for this and that, knowing full well that they are going to get what they ask for if it is possible and right for them to have it.

In the first place, our children are not insane. We have about one hundred and forty children whose mental age does not reach beyond two years. A great many of these are grown in body, but babies mentally. Sometimes children stop developing mentally very early, though their bodies continue to grow. Others do continue to develop but very slowly. Only inspectors, parents and those personally interested in these children visit these wards. We, whose business it is to see that these children have proper care, diet, clothes, medical care and that they are kept clean and happy, do not mind visiting these wards because our interest is in a helpful way and not from curiosity. The superintendent found that many people were anxious to visit these wards, but they came away with a determination never to visit Caswell again and absolutely forgot everything else they saw. Talk about not wanting to visit Caswell —why, it is a real treat and privilege; come and let us take you around and we are sure you will want to come back. We want visitors and especially visitors who will come again and again.

Visiting days—Every day is visiting day. We would rather you would not come on Saturday afternoon or Sunday because every one is relaxing after a busy week. But if you can only come these days, we will be glad to have you then.

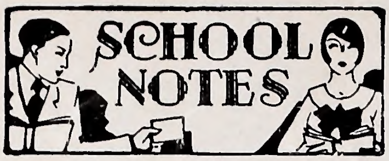
Not having specified visiting days, means that we are not on dress parade certain days, but rather like a well directed home, happy to have our friends at any time. With our new building program completed and some very necessary repairs in our old buildings and dairy barn, and our grounds landscaped, we will be prepared to say and prove that there is not a better school of the kind in the United States. Of course we know that other schools have finer buildings and equipment, but we know it is the soul of an institution that counts. In our institution the soul is the children and employees. Their interest in and love for each other makes the soul large or small. We believe, in fact, we know our institution has a great soul. We are not too highbrow, scientific or intellectual to forget that Bobby wants a ball, Mary wants a penny for candy, James wants a dime for the show, Mamie wants praise for her good work, that this group or that wants to go to ride. Janie wants a birthday cake, Henry a pair of Sunday pants, etc. Do not forget that you have a perpetual invitation to visit Caswell and see our fine children at work, in school and at play.

How can a child enter Caswell? First, make application to your County Welfare Officer. The child should have a mental examination by Dr. Harry W. Crane, Chapel Hill, or at Caswell Training School. Be sure to have an appointment with Dr. Crane or Caswell T. School at Kinston before carrying child to either of these places. Remember, it does not take influence to enter a child in Caswell T. School. It takes room and the need for institutional care shown.

THE SCHOOL BUS

A long felt need has been met in the purchase of a school bus. Heretofore employees without cars have been stranded unless friends offered them a ride. Now the bus maintains a regular schedule and any employee is welcome to ride to and from town free of charge provided they are on time. Bus schedule is as follows:

Leaving C. T. S.	8:20 a. m.	3:00 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
Leaving Kinston	8:40 a. m.	3:15 p. m.	4:30 p. m.



MUSIC—In the music department the girls and boys are practicing music for Easter and for the Commencement exercises. There will be girls' choruses, mixed choruses, a boys' quartet, girls' duets, and solos by both girls and boys. Those taking special parts will be: Madge, Virginia, Louise, Emma Lou, Emily, Martha, Eddie and Lander, George, Walter, Roy and others. Emily and Virginia will play piano numbers, and the Harmonica Band will play. Altogether it promises to be a very interesting program.—Mrs. Wooten, Teacher.

Mrs. Anna Jones Wooten, music teacher of the school, is the author of words and music for a new national anthem, the first stanza of which is:

"America, the beautiful, America supreme!
I love each nook, each babbling brook,
Each mountain-side and stream.
I love the skies that shelter thee;
Thy very stones are dear to me;
America, I'll ever be thy loyal child, thine own."

* * *

Books from the public library that I have read in the last month:

Polly Patchwork, by Rachel Field
The Little House in the Fairy Wood
The Real Princess, by Hedvig Collin
Fun at Happy Acres
Little Elephant
Topsy, by Marjorie Flack
The Gingerbread Boy
Baby Bear
The Policeman
The Fireman

Columbia, Intermediate Grade

* * *

Pollock Building

We are especially proud to announce that Mrs. Mary Parker has been added to the faculty of Pollock A and B. Not only the faculty members of the building, but outsiders as well have noticed a great change for the better in the building since Mrs. Parker has been with us.

Walter has been termed as "Salesman Sam." He has now taken up selling newspapers, but only as a side line.

John won a nice pocket knife as a prize for his wood carvings.

Classes have been organized for the working boys. These classes meet in the Pollock building every night from eight to nine. We seem to be progressing quite rapidly.

A flower garden has been started in our side yard. We hope this will beautify our building to a great extent.

The attendants and matrons want to thank our boys for the splendid co-operation that they gave us during our recent flu epidemic. Without their aid things might not have turned out so successfully.

The attendants and children wish to thank Dr. Register and Mrs. Harlan for the use of the popcorn popper. We received a great deal of enjoyment from it.

Woods and McLeod, Attendants

* * *

"Little Sculpture"

In the recent county-wide contest sponsored by the Art club and by the Woman's club of Kinston, work was exhibited by several children from Caswell T. School. John won a prize for his two figures carved in wood. The prize, a fine new pocket knife was given by the Cash Supply Company.

In the soap sculpture group, John, Ada, Emma Lou and Martha were represented. Martha's piece, a barking pup, was considered the best girls' piece and she will receive, "The Morning Herald" one year as a prize. It is to be enjoyed by the entire group in appreciation of their efforts.

* * *

A Day at Caswell

When I came here I was a baby just two and a half years old. I am fifteen years old now but I am a big girl. I can work now like a woman. I go to school five days in a week and I work seven days in a week. I like to go to school because I learn how to read and write. I go to craft every day in a week but two days.

I work in the Junior Ward. I like to work with the babies because I was a baby once like they are now. I take care of five children now. In craft I make many pretty things to sell. I make rugs and I embroidered a luncheon set. Mrs. Stokes bought it from me. I am one of Mrs. Hughes' helpers in the craft room. I help put up the embroidery after classes. I go to music three mornings a week and I go to Glee club three afternoons. I sing alto in the Glee club. My teacher says I have a sweet alto voice.

We are making a home book. We study about how to take care of homes. We studied about some famous pictures, so we could know what pictures to use in our new homes. We have a history book, an arithmetic book, an English book and a song book. I like all my books. It is almost time for Mrs. Hill to come in to teach us phonics. In my class room there are 16 girls. We have a sewing class now in school. We are making aprons.

Martha

* * *

Wooten A

The girls in the Wooten building wish to express their appreciation for the new bathroom fixtures and for the repair work done in our building during the past weeks.

No one welcomes spring and summer more joyously than we do. It means Commencement with all the pleasures that go with it and then, "Out under the shower every evening," say Ora and Naomi.

We have sort of a behavior and good work contest in our building. A small reward is offered to the two girls whose work and behavior excells all others. The winners last month were Evelyn and Mary.

Miss Rose Taylor, Matron

Wooten B

I like our building because it is clean. We have clean beds. Our bathroom has been fixed over. We have two bath tubs and a dressing room, too. We have a place to put our linen and a place to keep our clothes. We have a radio. It gives good music sometimes and sometimes it does not. I help clean the building—sometimes! I like to stay up here a little.

Mary

Highlights During Recent Repair Work

Squish! Swish! Hiss!—and I picked up my ears and started toward the door—the conviction that all was not well was confirmed by the "Come quick, see the fountain in the bathroom!" I came and saw and was greeted by a thorough baptism and the vision of a combination of Old Faithful and Niagara filling the bathroom from ceiling to floor with a regular deluge of foaming water. Knocking water from my face; "Fine, charming," I gasped—"quick, get the brooms and mops; at last we have water to finish the cleaning." So while disgusted plumbers valiantly stemmed the tide and repaired the leak, the girls and I waded about, sweeping oceans of water in the general direction of outside only to be informed by distressed cries from below that due to the slope of the floor it was all pouring merrily through a newly made hole in the bathroom into the already cleaned halls downstairs. So our forces were augmented by the Wooten A girls and we in turn went down and swept out the flood from their part of the building. About that time the first whistle blew and the girls trailed merrily in from their various points of work to prepare for school.

During the next hectic 15 minutes lots of things happened. There was no water to wash in, a bundle of clean clothes came in from the mending room. There were requests for boxes opened and work unlocked from safekeeping. One maiden was gently but firmly dissuaded from uncrating the new bath tub reposing majestically in the front of the dormitory—and then the laundry matron sent for the clothes just as the whistle blew and all the girls marched more or less decorously off to school leaving me with two girls to carry out all the wash and figure out how to remove the soap from the doors and benches left when the plumbers turned off the water and how to eliminate the quarter-inch carpet of sand and plaster left on the floor by the recent inundation.

The preceding account is just a highlight during recent repair and remodeling done in the Wooten building and how amply repaid we feel for any temporary inconvenience during the operations. The much needed changes are even better than anticipated and the pride the girls feel in our bright array of new fixtures, lockers, linen room is very encouraging to all concerned in their welfare.

We were already proud of our building with the new painting done in the fall on beds and sun parlor furniture. During the winter the sun parlor had received special attention; the girls making several wall hangings and pictures in the craft department, in addition to the very lovely pictures given us by Mrs. Nettie Hoge and Miss Pat Abernathy.

And now that spring is here our improvements are being carried outdoors where we are busy cleaning up the yard and planting a flower bed around the front of the building. If the flowers come up with one-half the enthusiasm with which they are being put down, we should have enough blossoms this summer to give every visitor a welcoming bouquet.

CHAPEL PROGRAM FOR EASTER

Song—Christ the Lord is Risen Today
The Lord's Prayer
Scripture Reading—Mrs. Dawson, Intermediate Teacher
Duet—Easter Chimes, by Emily and Martha
Chorus—Praise God for Easter Day, by the Glee Club
Easter Story—Mrs. Dawson
Song by the school—Christ Arose
The school band will accompany the group singing.
Benediction

Easter Egg Hunt—Busy people! 1000 eggs! Many colors! It takes the whole kitchen force to get the eggs ready for the Easter Monday Egg Hunt. The eggs will be sent to the matron or attendant of each building who will in turn hide the eggs out-of-doors. The child who finds the most eggs will receive a prize. Of course, part of the fun is to help eat the eggs. This is an annual event and always affords much happiness.

SPRING GARDEN

Although we have been handicapped by a cold, wet winter, our garden now looks very well. We have raised our own cabbage plants for the use of the school, as well as for the employees. We have also sold our 60,000 plants. The garden last week furnished us 152 bushels of mustard, turnip and kale greens. We now have growing 3 acres cabbage, 1 acre turnips, ½ acre onions, ½ acre beets, 2 acres garden peas, 1 acre tendergreens and several other things. If weather conditions permit we hope to finish our early planting within the next 15 days. With the help of Albert Stephens and six of the school boys, we have been able to so far carry on our work very well. The boys helping in the garden are John, Lester, Charles, Joe, Willie and George.

Herbert Smith, Gardener

* * *

Flowers! and Spring! We are saying many thank you's to Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Register and Mr. Griffin, for the pansies, spirea, tulips, violets, jonquils, daffodils, narcissus, iris, honeysuckle and lilacs. We've seen Mrs. Ida B. Taylor and Miss Wertman out with a hoe and that means more flowers. Jesse, Garland and Johnny have been helping.

A BOY'S SPRING SCHEDULE

Morning

6:00—Whistle—time to get up and get ready for breakfast.
6:30—Breakfast
7:00—Work Projects
11:40—Stop work and get ready for dinner.
12:00—Dinner

Afternoon

12:30—Free time—for relaxation.
1:00—Go to school.
3:00—Free time—out-of-doors recreation.
5:30—Get ready for supper.
6:00—Supper
6:30 to 8:00—Free time—play, stories, group singing, visiting other boys.
9:00—Bed time.

OUR CHILDREN

FLORA AND HER PUPPIES

AWAY in the mountains at Davos, Switzerland, lived the beautiful little Flora and her family. She was such a proud mother and such a very fine and true-hearted servant, too, that she made a deep impression on me when I first made her acquaintance. As God has taught dumb animals to love and serve us, and as we ought always to feel kindly toward them, I thought to tell the boys and girls about the doings of pretty Flora.

One day the mistress needed ten dollars, or fifty francs. She called Flora, put into her mouth a written note within an envelope and said, "Run now to father." Upon opening the door, the mistress pointed up the mountain side to the hotel where father was acting as cook in the kitchen, and away Flora ran, not stopping by the way to greet any of the dog friends that she met, but running as fast as her feet could carry her, until she got into the kitchen, and delivered her message. Then the father put a fifty-franc bill into the envelope, and said, "Now take that to mother." Back Flora ran, as rapidly as she could, and brought the money home.

We went out for a walk—the father, the mother, Flora, and I. The master said, "Flora, come here," Flora came. He ordered, "Stand up." She arose on her two hind feet, and stood as straight as she could. "Open your mouth, and take this," was the next command. He then gave her his big, heavy cane; and told her to follow on, carrying the cane. This she did, walking right along on her two hind legs, as gracefully as ever she could, looking to the right and to the left, to see who was admiring her feat. She walked about a block, and then her master relieved her of the task.

At home the master put his two slippers on the floor. He said, "Flora, bring me my right slipper, the right one." She went, and, after looking a bit, picked up the right slipper and brought it to him. He replaced the slipper, and said to her, "Now bring me the left slipper." She brought the left one as he directed.

One thing was very hard for the little mother to do—she did not like to be ashamed, so I was interested in watching the command, "Flora, go there in the corner, and be ashamed." She went to her little shelf in the corner, put her front paws on it, placed her nose down between her paws, and cried, or whined, making a very sorry-looking and repentant doggie. She did not like to do that way; but she did it anyhow, because she was commanded to do so.

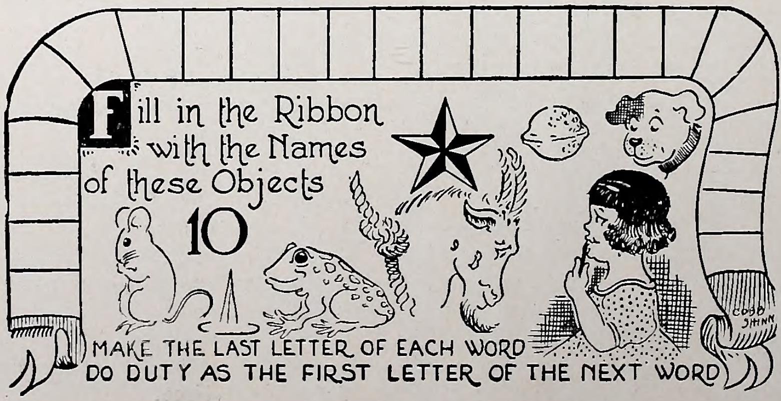
I was sitting on the sofa. I had one of her little puppies in my hand, and asked Flora to come up on the sofa, to sit by me. She looked at the mistress, but never offered to come at all. The mistress said, "Ask her all you like, but she will not come until I give her permission: she knows she is never to go on that sofa unless I say so. She likes the sofa very, very much; but we may go away, leaving her all alone in the room, and on our return, we can see she has not ventured on the sofa." Finally, the mistress said, "You may go, Flora," and up she went like a flash.

Flora likes chocolate. But she does not take it without permission. The master had her stand up on her hind legs, and then sit down on her haunches. "Be still," he said. She was very still. He placed a piece of chocolate on the end of her nose. She did not move anything save her eyes. "Now, Flora, you may have it," he said. Up she flung it into the air, and then caught it in her mouth as it came down.

Sometimes the master puts a piece of chocolate on the end of his shoe, and Flora sits down waiting for him to allow her to take it. One time the master placed the chocolate there, and then began reading in his newspaper, and forgot all about Flora for some time. He just happened to look down, and there she sat, still, patient, waiting for the word of command. "Ah, poor Flora," he said. "You've been waiting so long! I forgot. Take it," and with a wag of the tail, she grabbed the choice morsel.

Flora was also a good watch dog and whenever there was a strange noise in the house, Flora was sure to hear it and awakened her master with a bark.

Boys and girls, see how very obedient Flora learned to be. Her life was really a very great lesson. Let us as little people, all learn to mind papa and mamma as carefully as Flora minded her master and her mistress; then God will be made happy because of our being obedient and so patient. This is a true story and should make us happy to think of faithful and obedient little Flora.


Fill in the Ribbon with the Names of these Objects
10
MAKE THE LAST LETTER OF EACH WORD DO DUTY AS THE FIRST LETTER OF THE NEXT WORD
COBB SHINN

MIRTH and WORTH

"I'd like a pencil."
"Hard or soft?"
"Soft. It's for writing a love letter."

* * *

Noisy Soup-Imbiber (in restaurant, as neighbor turns around): "Whachor looking at?"

The Other: "Sorry! I thought you'd fallen in."

* * *

Young Bride: "Now, dearie, what will I get if I cook a dinner like that for you every day this year?"

Young Groom: "My Life Insurance!"

* * *

"What is this peculiar key on your typewriter? I never saw it on any before."

"Hist! My own invention. Whenever you can't spell a word you press this key and it makes a blur."

* * *

"At least once in my life I was glad to be down and out."

"And when was that," he was asked.

"After my first trip in an airplane," he replied.

* * *

Prof.: "Why don't you answer me?"

Fresh: "I did, Professor, I shook my head."

Prof.: "But you don't expect me to hear it rattle away up here, do you?"

* * *

Mr. Chapman: "How many people are there in this country?"

Student: "Er-r-r-r-r . . . "

Mr. Chapman: "Hurry, hurry! Every second you dilly-dally the number grows larger."

* * *

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new office boy.

"Yes."

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim them with a pair of scissors."

* * *

A woman got on a trolley car and finding that she had no change handed the conductor a $10 bill. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry, lady," said the conductor, "you'll have just 199 of 'em in a minute."

* * *

Boss: "What does this mean, Jem? Why aren't you carrying those bricks?"

Worker: "I ain't feeling so well. I'm all a-tremble."

Boss: "Oh, are you? Then just get busy with that sand sieve."

* * *

Salesman (wiping the perspiration from his brow): "I'm afraid, madam, we've shown you all our stock of linoleums; but we could get more from our factory."

Customer: "Well, perhaps you had better! You see, I want something of a neater pattern and quite small. Just a little square for my birdcage."

Do You Buy Advertised Goods

OF COURSE you do; everybody does. Just run over in your mind the various articles that you have purchased in the last week or the last month. How about foods? Your breakfast fruits, cereals and bacon are all advertised. Probably that is how you first came to know of them — through advertising. Probably the shoes you are wearing, or the dress or suit you have on are equally well known advertised makes, and you are proud of them.

In the home. On the floor are rugs and linoleum — the better wearing kinds are extensively advertised. What about the kitchen? Aluminumware, gas ranges, hot water heaters, dish and clothes washers, cooking utensils of all kinds — practically everything you use is advertised. You buy advertised products because you have confidence in them. You know that a manufacturer cannot afford to advertise shoddy or unworthy merchandise.

Advertising is one form of insurance. It gives you a feeling of perfect confidence and safety when you ask for an advertised brand, for you know that you will get the quality and service you expect. The name is the guarantee.

The more you read advertising, the more you will know about human progress. You will become well posted in almost every line of human endeavor and a canny judge of values. Reading advertisements is a fine habit. Cultivate it.

MAN'S DEADLIEST DISEASE IS WORRY

Worry is the deadliest of all human maladies, in the opinion of Dr. George W. Gale, 93, oldest practicing physician in Massachusetts, after seventy years of medical experience.

"Don't let anyone tell you that worry won't kill you. I have seen many cases where worry, and worry alone, proved fatal."

Here's Dr. Gale's seven-ingredient prescription for keeping healthy and living long:

Don't worry.
Be moderate in all things.
Leave liquor alone.
Get seven or eight hours' sleep each night.
Take a nap during each day, if possible.
Get regular exercise; walking is good.
Read the Bible regularly.

"Any average person free from organic disease who follows these rules should live to be at least 90."

———o———

Every man who believes in himself, no matter who he be, stands on a higher level than the wobbler.

———o———

Wasted time can never be recalled, but it may stimulate us to greater diligence in the future.

GIFTS

We wish to acknowledge with many thanks: Magazines from Mr. and Mrs. Howard of Raleigh; books and magazines from Mrs. J. A. Jones of Kinston; books and cards from Mrs. T. E. Cook, sr., of Kinston; a box of oranges from Mrs. Lloyd Wooten of Kinston; pictures from Miss Pat Abernathy of Oxford; pictures and magazines from Mrs. Nettie Hoge of Greensboro; magazines and candy from Mrs. Vick of Selma.

o

AUSTIN A

We had such a nice Easter. We had lots of pretty eggs. We went for a long walk and gathered lots of dogwood and yellow jessamine. Our sun parlor looks as if we are going to have a wedding since we have so many flowers. We have blistered feet, faces and arms, but we enjoyed getting the flowers.

Miss Gray and Mrs. Lane, Matrons

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Wood, Coal, Fuel Oil and Building Material
"Anything to Heat or Build Your Home"
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Kinston, North Carolina

NORTH CAROLINA
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The Caswell News

Volume
1

Number
3

"HULLO!"

W'en you see a man in wo'
Walk right up and say "Hullo!"
Say "Hullo," an' "How d'ye do?"
"How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring her han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, sho!
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll,
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
And a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They salott an' sail away,
Jest the same are you an' me
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo" an' "How d'ye do,"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en he leave her house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "Hullo!"

—*S. W. Foss.*

MAY, 1936

The Spread In Educational Training

THE people of the United States have a right to demand that their children receive training in the various vocations. They are the taxpayers and the supporters of the public school system. No system of education is complete without the vocational branch as an auxiliary.

Training through education has supplanted training by apprenticeship. This development has been in two distinct directions: First, the training by private schools or training every conceivable vocation; second, the organization of schools or training courses by large corporations for the purpose of training employees or prospective employees.

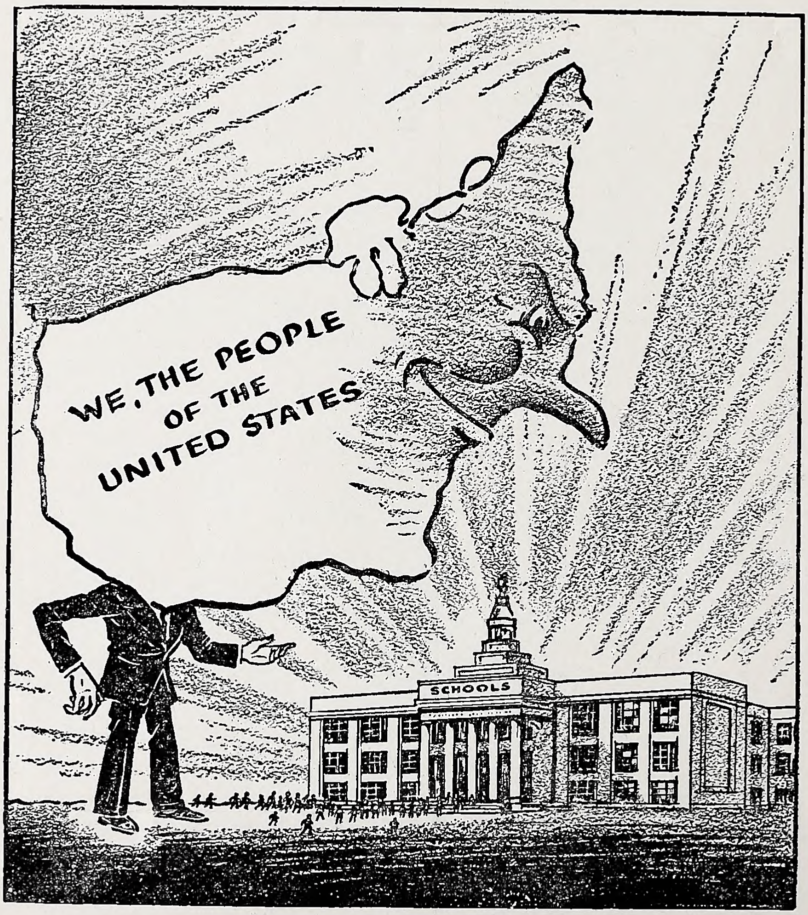
In the first group we have such institutions as the regularly organized schools for training in aviation. There are schools in masonry, brick laying, classes for building engineers and janitors. There is the farmer supplementing his knowledge of agriculture and stock raising by attending short courses organized and conducted by agricultural colleges. There are the coaching schools preparing athletes who are or anticipate coaching as a career. There are the bakery schools, salesmanship schools, barber schools, and schools for teaching the art of dressmaking, riding, and the schools for training hotel help.

A casual examination of a classified directory of one large city reveals five hundred such private schools exclusive of private educational institutions in the more restricted sense. Numerically, the training organizations far exceed this number for no account is taken of those classes of schools instituted and supported by corporations or large business institutions. In the latter group we have our taxicab companies who conduct their schools in driving for new employees. There is Western Union with its own training school preparing employees or prospective employees for its work. Our stock exchanges and metropolitan banking institutions are similarly active. Industrial organizations are organizing their workers into regular classes, giving to those who lack it the rudiments of an elementary education—this instruction being given on the company's time and expense. These private or industry and business educational projects represent comparatively new developments. Few are aware of their rapid growth and widespread development.

They add new emphasis to the place of our public schools in the scheme of things, for the school training acquired is basic. If it were not for the work of the public schools, this specialized educational program would not be possible.

There is an added importance attached to the public schools in that they have been instrumental in planting in the minds of their charges a desire for this further training. If there were no desire for special training, there would be no private schools. If the schools had not planted the desire, there would be no demand for the added training.

It is likewise self-evident that there is a new appreciation both by employers and employees of the importance of adequate training for the job. To this end the schools have played an important part. The rapid rise of special training for special work and the foresight to furnish that training are the results of a new viewpoint—a new vision, the seeds of which were planted by public schools. Their work has just begun. More power to our schools and to those entrusted with their organization and their administration.


WE, THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES
SCHOOLS

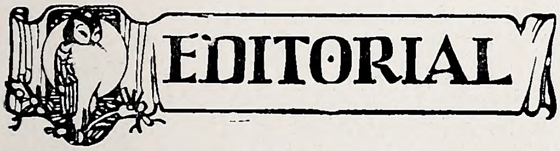
The world needs educations in order that there may be a better estimation of true values. It is not easy to assemble facts. It is not easy to draw deductions. It is not easy to distinguish between the accidental and the essential. In the complications of modern civilization these are becoming more and more difficult. If world problems are to be solved, it will be through greater application, through more education, through a deeper faith, and a more complete reliance upon moral forces.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

The Caswell News

Vol. 1 - No. 3 KINSTON, N. C., MAY, 1936 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Hazel Wertman
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley



EDITORIAL

ABOUT STATE INSTITUTIONS

"I have often said that I thought the District of Columbia should not only stand out for the beauty of its public buildings, but that its public institutions should be models for the rest of the country. I would, however, be ashamed to have anyone visit the District of Columbia Training School for Delinquent Girls.

"Never have I seen an institution called a 'school' which had so little claim to that name. The buildings are unfit for habitation—badly heated, rat infested, with inadequate sanitary facilities. Children are walled in like prisoners in spite of ample grounds and beautiful views.

"The girls are without an educational program or a teacher. There is no psychiatrist to examine and advise on the treatment of those unfortunate children, who at such an early age have found the social conditions of the world too much to cope with. There is practically nothing but incarceration for the juvenile delinquent.

"I am more ashamed than I can say that this is my first visit, and I am grateful to the new superintendent, Dr. Smith, for drawing the attention of Congress and the commissioners to the conditions existing in this institution. Congress has already granted an appropriation to remedy some of the worst features. **It will, however, take more than appropriations to set this institution straight.**

"I hope many other people will learn from my lesson how easy it is to ignore conditions near at hand. We should visit all institutions in our own neighborhood."

The above is taken from an article by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of our beloved President. The one paragraph that struck me forcibly was: "It will, however, take more than appropriations to set this institution straight." This is the keynote of any institution. Every employee should speak of the

(Concluded on Page 8)

SOME VALUES OF CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

First Value—To take care of and instruct handicapped children, children who have no one to care for them; children of parents who are not able to care for them; children who must have special care and training which can be given only by people trained for this work.

Second Value—To take care of children that are taking up all the time of the wage earner at the home, and thus allow him or her to put all their energies on the other children of the family.

Third Value—To take care of and teach morals and manners, also to give vocational training to a large class of children who without this training and teaching would fall into evil ways and be a menace to their community and finally wind up on chain gangs and in correctional institutions.

These children to be properly trained must be taken early and training begun at an early age. If they are brought to Caswell Training School because they are so-called delinquents and have become a nuisance and a menace to the community, then the school is given a task almost impossible, because they first have to unlearn and then learn—a task almost insurmountable for the best of us. Then, too, a few children with bad training or no training put with those who have been labored over for years, often undoes many months or years of hard work. To be fair to the school and to those that are already here, we should be most careful about how we enroll. We hear lots these days about parole, but enroll is more important to our school. Of course, every citizen is entitled to the care of the state when unable to care for himself, but this does not mean to be cared for to the detriment of others. When you are told to carry eggs to market, it does not mean that goose eggs, hen eggs, genuine eggs, must be carried to market in the same basket. We will soon be able to take care of 850 children. This will not by half care for all those who need it. From now on, arrangements must be made so we will not have to carry all our eggs to market in one basket.

Fourth Value—I consider this the best value of all, that is, to promote the happiness of every child that enters the school—minister to his physical needs; teach him as far as possible mentally; teach him good personal habits; teach him by kindness and example of all concerned that we love him and will do all that a father or mother would do for him. Also teach him that there is a heavenly Father that loves us all and desires us to do His will.

F. M. Register, superintendent.

MUSIC

CONCERT BY MUSIC CLASSES OF CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

May 27, 1936 8:00 p. m.

PART I

"Echo Song" ....(E. Gest)
Glee Club
Soprano Solo, "Daisies"....................(C. B. Hawley)
Emma Lou
March, "Our School Band"..............................(Rolfe)
Harmonica Band
Vocal Duet, "Barcarolle" (from "Tales of Hoffman")
Emma Lou and Virginia
Piano Solo, "Rosemary" ....(Fox)
Emily
"The Happy Farmer"..............................(Schumann)
Glee Club
Soprano Solo, "Swallows"..............................(Cowan)
Louise
Male Quartet, "Dreaming of Home"..............(O'Hara)
Eddie, Lander, George, Walter
"Melody in F"..(Rubenstein)
Girls' Chorus
Intermission
Presentation of Prizes

PART II

Waltz, "Dreamy Hawaii"..........................(Sherwood)
Harmonica Band
Vocal Duet, "Gay Butterfly"................(A. A. Hawley)
Madge and Louise
Piano Solo, "Dance of the Fairies"................(Crosby)
Virginia
Largo from "New World Symphony"............(Dvorak)
Glee Club
Duet, "Rock-a-Bye"......................................(Dietrich)
Hazel and Katie
Baritone Solo, "Thy Sentinel Am I"..............(Watson)
Roy
Harmonica Solo, "Wieganlied"......................(Brahms)
Walter
March, "The Boys' Brigade"........................(Wenrich)
Harmonica Band

o

School Notes

Dear Friends:

We are so glad that next year we will have a new school building. I hope I can live in one of the boys' new buildings.

Our class in school has studied the new buildings. We know where the bricks, steel beams and other materials came from. Did you know that it took about 30,000 bricks to each dormitory? We read how the Egyptians made their bricks and dried them in the sun. Mrs. Barnes hopes to take some of the boys to Hyman, N. C., and let us see how the bricks in our buildings were made.

The domestic science girls are going to make some pretty curtains for their buildings. I can't sew, but I can weave some rugs for our new buildings. We are going to put out plants around our school building. Can't some of you give us some plants?

Sincerely,—Tommy.

HONOR ROLL, 1935-36

Primary boys' reading honor roll: William, Bowling, Eldredge, Harrison, Wilbur.

Primary girls' reading honor roll: Margaret, Peggy, Ruby, Ora, Mary, Minnie, Evelyn, Gladys.

* * *

In severing my connection with Caswell Training School, I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to all the employees of the school for their co-operation and help during the years I have worked as secretary in the superintendent's office. I have been very happy here and wish to thank everyone who has contributed in any way to the success and happiness I have had. I shall always be greatly interested in the growth and development of "Caswell."—Mrs. Cook, secretary.

* * *

PETER THE TURTLE

Floyd found a mud turtle. George brought him to school. Naomi got some mud and grass for his box. The girls named him Peter after a seagoing turtle in our reader. There are 200 different kinds of turtles. Some are valuable. They are sold for meat. Turtles lay eggs in a hole that they dig in sand. The eggs are sold for food. Turtles carry their houses on their backs. They can use their shells as a houseboat or a submarine. Turtles are toothless. Some have been known to live 250 years. They are all sizes. Some weigh 1,000 pounds.

(Composed by Intermediate Grade. Copied by Emily Mae)

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Social Activities

One of the most enjoyable social events of the month was a card party and square dance given by employees of the school in honor of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Cook, Jr., a recent bride and groom.

Mrs. Cook, as Miss Mary Sumner, has served the school as secretary to the superintendent for nearly 11 years. At present she is secretary to Dr. Register. Mr. Cook, a former employee, is a member of the State Highway Patrol and is located at Henderson, N. C.

The committee on arrangements: Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Reid and Miss Utley, deserve much praise for the lovely decorations and delicious refreshments served. A set of tea and soup spoons in her silver pattern were presented to the bride with congratulations and best wishes from the employees.

Music was furnished by the Causey family. A most delightful evening was enjoyed by all.

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BIRTHDAYS

In our efforts to make Caswell Training School more homelike, we have added birthday parties to our social activities. The last Friday in the month is "Birthday Night." Each child having a birthday during the month is invited to the Central building to the party. After playing games and frolicking, the big cakes are cut and eaten. Last month our list was so large, Miss Bryant had to make two cakes.

STAFF MEMBERS.—Greetings to Miss Rebecca Carter of Garland and Mrs. Sallie Cameron of Raeford, who have recently come to our hospital staff; to Miss Pauline Holloman and Mr. Robert Laws of the Culinary department; Mrs. Mark Hill of the School department.

RECREATIONAL DEPARTMENT

No day in the life of a child is complete unless he spends some time at play. This play may be in the nature of organized games, physical training, hiking or rhythmic exercises or following a hobby. In our play we hope to teach co-operation, self control, courtesy and a spirit of fairness. In any game where there is competition, one group must be on the losing side. If we can teach the child to take defeat in the spirit of good sportsmanship, much has been done toward his development. It is recognized that play is essential for proper growth and development both physically and mentally. It is the aim in this department to develop a type of play to meet the needs of each and every child in the school.

Robert V. Hendren, Supervisor
Recreational Department.

PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

This department is sponsoring a series of monthly talks on child guidance. All employees are invited to attend. These talks are based on the thought that what any child now is, is the result of his past efforts at adjustment. In order to work intelligently with any child it has been found very helpful to understand the behavior patterns that have been formed and the cause underlying each. This is a school not only to train in skill and technique of handling materials in doing a job, but also to guide a child in making adjustments that are emotionally and socially constructive. These talks are given the first Monday evening of each month at 7:30.

H. E. Wertman, Psychologist.

GIFTS

The entire school, pupils and employees, wish to thank Dr. J. D. Robinson of Wallace, N. C., for the bountiful treat of strawberries.

One time our children could truthfully say, "We've had plenty, thank you!"

Mrs. Charlotte Walsh has added to our growing library by giving us six books for boys and girls, and Mrs. Lunsford Abbott sent a large number of magazines. We thank them very much. We also wish to thank Mrs. C. T. Flowers for the magazines she sent us.

The children have often expressed a desire for Bible Story books.

NEWS FROM DAWSON BUILDING

The Juniors have the top of the discarded school bus to play in. They surely are enjoying it. Many an imaginary trip they have taken. One feels that they are as happy to have part of the old bus as the employees are to have the new bus. Thank you, Dr. Register, Mr. Griffin for sending it to us!

In and around our building, too, improvements are being made. We indeed appreciate them.

Mrs. Justice, Mrs. Victorian,
Mrs. Reid—Matrons.

CARPENTER

Repair work goes merrily on. The roofs of six employees' houses have been rebuilt. The building for swine has been repaired and rebuilt. A bull pen has been built and makes it much safer for our children when around the barns and stables.

S. R. Elmore, Carpenter.

BUILDING PROGRAM

Our nine new buildings are progressing very well. The work was slowed down on account of bad weather conditions. The inspectors tell us the work is 50 per cent completed. The buildings are fireproof throughout. No wood has been used in the construction.

EASTER

Easter at C. T. S. is always a welcomed religious festival. School closed from Thursday afternoon until Tuesday morning. Special programs for Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday were given by the students in chapel; the entire school being present.

Monday being a holiday throughout the institution, egg hunts were the vogue. Miss Bryant and her kitchen force had dyed over 1,000 eggs. These were sent to the different buildings and later hidden by matrons and attendants, then found by the children. Those finding the most received prizes. Each child received two eggs to eat. Long walks were taken in the woods and by the amount of wild flowers brought in, there must be an abundance of them.

BARBECUE LUNCHEON

For many years the Philathea and Baraca classes of North Carolina have played Santa Claus to the pupils of Caswell Training School and but for them many a sad face would have been found on Christmas morning. Every child from the oldest to the youngest has a gift beautifully wrapped either in his stocking or on the tree.

As an expression of appreciation for their thoughtfulness and kindness, Dr. Register invited the entire convention of Philathea and Baraca classes, which was convening in Kinston, to a barbecue luncheon on Saturday, April 18. Over 200 guests were served and while eating were entertained by our Glee Club and School Band.

SEWING ROOM

When visiting the sewing room, be sure to ask to see the special articles Mrs. Stokes' girls have made for sale. They have a system of letting the girls make rag dolls, little sun suits for small children, pillows and other articles of apparel out of small pieces of materials that cannot be used for other purposes. The money acquired in this manner is used to buy pretty fancy buttons, buckles, braid, binding and trimming for the print dresses. This is really killing two birds with one stone!

Also ask to see Mrs. Lee's quilts! They prove that " a thing of beauty is a joy forever," summer and winter!

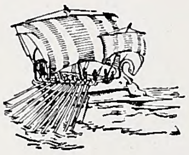
OUR CHILDREN

SAILING THE SEAS

BIG Paulo and little Gretchen ran up and down the beach, for salt breezes from the ocean would have nipped their hands and faces quickly enough had they stood still.

Suddenly Gretchen saw out over the ocean a group of moving, glimmering lights.

"See, Paulo!" she shouted. "Lights! Is it a ship passing?"



"Aye," answered Paulo. "Would you like to pretend something, Gretchen?"

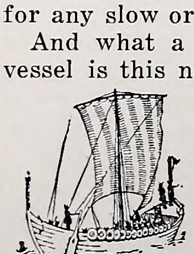
"Oh, yes, Paulo."

"All right, lass. We'll make believe many, many years have slipped away. We'll journey back thousands and thousands of years and look at ancient ships of many lands. Already now? All aboard!"

Paulo had been to sea once upon a time. He knew much of ships and sailor men, and as he stood pointing outward over the dark night sea he told Gretchen of the ships that you find there.

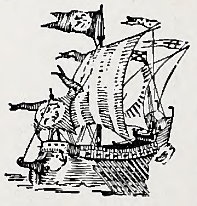
"See, Gretchen," began Paulo, "far out there on the sea, sails an ancient Grecian warship. One great orange-and-yellow sail in the center, one small one over the bow and one middle-sized one over the stern, carry it swiftly on its destructive errand. Those are to ram an enemy ship. Down inside the vessel, where you cannot see, are more rowers, all slaves chained to their places and forced to work hours without rest. A man with a whip walks back and forth among the slaves watching for any slow or lazy ones.

And what a strange, fantastic vessel is this next one! A Viking ship! In one of these ships it is said very daring adventurers journeyed even before Columbus was born. See, it is steered by a huge oar fastened to the right stern side. You've heard of the starboard side? Long years ago it was the "steerboard" side or the side upon which the steering oar was placed. How splendid are the warriors' shields hanging in rows over the side of the ship! They look like large round buttons from a distance, but close by, you can see their beautiful designs.

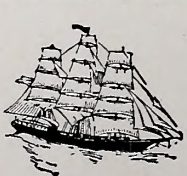


"Go on, Paulo," whispered Gretchen, "oh, please go on. What ship is next?"

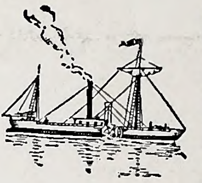
"Just appearing above the horizon," continued Paulo, "if you watch closely is a more splendid ship, the Venetian Argosy. It is built of rarest woods and rigged with silken sails of gay and varied colors. Rich nobles and merchants spend hundreds of dollars trying to outshine their fellows in magnificent riggings. Galley slaves are again at work, not because the merchants think that the more oars they can display, the finer will be their ship. On the forward deck we see a striped tent in which, perhaps, the merchant displays his most valuable wares or the nobleman who sails grandly in this, his floating palace, finds a pleasant shelter.



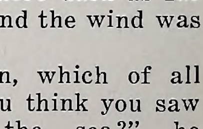
"What is this beautiful vessel sailing so swiftly, with sails full set, toward us? An American clipper, noted the world over for speed and dazzling spread of sails! Not silken sails, not painted ones, put plain, strong, white ones of canvas that will catch and hold the most fickle breeze. This ship has cabins and it is built to cut through the water in record time. No make believe splendor about this one, but only strength and swiftness like the wind itself—one of the first ships to be built for long voyages.



"And now comes a strange sight, indeed! The little sails over bow and stern are not in use at all. They seem to be there only in case they should suddenly be needed. A large wheel at one side of the boat turns over and over, pushing it on its way. Smoke rises in black clouds from a smokestack. It is the brave little Clermont, plying its way along the river. Its steam power is so new and untried that it could not venture on the ocean, but it is proud to show this much of change and progress. Sometimes it must use its sails when the engine won't work just right, but wait, Gretchen, a few more years pass by and another ship looms before us.



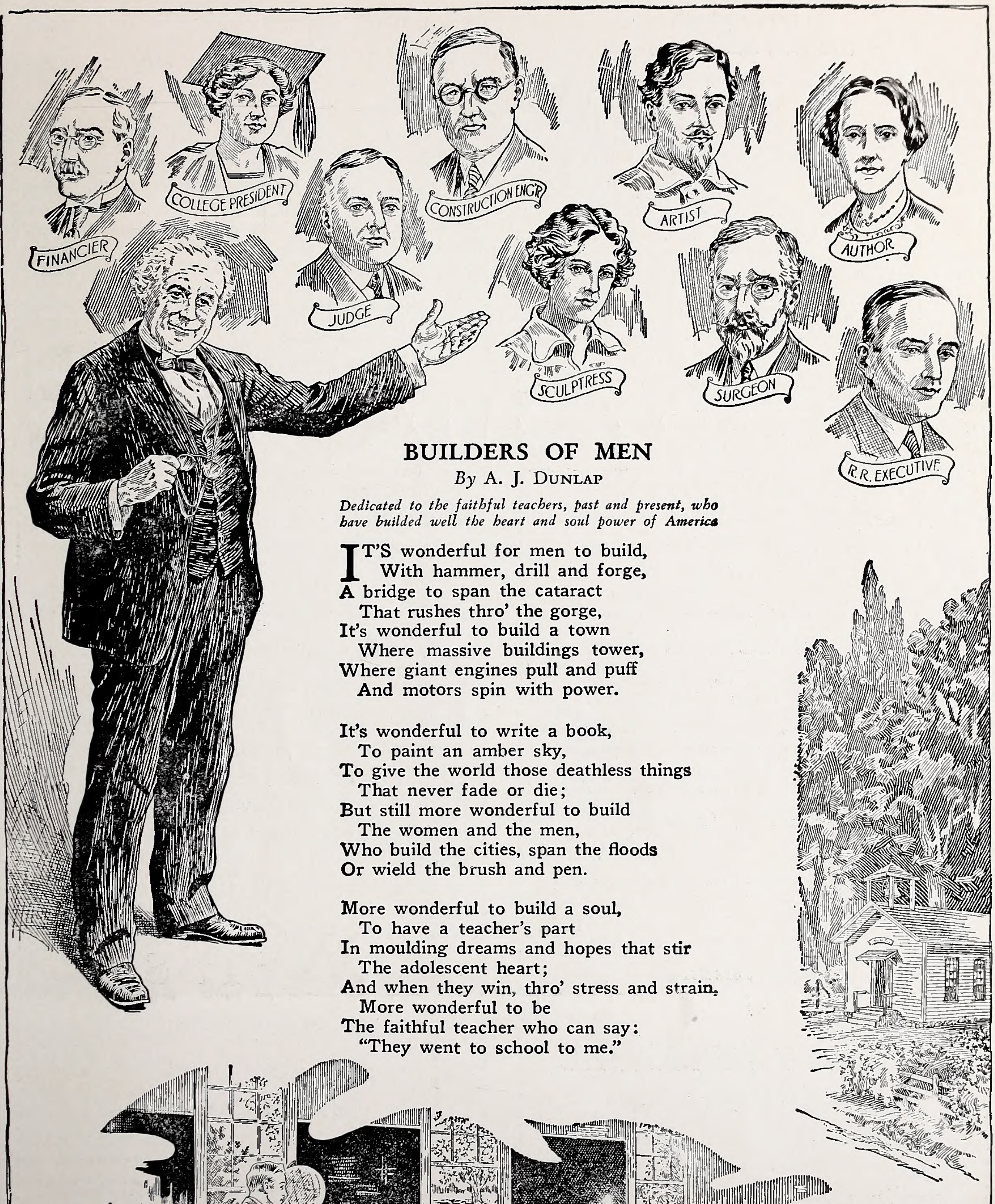
"After thousands of years, the greatest ship of all comes gracefully steaming across the vast sea. It is big enough to carry five thousand people back and forth across the ocean. No sails can be seen on this great giant of today, for its engine power is great enough and sure enough to need no further help. While it used to take several months in a sailing vessel to cross the sea, it takes now only six or seven days, and sometimes less than that."



As Paulo finished talking, the moving lights of the ship they had seen passed from view. The ocean was once more dark as far as he could see, and the wind was cold.

"Well, Gretchen, which of all those ships do you think you saw sailing across the sea?" he asked.

But Gretchen was fast asleep, dreaming, no doubt, of them all, just as Paulo had told of them.


FINANCIER
COLLEGE PRESIDENT
JUDGE
CONSTRUCTION ENG'R
ARTIST
AUTHOR
SCULPTRESS
SURGEON
R.R. EXECUTIVE
Charles Cox

BUILDERS OF MEN

By A. J. Dunlap

Dedicated to the faithful teachers, past and present, who have builded well the heart and soul power of America

IT'S wonderful for men to build,
With hammer, drill and forge,
A bridge to span the cataract
That rushes thro' the gorge,
It's wonderful to build a town
Where massive buildings tower,
Where giant engines pull and puff
And motors spin with power.

It's wonderful to write a book,
To paint an amber sky,
To give the world those deathless things
That never fade or die;
But still more wonderful to build
The women and the men,
Who build the cities, span the floods
Or wield the brush and pen.

More wonderful to build a soul,
To have a teacher's part
In moulding dreams and hopes that stir
The adolescent heart;
And when they win, thro' stress and strain,
More wonderful to be
The faithful teacher who can say:
"They went to school to me."

EDITORIAL

(Concluded from Page 3)

institution as "our institution." To say "my institution" or "the institution" and "the help" does not embrace a co-operative spirit like the words—"our institution or our help."

In any institution there must be a pride in the institution and especially in each one's particular job. Everyone must avoid criticism of others, but must be free with criticism of self. In work of an institution money should be a secondary matter. When the question is eternally "What you going to give me?" is heard on every hand, and never a word about "What can I give the institution?" that institution is doomed, regardless of the amount of appropriation.

We all know that appropriations for Caswell Training School have been low and are still low, but I am glad to say there is a spirit of co-operation and pride in our work that has carried us through the depression and will finally put us on higher ground.

Visitors do an institution lots of good. Visiting day is **every day** at Caswell.

———o———

CRAFT

Floyd, Tommy and Eddie made some good looking book cases.: One was sold to Mr. Higgins, one was placed in the Intermediate room, the others were placed in several dormitories. Justin finished two rugs of rug yarn and Lester a stool and doll's bed for one of the girls' dormitories. An interesting exhibit of craft work was held at the Conference of Social Workers at Durham.

Bake Shop—C. T. S. bake shop works full time. Garland, James and Charlie help turn out daily 310 loaves of bread, 20 baking sheets of cornbread, biscuits galore! They also bake many bushels of sweet potatoes, gingerbread, a cottage pudding, white cake and apple cobbler each week.—Miss Mamie Bryant, Dietician.

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The Caswell News

Volume 1

Number 4

Sun Philosophy

SMILE!
This advice is worth a pile—
Beats ter blazes strikin' 'ile;
When yer blood begins ter bile,
Jes, you smile!

Smile!
Let the other feller cuss;
'Taint your biz ter make a fuss;
You can clear away the muss
With a smile.

Smile!
When things go tarnation wrong
Buck your courage with a song;
Luck can't lose you very long
Ef you smile.

Smile!
'Til the bluey heavens shine thro',
An' ole Sol winks down at you;
Thinks you are a sunbeam, too,
'Cause you smile.
I'll not confer with sorrow
Till tomorrow;
But joy shall have her way
This very day.

—*Florence M. Pierce*

JUNE, 1936

THE TRUE MEASURE

THE place to take the true measure of a man is not the forum or the field, not the market place or the amen's corner, but at his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask and you may judge whether he is imp or angel, king or cur, hero or humbug.

I care not what the world says of him; I care never a copper what his reputation or religion may be; if his babes dread his homecoming and his better half has to swallow her heart every time she has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he's a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morn till he's black in the face and howls hallelujah till he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front gate to greet him, and love's own sunshine illuminates the face of his wife when she hears his footfall, you may take it for granted that he is true gold, for his home's a heaven and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne of God.

I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole he-world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.

———o———

William McAdoo, chief magistrate of New York City, speaking from long experience says:

"Great masses of young fellows in the twenties are practically all of our criminals in the outlaw class. They have no emotions of pity, love, friendship, gratitude, or sense of responsibility. They despise their parents, hate the law, and are in open war with its officers. . . . Young men and women in this country, going to work young, are too early economically independent of parents and therefore insubordinate."

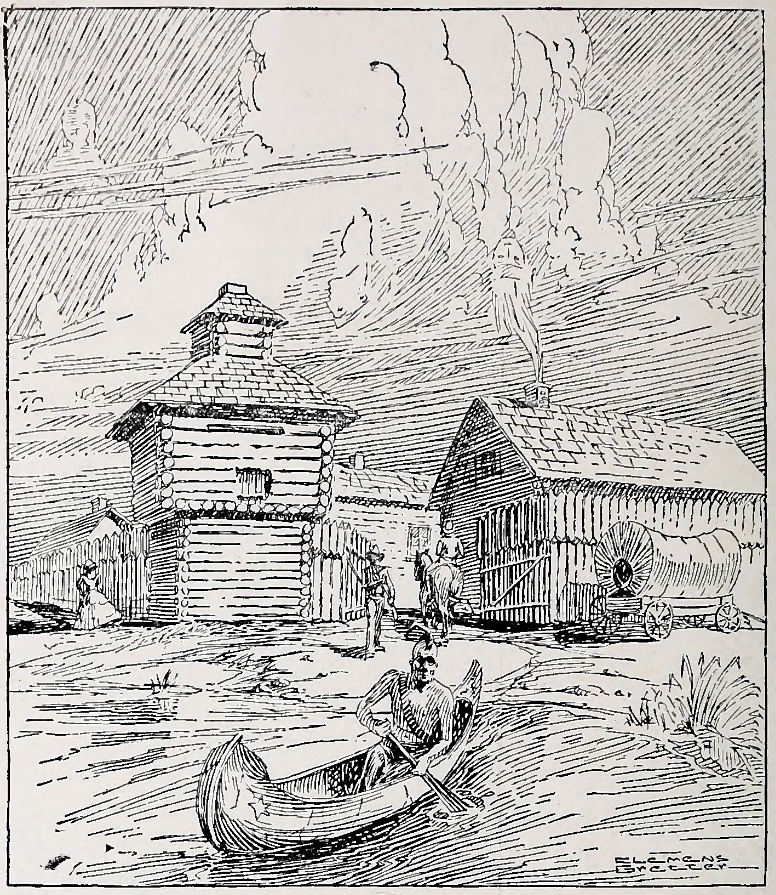
———o———

You can't keep dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul, if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so, out of the trade in potash.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

———o———

Do all the good you can and make no fuss about it.—Dickens.

AMERICAN HISTORY PUZZLE PICTURE



Fort Dearborn in the year 1804 and which is now the present site of Chicago. Find three Indians.

LACK OF MOTIVE

LACK of motive is the cause of many failures, says the Wayne Herald. A young man stars through school and wins the plaudits of teachers and parents and then, like an exhausted skyrocket, he goes out and sinks below the horizon. The Herald editor recommends that people begin planting good and inspiring motives in the breast of every child as soon as he is able to walk.

Lack of motive, or lack of inspiration, or lack of a desire for some particular kind of work, does cause what the world calls failure. There are some people, of course, who are foreordained to success. The son of a doctor usually becomes a doctor, and the son of an editor usually goes into one of the trades that are allied with printing. Of course the son of a ditch digger sometimes becomes a doctor or an editor, also, but often he becomes a ditch digger. Some people will say that lack of educational advantages made him ditch digger but in reality it was lack of motive.

Every youth should decide early in life what line of endeavor he intends to follow. He should hitch his wagon to a star, as the old saying has it. Just drifting will get him nowhere; working from boyhood toward some certain goal will surely make for success.

———o———

HIGHER IDEALS

All higher motives, ideal, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life. —Henry Ward Beecher.

———o———

SUCCESS

Success in life depends largely on opportunities promptly utilized. Some men would pass through a gold mine without noticing anything precious.

———o———

If you have knowledge, let others light their candles by it.—Thomas Fuller.

The Caswell News

Vol. 1 - No. 4 KINSTON, N. C., JUNE, 1936 50c Per Year

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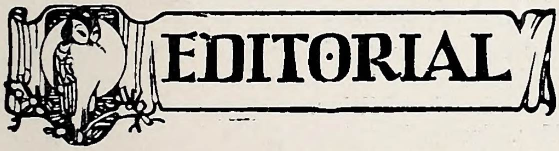
Editor F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor Miss Hazel Wertman
Associate Editor Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Business Manager Miss Mary L. Utley



EDITORIAL

MORE ABOUT CASWELL

During May, several of us from Caswell attended the Mecklinburg Charlotte Mental Hygiene Society. It was a well worth while trip. We heard some good papers and discussions. Everyone with whom we talked was interested in Caswell Training School and many questions were asked, so we are having more to say about Caswell. Below are some of the questions asked and answers given:

Question—What are the ages for children entering Caswell?

Answer—Six years to twenty-one years.

Question—What do you do with children when they reach twenty-one?

Answer—They usually stay on and on because often there is no other place for them to go. Occasionally the family will take a child home or some old couple who have no family will take a boy or girl. This does not happen often, because frequently they can hire someone for whose care they do not have to be responsible to anyone else. In North Carolina negroes can be hired at a low cost.

Question—Do you take epileptics, those who have T. B., or pregnant girls?

Answer—No.

Question—Do you take insane (psychotic) children?

Answer—No.

Question—Do you take children who have committed crimes?

Answer—No. We have no accommodation provided for such children.

Question—Does it take the influence of the governor, senators, congressmen or anyone else to get a child placed in Caswell School?

Answer—Absolutely no. Room and the makeup of the child are the two considerations.

Question—If you have an opening for a child at Caswell, could any child needing the care of Caswell Training School take the vacancy?

Answer—No. Everything being equal, we try to give the place to a county that does not have its quota of children per 1,000 population. If the vacancy occurs in the boys' division, then the child entering would have to fit in one of four dormitories for boys. The same thing is true in regard to girls.

Dr. F. M. Register, Supt.

o

THE HISTORY OF OUR SCHOOL

Written By Polly H., One of Our First Girls

Our first superintendent was Dr. Ira M. Hardy of Kinston. He first thought of establishing Caswell Training School. He had to go before the legislature at Raleigh to get money for it. The legislature at Raleigh makes the laws of our state. They also decide how the taxpayers' money should be spent.

Men from every county make up the legislature. The first building at our school was built in 1911. Dr. Hardy was our superintendent from 1911 to 1913. The Central building, Austin and Tapp were the first ones built. There were at first fifteen girls and no boys when our school first opened. The second superintendent we had was Dr. Banks McNairy. Our school is twenty-one years old. It has grown from fifteen girls to over seven hundred boys and girls. The laundry now used as a canning house was next built. We now have a new laundry and nine new buildings when they are finished and we have now eleven buildings that we are using for the children, two fine barns, a powerhouse and one of the best hospitals in the state. Our school costs lots and lots of money. Mrs. Leonard was the first head matron. Julia, Mattie and her sister were among the first fifteen girls here. We have some of the best buildings in the state. They are well heated and electrically lighted and we are now proud to say that we have a wonderful superintendent, Dr. F. M. Register, and a fine supervisor, Mrs. Harlan. The children are taught many things, but I think the most important thing we are taught is to take care of the younger children and the helpless ones. We are proud of our school.

o

A friend is a joy in prosperity and a staff to lean upon in time of trouble.

o

Go at your task as if you enjoyed it, and you soon will enjoy it.

Local Items

Mrs. Cameron recently spent a week-end at her home in Garland, N. C.

Mrs. Emma Carter and Mr. Woods motored to Wrightsville Beach where they visited respective relatives.

Mr. Boone went to Raleigh recently to the Rex hospital where a cast was removed from his foot. He has again taken up his duties as attendant.

Mr. Edward Smith was called home to Louisburg on account of his mother's illness.

Miss Mabel Truitt of Beaufort has succeeded Mrs. Ed. Cook in the position of secretary to Dr. Register.

Mary F., Pattie C., Katie W., Frieda B., Sara Lucey B. and Sudie M. from the laundry department were among those who spent the day at the seashore.

Fishing—A day of deep sea fishing at Swansboro with a 200-pound catch in six hours makes a great story. The party was composed of the following: W. F. Beeman, James Braxton, J. Gaddis of State Farm Colony, R. Calhoun, B. Holloman, G. Lane, E. M. Murphy, S. Kunts of Richlands and L. Taylor.

Mr. O. J. Fisher from Castalia is spending a week at Caswell Training School.

Mrs. Hughes was in Rocky Mount for a few days of this month.

Miss Rowena Tull and her sister Caroline spent Friday afternoon in Goldsboro.

Mrs. Mark Hill is doing some special work in education this month at Eastern Carolina Teachers' College.

Mrs. Wilbur Dawson is spending two weeks at her old home in the mountains of Virginia.

Mr. McLeod is spending his vacation at resorts in Virginia and Linden, N. C., with his mother and sisters.

Rev. and Mrs. D. N. Caveniss of Ocala, Fla., and Roaring Gap, N. C., were recent guests at Caswell Training School. Rev. Caveniss gave a chapel talk on Wednesday.

Mrs. Lennie Beard is spending the week-end with her sister in Greenville.

Mr. Rothgeb of the budget bureau at Raleigh paid us another one of his helpful visits.

Miss Edith Wladkowski, a graduate student in psychology at the University of North Carolina, was an interested visitor at our school recently.

Dr. and Mrs. Register attended the Mental Hygiene Institute at Charlotte, N. C. They were accompanied by Miss Hazel Wertman, psychologist, and Miss E. Ernst, superintendent of State Farm Colony. Dr. Register was one of the discussion leaders.

Miss Mary Utley spent a week-end recently at her home in Brick Haven, N. C.

Mrs. Edward Cook, Jr., secretary at Caswell Training School for eleven years, has recently moved to Henderson, N. C.

We wish to acknowledge our gratitude to Mrs. Lehman and entire hospital staff for the courtesy and interest shown us during our recuperation which covered a period of approximately three weeks. The qualifications and ability of the nurses are exceptional. We hope in time to come they will be better rewarded for their efficiency.—J. Freeman and S. A. Boone.

We regret the necessity of Miss Rouse taking an extended leave of absence, and wish for her immediate recovery.

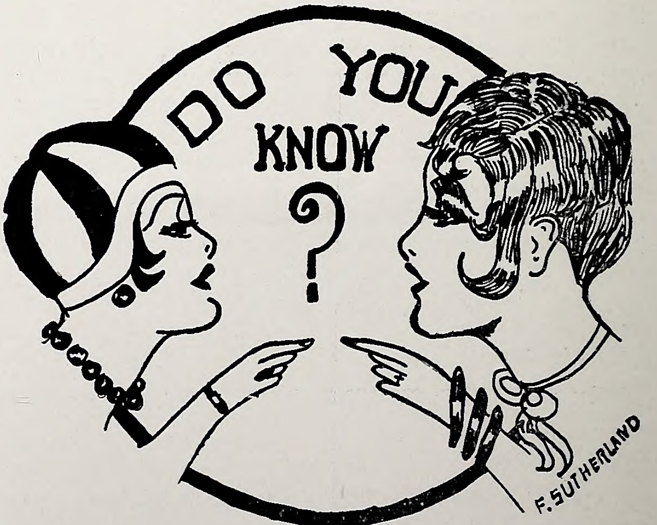
I wish to thank all the hospital staff, many other friends and employees of the school for their kindness and thoughtfulness of me during my recent illness. I am very glad to be able to be with them again.—Mrs. Bertha Whaley, Matron.

As a member of the hospital staff, I wish to express my deep appreciation and thanks for the wonderful attention and nursing care which I received during my few days' illness. Everyone was lovely to me. Thanks to Dr. Lee, Mrs. Lehman and the nurses.—Edith Phillips.

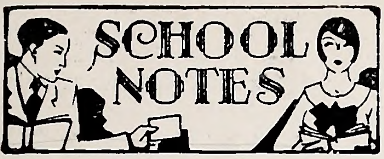
Mrs. James Braxton of the laundry department is seriously ill in the hospital at Goldsboro.

GARDEN DEPARTMENT

All through the drought we have been able to furnish the school with as many vegetables as could be used. Since the nice rains our garden is producing enough vegetables for the table, also a big surplus for the hogs. We are now planning our fall garden. We hope to produce a supply sufficient to take care of the increase of children expected next year when the new buildings will be occupied. Visitors to the garden are always welcome.—J. H. Smith, Gardener.



that every summer many of our boys and girls go home for a vacation? To date twenty girls and thirty-four boys from every part of the state have returned home to stay until September. Those who do not go home will have a rest from their work project and a day's outing at the seashore.



The boys of the Intermediate Department spent a very enjoyable afternoon at the home of their teacher, Mrs. Dawson. The following were present: James S., Floyd C., Brownie C., Harold H., Henry H., Thomas C. and Charles E. They visited the municipal swimming pool nearby and later were served ice cream and cake for refreshments.

* * *

GLEE CLUB

We are certainly proud of our boys and girls of the Glee Club who sang in the First Presbyterian Church Sunday. We were proud not only of their good singing, but doubly proud of their good behavior. When we carry our boys and girls to the house of worship, we know we do not have to worry about behavior. All our behavior problems are solved by precept, example, kindness and patience; no whipping, no loud scolding, no shaking or slapping. Let others rear their children as they think best. Our plan is "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

* * *

FINAL PROGRAM-CONCERT AND AWARDS

On the evening of May 27 an enjoyable musical was given by the pupils of the music classes under the direction of Mrs. L. K. Wooten, music teacher. This recital was representative of the work done in the classroom during the year and took the place of the usual costume musical play. The music was of a high order and the performance of each number, whether by the glee club, harmonica band or soloists, would have done credit to any school.

Prizes were presented by the music teacher as follows: For the most improvement in voice, Louise; for the most improvement in piano, Emily; for the most improvement in sight reading, Lander; for the best all-around worker, Eddie; to others outstanding in class work, Madge, Virginia, Emma Lou, Ophelia, Mary Peedin, Evelyn, Martha, Annie Ruth, Nellie, Vinie, Helen, Maidie, Ruth, Walter, Thomas, George and Roy.

Since this was our commencement program, the other teachers offering prizes presented them at this time.

The work in the craft department this year has been interesting and varied. The purpose there is to make useful articles and at the same time to make them artistic. There has been a ready sale for many of the attractive things such as wall hangings, knitting bags, rugs, breakfast clothes, book shelves, trellises and birdhouses. The boys and girls have done well in this department and Mrs. Hughes regretted not being able to present most of them prizes. She had offered only one prize, that for the best work in the picture memory contest. It was won by Mary Elizabeth. Mrs. Hughes presented her helpers small gifts at the end of the year. Those receiving gifts of appreciation were Ada, Minnie, Martha, Peggy, Ora and Mary P.

In the Intermediate group Pearl received the prize for greatest improvement in writing, and Emily the prize for best all 'round work. Vivian, Marion and Pattie received prizes for good conduct. The boys in this group had tried so hard that Mrs. Dawson could not decide who deserved prizes, so gave the whole group a party as a reward for their efforts.

In the advanced group, Madge, Thomas and Lander received prizes for most improvement in written work, and Myrtle and Justin for the greatest improvement in reading.

o

Seen around School

HAPPY BOYS

We had a group of happy boys last Sunday. Heretofore many boys had to wear overalls on Sundays because we thought we were not able to buy other clothing, but those boys came out last Sunday with a new pair of ready-made pants, a new ready-made shirt, belt and a tie. All our boys like to go down to the highway on Sunday and Saturday afternoons to see the cars and people go by. Our boys in old overalls were a drab and sorry sight for the motorists. Our last legislature gave us some extra money and our good business manager, who can make a dollar go as far as George Washington did when he threw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock river, used some of this extra money to buy these clothes for our boys. Now we are all happy.—Dr. F. M. Register, Supt.

* * *

TO THE SEASHORE

Thirty-two girls of Caswell Training School went by school bus to Swansboro, Morehead City, Beaufort and Atlantic Beach last week. They carried lunch, which was greatly enjoyed. The ocean was something new to all except probably two. They were amazed at the vast waters. Mrs. Troy Taylor, Mrs. Stokes, Mr. Robert Hendren and the superintendent went along. The girls voted it a wonderful day. Other children will go from week to week. This is to be a prize trip for good behavior.—Dr. F. M. Register, Supt.

* * *

SEWING ROOM

Mrs. Stokes is my sewing room matron. I have been working in the sewing room about two years. I did not know how to peddle a machine when I first went in there to work, but I finally learned to peddle one and now I can make napkins, gowns, slips, sheets, rompers and shirts. I surely am proud that I can make all of these different garments by myself. I am now trying to learn how to make aprons and little suits. I am very proud of my sewing room matron. I like her and I am glad that she has taught me to sew.—Mary E. N.

o

The most successful men so follow good models as to make of themselves better models.

Have a Smile

The Fisher: "Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?"

The Inhabitant: "No, it'll be a miracle!"

* * *

Artist: "I've got some of the funniest pictures you ever saw."

Editor: "Really? Where did you have them taken?"

* * *

He was an up-to-the-minute motorist, but had lost his way. Suddenly his eyes brightened as he shouted to his wife: "I think we're getting near a town. We're hitting more people."

* * *

Wiggs: "Sorry to keep you waiting, old man; but I've just been setting a trap for my wife."

Wagg: "Heavens! What do you suspect?"

Wigg: "A mouse in the pantry."

* * *

"How old is your son?" asked the visitor.

"Well," replied the dad, "he's reached that age when he thinks the most important thing to pass isn't his examination, but the car ahead."

* * *

Kind Friend: "I did what I could, Tony; I told her you had more money than sense."

The Victim: "And what did she say?"

Kind Friend: "She asked if you had any money."

* * *

The teacher was giving a lesson on "snow."

"As you walk out on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?" she inquired.

"Gloves," answered the redhaired boy in the rear seat.

* * *

"One of our little pigs was sick, so I gave him some sugar."

"Sugar—what for?"

"For medicine, of course. Haven't you heard of sugar-cured hams?"

* * *

Patient: "Will the anaesthetic make me sick?"

Doctor: "No, I think not."

Patient: "How long will it be before I know anything?"

Doctor: "Aren't you expecting too much of an anaesthetic?"

* * *

Old Lady: "Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out the window."

Conductor: "Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

* * *

The Fisher: "Is this a public lake?"

The Inhabitant: "Yes, sir."

* * *

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six positions and the pictures sent out to the state police.

In a few days headquarters received this from a small-town chief: 'I duly received the pictures of six miscreants wanted. Five of them have been captured and we are on the trail of the sixth."

WORD STUDY

Words Often Misused

Don't say "I felt like I might never return." Say "felt as if."

Don't say "he was a very ornery fellow." Say "worthless."

Don't say 'I would jump at the opportunity." Say "embrace the opportunity."

"A friend" is one who is regarded with a certain amount of affection, while an "acquaintance" results merely from an introduction.

Don't say "I never mean to go." Say "I mean never to go."

Don't say "I met her but she never referred to the subject." Say "she did not refer."

* * *

Words Often Mispronounced

Tonneau. Pronounce to-no, first o as in "of",, last o as in "on," accent the last syllable.

Aisne (river). Pronounce an, the a as in "day."

Diocese. Pronounce di-o-ses, i as in "die," o unstressed, e as in "see."

Divan. Pronounce the i as in "it," not as in "light," and accent the last syllable.

Abscond. Accent last syllable, not the first.

Argonne. Pronounce ar-gon, the a as in "arms," o as in "on," accent the last syllable.

* * *

Words Often Misspelled

Beach (shore), beech (tree). Decease; ceas. Celebrate; le. Verbatim; im. Capricious. Technical; chni.

* * *

Synonyms

Irrelative, irrespective, unrelated, independent, unallied.

Inequality, difference, disparity, variation, discrepancy, contrast.

Untimely, intrusive, inopportune, inauspicious, unpropitious, inexpedient.

Increase, enlarge, augment, dilate, grow, extend, intensify, magnify.

Part, portion, piece, section, particle, share, allotment.

End, termination, conclusion, close, finish.

* * *

Learn More Words

Perpetuate. To do, perform or carry through. "It took a morbid soul to perpetuate such a deed."

Vague. Indefinite, unsettled. "The explanation he offered was vague and unsatisfactory."

Dejected. Depressed, disheartened. "He sat there for hours, solitary, and dejected."

Unkempt. Not combed, neglected, untidy. "His face was dirty and his hair unkempt."

Irrational. Contrary to reason, absurd. "Such irrational views cannot be accepted."

Aggravate. To make worse, increase, intensely. "The bitter winds had aggravated her rheumatism."

———o———

Forty-four government employes are provided to serve the President of the United States in the White House.

———o———

London police are called "bobbies" because of Sir Robert Peel, who reorganized the police force in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

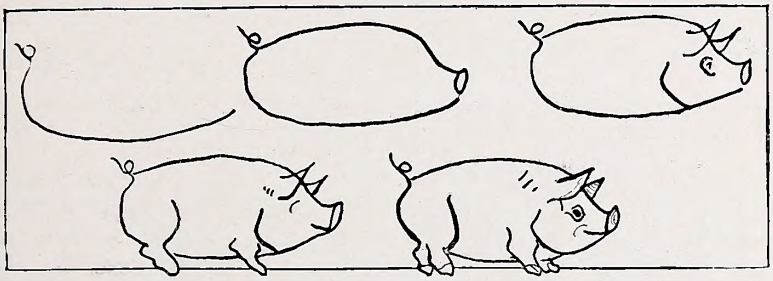
Jimmy Finds the Answer to His Problem

"OH, PSHAW, it's study, study all the time!" Jimmy disgustedly laid down his pencil, and looked across the study table at his brother Ralph, who was four years his senior. Despite the difference in their ages, the two brothers were great pals, and Ralph was never happier than when helping the younger boy out of some real or imagined difficulty. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, it's these old arithmetic problems," replied Jimmy; "I just can't seem to get them worked out right."

"Suppose you read one of them to me," suggested the older brother. "Maybe they're not so hard as you believe."

Jimmy related a problem that concerned the number of bales of cotton that were to be loaded on a steamer at various points along a river. Then he explained his difficulty.



HERE IS YOUR DRAWING LESSON

First you draw a piece of rope,
Then add a curving line.
Next, two sharp ears, and one sharp eye,
(You're getting on just fine.)

And now you make some short, fat legs,
Be careful there, watch out!
Before you know it, you've a pig,
With tail and legs and snout.

Ralph considered the matter thoughtfully. "I think I see where your trouble is," he finally remarked. "Your mind is so full of figures that you really can't see the cotton at all. Now, suppose you try to see the various shipments of cotton as they are loaded on the steamer. Then try working it out."

Jimmy read the problem over again. After a few minutes of deep study, his eyes suddenly lighted up with the gleam of discovery. "I believe I understand now," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. And then he picked up his pencil and went to work. A few minutes later he showed his figures to his brother.

"That's correct," said Ralph; "you've worked it out exactly right. It wasn't so hard after all, was it?"

"No," answered Jimmy, a bit grudgingly, "but I still think that people have to study too much."

"Oh, you do? Why do you think so?"

"Well," replied Jimmy, "just look at all the animals. They don't have to study and practice like human beings, and think how well they get along."

"Mention an animal," suggested Ralph with amused interest.

Jimmy suddenly remembered that his brother was an earnest student of animal life. "Now I'm in for it," he told himself. But he wouldn't back down.

"Well, a bear," answered Jimmy, realizing more deeply that he was in for a lesson.

"The bear cub," explained Ralph, assuming the manner of a lecturer, "has a very strict teacher. It must learn from its mother how to travel through dense forests, and how to climb. It must also learn how to obtain its food. Now, sir, what animal shall be next?"

"An elephant," suggested Jimmy, beginning to enjoy the game.

"Well," said Ralph, plainly pleased at his brother's interest, "there are a number of things that a young elephant must learn, but, since you will want to know about other animals, I'll mention just one — swimming."

"Swimming? A big elephant swimming?" Jimmy's voice sounded just a little doubtful.

"Yes," laughed Ralph, "explorers have seen the mother elephant giving swimming lessons to her young. She demonstrates to her calf how to travel in water. Then she stands aside and watches it swim. When the calf makes a blunder, she wades back in and corrects it. Next!"

"A beaver," volunteered Jimmy, remembering an interesting beaver story he had read.

"The busy beaver—what an example of industry! The young beaver learns by imitation and by helping its mother. One mother beaver was seen in company with her young, cutting down a willow tree. She gnawed the bark, trimmed off the limbs, the little one all the time imitating her, and finally helping her to carry the limb to the water. Our great engineers who build dams have learned great lessons from these little animals. That sounds strange, doesn't it? Is that enough?"

"Well, no," replied Jimmy, with a grin. "I'd like to hear more, but I haven't time."

"Haven't time?"

"No, I've got to work out the rest of these arithmetic problems." Then, with a laugh, he added: "If the animals can take the trouble to practice and learn, I'm sure that I can."

PATRONIZE
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The HAPPY *Man*

IS HE who is cheerful with moderate means; the unhappy he who is discontented in the midst of plenty.

—*Democritus.*

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'36

The Caswell News

De Massa Ob De Sheepfol'

De Massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' medder,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

"Oh," den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Deys some deys black an' thin,
An' some deys po' ol' wedders,
But de res' deys all brung in;
But de des, deys all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' medders,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's o' de sheepfol'
Callin' sof, "Come in, come in;"
Callin, sof, "Come in, come in."

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' medders,
T'ro' de col' night rain an' win',
An' up t'ro' de gloomerin rain-paf,
Whar de sleet fa's piercin' thin,
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

—*Author Unknown.*

Volume
1

Number
5

JULY, 1936

Some Mental Hygiene Aspects of Early Childhood

By Dr. Lloyd J. Thompson, Associate Professor of Mental Diseases at Yale University and Director of North Carolina Commission for the Study of the Care of the Insane and Mentally Defective.

In 1936 we still find many people, even parents, who believe that the pre-school years of life are not very important except from the standpoint of physical growth. These people seem to think that if the child is kept well he will muddle through these early years; will outgrow any bad habits he forms, and "just wait until he goes to school, the teacher will straighten him out."

Such attitudes should be combatted by the rather dogmatic statement that the real and lasting foundations of the personality are firmly entrenched before the age of six. Of course, the roots are there when the child is born, but these innate potentialities can be influenced especially in the early plastic years. After six years of age it becomes increasingly difficult to influence personality trends.

First of all it should be mentioned that the emotional atmosphere into which the new born comes is about as important as anything that happens in life. Is that atmosphere charged with tension because of financial stress, quarreling parents, or a jealous brother or sister? Is the child really wanted by all other family members? Is there conflict over race or religion or perhaps fears about heredity which the parents hesitate to discuss with the family doctor? These and any number of other factors may produce unrest, tension, and dissatisfaction, disturbing the tranquility which is so essential for the establishment of good eating and sleeping habits, to say nothing of more subtle effects.

At the time of birth it is noticeable that babies are not all alike. Some claim that they are, but within a day or two personality traits as well as physical differences can be observed quite readily. Some babies are strong and robust while others are weak. Some are easily excited while others are placid. Some seem to be born irritable, even though they are healthy, and some are good natured from the very start. These and other physical and temperamental traits may become more marked as the days and months pass by. These so-called innate characteristics point the direction of and more or less fashion the way the baby will experience and react to the many problems immediately confronting him.

It is certainly true that at birth the child is called upon to make more drastic adjustments than he will ever have to face again. He leaves behind a world so filled with comforts, except for cramping space, that he will never be able to recapture it. He has rested in a constant temperature bath, and has been more or less free from sudden jars. He has not had to eat or breathe. At birth his first problem is to get oxygen which previously came to him without any exertion on his part. This having to breathe is sometimes a little difficult and may require spanking which must be a strange and hurting experience. The child must begin to obtain food through its mouth and this, too, must be a peculiar but perhaps satisfying experience. Within the first few hours, then, he has been hurt and satisfied. He may find sleeping a little difficult because he is assailed by lights and shadows, and his clothing must be uncomfortable compared with his former surroundings.

However, nature has usually provided quite well for these new functions by having established nerve pathways for more or less automatic sucking, swallowing, and breathing reflexes, but it is not to be wondered at that some children do have difficulty in falling into routine habits of sleeping, eating and eliminating. Difficulty may arise if the child is weak or unduly excitable, but in a normal child if he does not fall into these processes rather automatically it is quite probable that the cause of the trouble lies in some emotional factor. Anxiety and tension in the mother or nurse has an effect on the child.

It has been stated that if good habits are formed during the first two years in carrying out these fundamental life-functions of eating, sleeping and eliminating, the child will not be a "problem child." In general, this is true of normally constituted children, and it is well for a child to learn early that there is a law and order about living and that he can't have food every time he cries for it. On the other hand, the child should learn to adjust to some variation in food; to a delayed meal or to disturbed sleep, because all life is not law and order.

There are many ways of emphasizing the importance of this early period of life. The basic lines of physical and mental development are more or less formed in the first few years. Physical development is very rapid. Doubling the weight in six months will never occur normally after the first year. The brain reaches its mature bulk in about six years. Dr. Arnold Gesell estimates that in the first six years of life there is more mental development than occurs during the next 12 years, which naturally, is the school period. During these preschool years, then, the child learns an uncountable number of habits that are fundamental to his adjustment to the complex art of living.

To discuss all the details of even the fundamental problems mentioned above would be too time consuming, but as an illustration, some aspects of the eating process may be discussed in more detail. As previously mentioned, the sucking and swallowing reflexes more or less prepare the baby for the mechanism of eating. But these reflexes can be inhibited or thrown out of order by emotional disturbances. When the baby is first brought to the breast, if he is too eager or is crying, there is little likelihood of a successful nursing. If this occurs

(Concluded on Page 4)

The Caswell News

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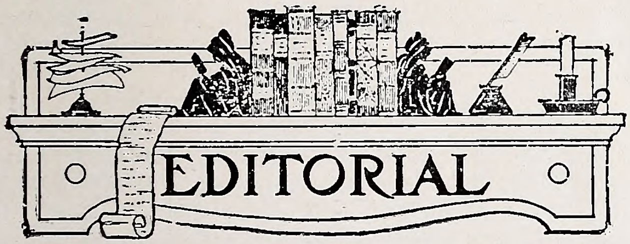
Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor .... F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor .... Miss Hazel Wertman
Associate Editor .... Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Business Manager .... Miss Mary L. Utley



WHY A STATE TRAINING SCHOOL?

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John 10-10).

Many people in North Carolina are asking the question, "Why go to the extra expense of trying to train and teach retarded children, especially those who have mental ages as low as two or three years or even those whose mental ages reach nine or ten years? Why not be satisfied with custodial care? They certainly will never make scholars." These children came into the world certainly not by their consent. They happened to come as citizens of North Carolina and it's up to North Carolina under our present plan to take care of her citizens, even the least, and to see that they have life more abundant. What a wonderful privilege for citizen or state to be able to make life more enjoyable and less oppressive!

Some children are brought to us 8 to 15 years of age and even older, with a mental age of only two to three years, whose personal hygiene has never been established. We have been able, with most of them, in a few months to establish clean personal habits and to teach them little helpful things to do, making life more like the life of a normal child. Then, too, we take children of higher mentality, who have never been understood by their parents, neighbors or even their teachers. Here their life is made a life plus, because we understand them and do not expect of them more than they can do. We are patient with them (even unto the patience of Job). We learn to think with them and speak their language.

Children with mental ages of ten years and grown in body are expected by parents and community to take care of themselves in any situation. They are often exploited by criminals and end in a life of crime. If Caswell Training School did nothing else but keep hundreds of children from lives of crime, it would well repay North Carolina citizens in dollars and cents. Crime costs our citizens more in money than in food, raiment and housing, to say nothing of humiliation and sorrow that accompany it. There is no greater work a person can be engaged in than helping to build a life plus especially out of material that other builders have rejected.

There are two roads in life, the right road and the wrong road. The small horse power car can travel the right road just as well as the beautiful high powered car. All that is necessary is to have some one at the wheel who knows the way and has the patience to travel slowly and carefully.

DR. F. M. REGISTER, Supt.

———o———

DORMITORY NEWS

DAWSON BUILDING

The boys and girls are having a very good time playing in their new sand pile. With new buckets and spades they find they can do many things. Some children are satisfied to pile and repile the sand while others make mud pies and sand tarts.

The working girls have been of exceptionally good help during the vacation period when the staff of employees is somewhat depleted.

* * *

POLLOCK BUILDING

All of us want to thank Dr. Register for the grand trip to Morehead City. Everyone of us enjoyed it to the very fullest extent.

Wilbur, John, Rufus, Marvin and Thomas have gone home on their vacation. We all miss them very much, but we were also glad that they had the chance to go. We look forward to their return in September.

* * *

TAPP BUILDING

When I came here I was a small boy seven years old. I am sixteen now. I can work like a real man. I go to school during the winter months and work during the summer months. Mr. Higgins and Mr. Woods are my attendants. We play baseball and we can beat the town boys. We have beaten them three games out of five. We have sixty-eight boys in our building.—Eddie H.

———o———

Mrs. Grady, night matron at the McNairy Building, has just returned from a vacation with relatives in Kinston.

LOCAL ITEMS

Dr. and Mrs. Thompson of Yale and Duke Universities visited our school last week. Dr. Thompson has been appointed to make a survey of the State Hospitals at Morganton, Raleigh, Goldsboro and the Caswell Training School.

Mrs. Nygard, who is assisting Dr. Thompson in the survey of some of North Carolina's institutions, spent a little time with us last week.

Mrs. Justice, one of the matrons in the Dawson building, is spending her vacation time with relatives in Fayettville, N. C. and Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Holloman, our school barber, and Mrs. Holloman, night matron in the Austin Building, are vacationing for two weeks this month.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Cook of Henderson, N. C., have recently visited the school. Both were formerly employed here.

Mr. Rothgeb of the budget bureau at Raleigh spent a day here recently. He was chiefly interested in an inspection of the new buildings.

Mr. W. W. Griffin made a business trip to Baltimore recently.

Mrs. Piggot, one of the matrons in the Dewey Building, is ill at her home in Morehead.

Ruby S. and her father spent some time recently at Morehead.

Mrs. Victorian, one of the matrons of the Dawson Building, attended the alumni meeting, dinner and dance at the Masonic Orphanage at Oxford.

The sewing room is closed for two weeks while Mrs. Stokes is having her vacation.

From time to time groups of students visit our school. Last week a large group came from the North Carolina Teachers' College at Greenville.

Mrs. H. E. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Brown and Mrs. Sarah Lee were visitors in Greensboro, Sunday. Mrs. Taylor visited her husband who is a patient at Saint Leo's Hospital while the other members of the party visited the Gilford County battle ground. Dukes Hospital and various parks on the way were also visited by the party.

Since our last issue the school has been saddened by the loss of one of our staff members, Mrs. Jas. Braxton. Mrs. Braxton had been with the school for several years, and was a valuable employee, much beloved by her class of girls. We extend our sympathy to her young husband who is also an employee of the school.

MONTH OF JULY MEETING EXCERPTS

On Monday, July 6, the regular monthly meeting of the matrons and attendants was held in the Central building, all employees as usual being welcome.

The first portion of the program was opened by Mrs. Harlan with a discussion on several matters. Among them she stated that the hours at which the children may see her in her office were 11:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. In outlining some of the duties of the night crew, Mrs. Harlan listed the following: 1. Be prompt! 2. Take charge of children in dining room during supper. 3. Allow children to remain out of doors until 7 or 7:30 p. m. 4. Supervise bathing, having all clothes placed in sun parlor. 5. Have children go in orderly manner to their beds, call them to attention and lead them in repeating either the Lord's Prayer or the Child's Prayer. 6. When children are settled for the night, inspect clothes, replacing dirty ones with clean ones in readiness for next morning. 7. Supervise children appointed to straighten building and do necessary flitting. 8. Call at 11:00 p. m., 2:00 a. m. and 5:00 a. m. all children who are sent to bathroom during night. 9. See that the children are up, washed and dressed for breakfast.

Following Mrs. Harlan's talk, Miss Wertman continued her series of discussions on "Factors Underlying Behavior Problems." Her subject this time was "How Behavior is Influenced by Emotions." Amplifying a previous statement, "We are the product of all the experiences we have had up to the present moment," Miss Wertman listed fear as an influencing emotion and stated that a certain theory claims there are only two original fears—that of loud noises and that of loss of support of weight. All other fears are learned.

Satisfaction and dissatisfaction were given as emotional factors and the suggestions were made that for the children we should attach satisfaction to the things we consider desirable at Caswell Training School, and dissatisfaction to the things we consider undesirable.

The talk closed with a discussion of part of the Adjustment Score Cards compiled by the Training School at Vineland, New Jersey Research Department, copies of which were given to each member of the group prior to the discussion.

The meeting then was adjourned and refreshments were served during the social hour which followed. The following members were appointed to serve on the refreshment committee for the August meeting: Miss Wertman, Miss Gray and Mr. McLeod.

L. Crowell, Sec'y.

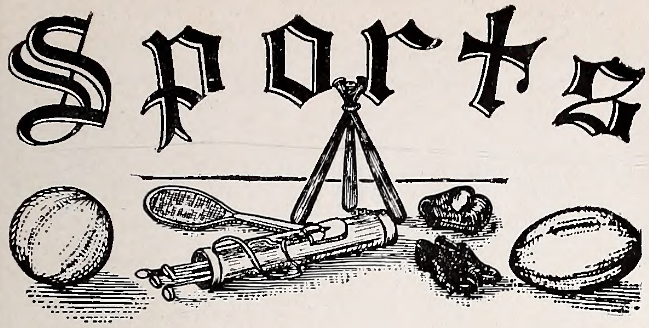
SOME MENTAL HYGIENE ASPECTS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

(Concluded from Page 2)

very often, the mother may become discouraged and by her very tenseness, may overestimate the baby in undesired ways. Many failures in breast feeding are due in large part to the emotional situation. When the mother faces two or three such feeding failures, there is great temptation to turn to the bottle, and often the bottle feeding is accomplished with less emotional disturbance than breast feeding. A nurse can contribute to the success of breast feeding by her attitude and manner of handling the situation. It may be possible to avoid unusual stimulation of the baby just before feeding. The amount of light in the room, the temperature of the room, and the amount of handling of the baby just prior to feeding, may seem like trivial things but they stimulate the baby in such a way that crying interferes with eating. The nurse may also protect the mother at this time from undue anxiety by the nurse's attitude of confidence and some reassurance for the mother.

(Continued in August issue of the Caswell News)

Sports



The employees have spent many hours of their free time making a tennis court west of the campus for their own amusement and relaxation. It is now completed and much enjoyed by them, their families and friends.

The older boys have a croquet set on their lawn which they enjoy. Many cool evenings before bed time one may see these boys and their attendants playing a jolly game.

Several of the older boys with some of the attendants spend many hours of baseball on the school diamond. Sometimes Mr. Hendren brings a truck load of boys from town to make the game more interesting.

———o———

FISH FOR SUPPER

Sunday afternoon I was sitting in my most comfortable chair, trying to forget the intense heat when I heard a sharp knock at my front door.

"Come in," I said, and in walked Eddie with a "Pennsylvania Grit" bag over his shoulder, and a big grin all over his face.

"Daddy, I've been fishing," he said, "and I've brought you some nice fishes for supper."

He opened the big bag and showed me a small string of fish—two perch and three cat-fish. Handing them to me, he said, "You can cook the perches and eat them yourself and I'll eat the cats."

I quickly sized up the situation and realized that I was about to have a guest for supper in the person of my young friend Eddie, the fisherman. Well, he said he could clean the fish which he proceeded to do. Then Charlie came in and Charlie said he could cook them. So I turned the kitchen, and all that therein was, over to the two boys and together they cooked a corking good supper which the three of us ate and enjoyed.

Eddie said that the cats tasted "real good."

W. W. G.

———o———

GARDEN REPORT

We are now right at the time of the year when our garden is producing at its maximum for the summer. Since I began keeping a definite record of the garden income beginning April first, I have delivered to the kitchen 3512 bushels of different kinds of vegetables. This takes us up to July 3. For the week of June 22nd to the 27th, the folloowing items were gathered: 140 bushel cabbage, 7 bushel onions, 38 bushel beets, 45 bushel squash, 82 bushel cucumbers, 2 bushel okra, 2 bushel tomatoes, 9 bushel carrots, 1 bushel lettuce.

For the fall garden we hope to have an abundance of cabbage, collards, turnips and tender greens. Besides these, we will plant mustard, kale, carrots, beets and radishes. J. H. Smith, gardener.

SEASONAL WORK

Canning vegetables is not as impersonal as it sounds nor is it quite as much of a drudgery as some may think. Children, many of them, groups of them jump into the school truck, laughing and talking and down to the bean field they go.

Sometimes when the thermometer runs high this happens as early as 4:30 a. m.; up at 4:00, in the bean field at 4:30, home to breakfast at 8:00, then rest from bean picking the remainder of the day. Everyone gets an invitation to pick beans. Matrons and attendants alike know what it means and find they have an added opportunity while supervising the groups to train the children.

But the picking of the beans is not all, not by any means. The beans must be snapped. Bushels of them, huge piles of them. What a sight! Many girls sitting in groups around a mound of beans! Matrons working, matrons supervising! Snipping off the ends and snapping the beans into parts! That is a job, but the spirit of the group runs on a happy level. Everyone is busy. Fingers are moving, some slowly, others more rapidly but all have the satisfaction of achieving and of contributing to the work of the group.

Children and more children! Boys come along and load the baskets of beans on the truck. They take them to the canning building where another matron and two other employees are waiting with 25 more children, boys and girls, ready to bag the beans, cook them, pack them into cans and have them sealed. The system that has been worked out in that building keeps things running very smoothly. Everyone has a particular job and everyone is working at it. Again the spirit is one of busy-ness, of achieving something.

And something has been accomplished! 4100 gallons of snap beans are a sight to make anyone feel he has achieved. The farm boys and the people in the canning room can tell of more than beans! They can point with pride to 400 gallons of squash. 18 gallons of cucumber relish, 36 gallons of cucumber pickles, 5 barrels of cucumbers in brine and 20 gallons of beets.

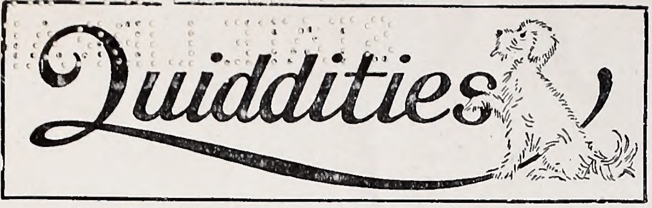
Yes, this is a training school, and training is given in many practical ways as you can see. From the time the gardener and the farm director had the seeds planted and cultivated to the time of the picking and canning, there have been many opportunities for training. Motor control, co-ordination, persistence, following directions, using one's best judgment, concentration, co-operation and good sportsmanship have been needed.

The feeling of doing something necessary and worth while is real and is based on actual experience. This particular work is seasonal and offers a change from regular routine. That in itself helps to make it enjoyable. It has been a happy time and a busy one.

H. E. W.

———o———

Misses Dorothy Gray and Hazel Wertman of the psychology department attended the social workers conference in Chapel Hill this month. Miss Gray has recently joined the staff as Junior Psychologist.



Quiddities

Auto Prospect: You have shown me that your new car can go seventy miles an hour. But will such a car last?

Agent: "My dear friend, don't let that worry you. Any one who drives seventy miles an hour will not need any car long.

* * *

Kindly Disposed Lady: It must be very hard to be poor.

Needy Individual: Hard? I've always found it easy enough, ma'am.

* * *

History was the subject which the class was studying, and presently the teacher asked:

Now, can any of you tell me who Joan of Arc was?

Profound silence. Then a hand went up, and a small boy shouted gleefully: Please, teacher, Noah's wife.

* * *

Old Lady: Oh, conductor, please stop the car. I dropped my wig out of the window.

Conductor: Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next stop.

* * *

She (from East): And what do you use those long rope lines for?

He (from West): Why, to catch cattle with, of course.

She: Yes, but what do you use for bait?

* * *

Why bother to write jokes when one can get dialog like the following, overheard at the bureau of naturalization?

Where is Washington?

He's dead.

I mean the capital of the United States.

O, they loaned it all to Europe.

Do you promise to support the Constitution?

Me? How can I? I've a wife and six children to support.

* * *

Prof. (frenziedly): All hands on deck; the ship's leaking.

Sleepy Voice (from the hold): Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed.

* * *

Conductor: How old is the little girl?

Little Girl: Mother, I'd rather pay the full fare, and keep my age to myself.

* * *

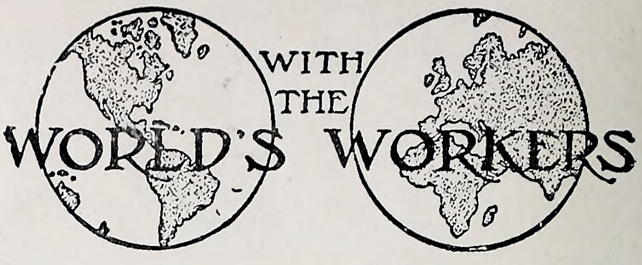
Traveler: It's a nuisance; these trains are always late.

Official: But, my dear sir, what would be the use of our waiting-rooms if they were on time?

* * *

Doctor: Did you follow my advice and drink hot water one hour before breakfast?

Patient: I did my best, but I couldn't keep it up for more than ten minutes, doctor.



WITH THE WORLD'S WORKERS

Oldest Sewing Machines.

A contest for the purpose of discovering the hundred oldest sewing machines in the United States has brought to light many interesting facts. Two machines began service in 1853, which is only two years after the first successful machine was placed on the market.

The one hundred prize-winning machines range in age from sixty-eight to seventy-four years. The make of the winning machines included: Singer, 73; Grover & Baker, 10; Howe, 5; Willcox & Gibbs, 5; Wheeler & Wilson, 5; Leavit, 1, and Bartholf, 1.

One machine, owned by Mrs. Frank Pallot of Plainwell, Mich., was the machine on which she made her own wedding gown and the christening, graduation and wedding dresses of her two daughters.

* * *

Snowy Owl Captured at Sea.

Out of a clear blue sky one thousand miles from land, came a snowy white owl, says The Pathfinder. It flew to the rigging of the Leviathan, giant American liner, crossing the Atlantic. The rare "creature of the night" was captured by the crew and is now in the possession of the New York zoo. In announcing the gift to the zoo, Captain Hartley of the Leviathan, said the bird had alighted in mid-ocean and apparently had relayed from other liners.

* * *

Birch Wood Used for Spools.

Nearly all ordinary spools are said to be made from the white birch, and while this species of tree grows in all parts of the United States, we read that it grows best in Maine. Practically all of the world's supply of spool wood comes from the great woods of the north. A few spools are manufactured in Maine, but generally after the wood is seasoned, it is shipped elsewhere to be made into spools.

* * *

Cash Preferred to Paternalism.

No man is rich enough or wise enough to set himself up as his brother's keeper, declared Dr. C. R. Brown, dean of Yale Divinity School, not long ago. He stated that he was opposed to the policy of paternalism.

"Welfare work on the part of great corporations is an excellent thing; but the workers prefer to be rewarded in cash. It is good mathematics and good morals to insist that 'I am my brother's brother' from beginning to end," he said.

* * *

TROCADERO ORGAN.

After twenty years of silence and disuse, the "finest concert organ in Europe," that of the Trocadero at Paris, is once more in tune and is functioning. An American's contribution of $500 started the fund for repairs. The organ has twelve keyboards and is now blown by electric motors instead of hand-pumped bellows.

OUR·YOUNG·PEOPLE

How Joe Saw the Ship Launched at Lynport

JOE PENNELL looked a bit sulky as he started for the field with Uncle Nat to bring up a pail of new potatoes. It was the day of the launching of the big new ship at Lynport, and Uncle Nat had just said that though he didn't blame Joe for wanting to see it, he couldn't think of any way for him to get down there when both horses must be used all day for hauling in grain.

"Folks on a farm have to work every minute and never have any fun," grumbled Joe.

"Well, anyhow," remarked Uncle Nat, "we shan't have as hard a job today as they're having over at Wing's. Their two big fields of early potatoes have got to be dug and rushed to market while the price is up. I could see all hands over there flying around like peas on a hot skillet while I was watering the horses this morning."

Joe stopped on the doorstep to look across at the Wing's place. It was in plain sight from the old Pennell house, but the river ran between. To get there you had to tramp two miles up river to Ballard's bridge and come down on the other side.

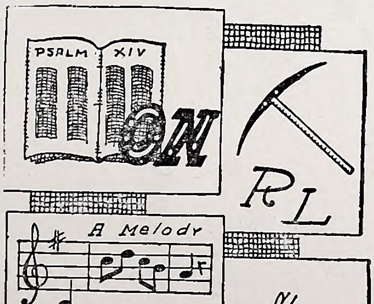
"I was hoping when Rupert Wing came to live here that he would be the sort a fellow could chum with," said Joe to himself. "But I guess he will never have any use for me. All he seems to care about is whizzing around with his father in that big automobile. Well, who cares?"

Joe shouldered his hoe and stalked away toward his own potato patch behind Uncle Nat. Almost before he had got out of the dooryard somebody came racing into the yard. It was Rupert Wing.

"Mr. Pennell," he said to Uncle Nat, "couldn't you possibly lend me Joe, just for today? You know what a rush we're in over at our place with the potatoes, and I don't know what I'll do if I can't get some help?"

Uncle Nat looked surprised. They had so many hired men over at the Wing farm that he had not supposed Rupert had to work in the fields. But of course a couple of 12-year-old boys would be some help in picking up potatoes, and it seemed not very neighborly to refuse to let Joe go. So he nodded, and the boys went racing away to the river bank. Picking up potatoes wasn't much fun, Joe said to himself, but it was better than staying at home all day after he had been disappointed on his trip down to Lynport to see the big ship launched.

"We shan't get to your place very early if we have to tramp all the way up to the bridge and down again," began Joe, but Rupert was already pulling out of the bushes an old-fashioned "tandem" bicycle, built to carry two riders. It was not long before the Wing farm came into view and they could see the diggers were uncovering bushels of potatoes in the wide, thick rows.



FOUR FISH PUZZLE
See if you can translate these pictures into the names of four fish of the sea.

"Where do we begin?" asked Joe as they got off the bicycle beside a heap of empty bags.

"We don't begin," returned Rupert, looking surprised. "Did you think I wanted you to help pick up potatoes? Well, maybe it did sound that way, but it wasn't what I meant. Come in and I'll show you."

He led Joe to one of the barns which stood a little way back from the river bank. Inside the barn door, pushed back against the foot of the haymow, was a little new rowboat.

"I couldn't get her into the water alone," explained Rupert, "and I couldn't ask any of the men to help me when they're rushing so with the potatoes. That's why I came after you. I wanted awfully to get her afloat today."

By pushing and tugging they succeeded in getting the boat out of the barn door to the decline to the river. Once or twice they were almost ready to give up, but at last it started to roll down the sloping ground. Away it went, taking the water in fine style when it had been eased down the low bank. Both boys hurrahed heartily when they saw the new boat riding the blue waves of the river.

"Haul her up and hop in, Joe," shouted Rupert, tugging at the rope, "and then you'll see what's next."

They drew the boat ashore—for it had gone far out into the water—then they jumped aboard, and in a minute two pairs of oars were twinkling in the sun as they went racing down river.

"She goes like a bird," cried Joe, "but say, Rupert, I don't suppose you're planning to row clear down to Lynport. It's twenty miles."

"I know it, but it's only three down to Scotty King's and he'll give us a tow with his new launch if we arrive before he leaves." They caught Scotty at his wharf, just starting up his engine. He threw a rope to the boys, and they made the little rowboat fast behind the launch. Then they went speeding down river and reached Lynport in good time.

Joe drew a long breath of surprise as he looked across the bay and up at the big new vessel as she slid into the water.

"'Tisn't every fellow that can see two launchings in one day when he had given up seeing any," thought Joe. "And I guess I've been all wrong about Rupert Wing."

THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND BUSINESS

THE AVERAGE MAN

The average man is about as lazy as he dares to be. Let him once do something which gives him a taste of reputation and he is ready to rest. He will try to live on that reputation. But in the meantime others who have not yet had a taste of it are hard at work trying to do something which will give them a reputation. When some of them succeed, the new successes dim the glory of the old. The man who has been living on his reputation finds himself with nothing on which to live. The world has forgotten what he did.

The exceptional man uses his first reputation as a foundation for a second. Before the world has forgotten his first success, he has already done something better. If you would be an exceptional man, follow Shakespeare's advice, "Let not sloth dim your honors new-begot."

———o———

TRUE FREEDOM

Be ye free from the love of money; content with such things as ye have: for He Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee.

So that with good courage we say, The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man shall do unto me.—Heb. 13: 5, 6.

BUSINESS IN THE BIBLE

But I say this, He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Let each man do according as he has purposed in his heart: not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

And God is able to make all grace abound unto you; that ye, having always all efficiency in everything, may abound unto every good work:

As it is written, He hath scattered abroad, he hath given to the poor; His righteousness abideth forever.

And he that supplieth seed to the sower and bread for food, shall supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and increase the fruits of your righteousness:

Ye being enriched in everything unto all liberality, which worketh through us thanksgiving to God.

For the ministration of this service not only filleth up the measure of the wants of the saints, but aboundeth also through many thanksgivings unto God.—II Cor. 9:6-12.

———o———

Cheeriness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness, is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND BUSINESS

FIND OUT WHY

A business that must depend upon getting new customers to make up the loss of so many of its old customers is certainly on the wrong track.

New customers are good to get, but old customers are better to keep.

True, price inducements may tempt old customers to trade elsewhere, and occasionally old customers may move and sometimes sickness or death takes its toll, but the biggest loss of old customers comes from real or fancied grievances.

The important idea in business is to keep the old customers smiling and satisfied.

When old customers quit buying at your place, this is almost always a preventable loss.

When old customers start spending money somewhere else, the time has arrived to find out why.—Silent Partner.

———o———

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow strong or we grow weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

———o———

Conscience is the thing that makes you wish for another chance not to do it again.

BUSINESS OBLIGATIONS

So fundamental a virtue is the meeting of one's business obligations considered to be that it is often one of the questions put to an applicant for an important position.

Business obligations have a way of waiting for us to settle them. They also have a disconcerting way of revealing our character to others.

Many folks go merrily on, spending money for luxuries while their doctor bill remains unpaid, their dressmaker is in need, and their church subscriptions accumulate.

If one cannot reckon in advance how an obligation is to be met and provide for meeting it, one should never assume it.

———o———

Most of our trouble comes from the grasping idea for money. If we keep it as a servant, we will have a useful proposition; but when it becomes a master, it makes us do some funny things. We have got to guard against that. No man should let a dollar make a decision for him in anything. The Golden Rule should be the standard for men in every activity in life.

———o———

You will never reach a higher plane in your line of work than your ambition leads and directs. If you can not see yourself advancing to the best that the business affords you will never have the pleasure of realizing these results.

———o———

Give what you have to some one; it may be better than you dare think.—Longfellow.

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The Caswell News

Volume
1

Number
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Compensation

The universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; and if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good that is therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends, and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth. Censure, criticize and hate, and you will be censured, criticized and hated by your fellow men. Every seed brings forth after its kind. Mistrust begets mistrust, and confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness, love begets love. Resist and you will be resisted. To meet the aggressive assault, every entity rises up rigid and impenetrable—while yonder mountain of granite melts and floats away on the bosom of the river of love.

—*N. W. Zimmerman.*

AUGUST, 1936

Some Mental Hygiene Aspects of Early Childhood

(Continued from July Issue)

By Dr. Lloyd J. Thompson, Associate Professor of Mental Diseases at Yale University and Director of North Carolina Commission for the Study of the Care of the Insane and Mentally Defective

In modern infant feeding there is no sudden weaning from the breast at nine months, or perhaps twelve months. The child begins quite early to be accustomed to the feel of different foods in its mouth. Its first introduction to such things may be in the nature of orange juice and water given by spoon. By the time the child is three months of age, he should be accustomed to the feel of foods that are much more solid than milk. This gradual introduction to various tasting and feeling foods is of considerable importance. It is a rather commonplace occurrence to have a baby refuse some new food that is offered. The introduction of each new kind of food may be the starting point for further feeding difficulties, if it is not presented in just the right way. It is quite natural for a baby, as it is for all of us, to like the familiar and be somewhat timid about approaching something new and strange. Although there may be some individuality in tastes, there is no reason why the majority of children should not be able to take almost any kind of food that the doctor may prescribe. Very rarely are there true idiosyncrasies, but mothers often take refuge behind this possibility as an excuse for their failure to get a child to eat certain kinds of food. The mother's reaction to a child's failure to eat or become accustomed to new kinds of food is of tremendous importance. If the mother becomes emotional or attempts to use force, or does considerable coaxing and bribing, it more or less fixes the attention on the particular food, and in the future the child becomes upset whenever that food is offered. On the other hand, the child may, even though quite young, learn that by refusing certain food he can have a great deal of fun out of those around him. It is not uncommon to observe that in some families mealtime becomes a drama in which the child is the star actor.

Another point that should be mentioned in regard to eating is that it is quite normal for young children to pass through a definite stage of negativism, and refusal of food may be one expression of this negativism.

If a baby has been pronounced physically well by the doctor, the mother, or nurse, or whoever has charge of the feeding, should place the food before the baby in an offhand manner, but with a certain air of confidence in the child's ability to eat the food. If the child is eating with other people, it is well for them to set a good example by eating whatever is placed before them without too many questions about it. If the child refuses a new kind of food or his usual diet, the food should be taken away and nothing given until the next meal. Even then, the child may starve himself for a few days before finally giving in. All of these suggestions and many similar ones that could be given, are common place, common sense procedures that could be thought out and carried out if emotional factors could be eliminated.

The child's adjustment to habits of elimination is just as important from a health point of view as eating habits. But the most troublesome thing that occurs in regard to elimination is enuresis. It has been estimated in many Child Guidance Clinics that in 90 per cent of the cases of enuresis there is no physical cause. In this connection as well as in all the disturbances that may occur in sleeping habits, there are so many emotional factors that time does not permit an enumeration of them.

In addition to these more physiological habits that have been discussed, there are many less tangible problems that arise in the first year or so of life. The general adjustment of the child to other people and the question of obedience may confront the mother from the earliest months. If some grandparents of the child are living in the family the situation may be very complicated. If only the father and mother are present, even then the foundations for the future attachments may be formed ,and this has a bearing on the future life of the individual.

In conclusion, it may be stated that by the time a child is six years old, the parents and society have done over half that can ever be done to shape that child's personality.

TAKE YOUR PLACE

Somewhere the world has a place for you
That is all your own;
Somewhere is work that your hand can do,
And yours alone.
Whether afar over land and sea
Or close at your door may the duty be,
It calls for your service full and free—
Take your place!

Somewhere the world has bitter tears
Your smile might dry;
Somewhere the burden of doubts and fears,
The hopeless sigh.
There are steps that falter, weary, weak
For the strong, brave arm they vainly seek—
Will you pass them by on the journey bleak?
Take your place!

Somewhere the world has a desert spot
Your toil might till;
Somewhere a life whose loveless lot
Your love might fill.
If the place that waits be high or low,
Question not, cry not—onward go!
The world's great battle needs every blow—
Take your place!

The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

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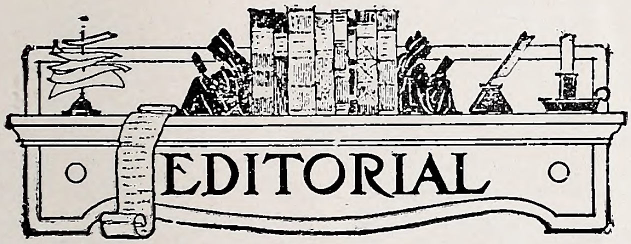

MORE ABOUT CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

Caswell Training School is intended to and does fill a great place in the lives of North Carolina citizens and will continue this great work, but it cannot fill every demand made. We now have something like 850 on our waiting list. We have buildings now under construction that will care for 200 of these 850, but that leaves 650 uncared for, and of course this number will increase with state population increasing as the days, months and years go by. Now back to the 200 that we will have room for when the new buildings are finished, these 200 children will have to have food, clothing, general care and medical care and the money for care of these additional children cannot be found in our budget. Our money is allocated for two years by each legislature. Our present budget runs from June 30, 1935, to June 30, 1937. Of course the 1937 legislature can provide for these additional children at their January, 1937, session. I would recommend that further expansion be provided for by establishing another school for retarded children in the western part of the state. The main reasons for this recommendation are: First—850 retarded children are enough for one group. Second—If those with experience in this work should think it better to change our present groupings changes could be more easily made if we had more than one institution. I personally think new groupings would be very much more economic and practical. Third—The state of North Carolina is so long from East to West the matter of transportation would make a great saving and convenience to the citizens of the state. Fourth—Having two institutions for the same purpose would give a yard stick by which to judge efficiency.

Caswell school needs a case worker. We get application after application from all over the state. The tone of each application is almost the same, stating what a worthy case each is and that the particular child in question is such a problem that room must be made for the child at once. Now a great many of these children would do very well at home if we could have an experienced case worker to advise parents and guardians how to care for these exceptional children. This would relieve many a trying situation and would leave room for cases more urgent.

F. M. REGISTER, M.D.,
Superintendent.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Taylor have been on a two-weeks' vacation including Morehead City, Reidsville and Nashville, N. C.

Miss Lela Crowell, one of our matrons in Wooten B., whose home is in Avendale, Pa., is spending her vacation with her parents there.

Mr. Brown, our farm supervisor, has been spending his vacation touring Eastern Carolina inspecting farms and resorts.

Mr. Sam Elmore has just returned from Florida on his vacation and reports a most interesting trip. Mr. Elmore is head of our Carpentry Department.

Mr. Higgins, attendant in Tapp Building, has been visiting his parents in Ohio.

Miss Rose Taylor, one of the matrons in Wooten A, reports a most wonderful vacation visiting relatives in Morehead, Reidsville and Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have returned from a two-weeks' vacation visiting relatives in New Bern, Dover, Kinston and other points.

Miss Bertha Gray, one of the matrons in Austin A, reports a delightful rest visiting with friends and relatives in a camping trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovick with their children have been away two weeks visiting relatives in Morehead City and Greenville. Mr. Lovick is a member of the Kitchen Staff and Mrs. Lovick is a matron in Wooten A.

Mrs. Victorian, a matron of the Dawson Building, reports a splendid visit with her mother in Greenville.

We are delighted to see Mr. Laws back in the Kitchen Department. Mr. Laws recently underwent

THE NEW AUDITORIUM AND SCHOOL BUILDING

The new auditorium building that will also provide new class rooms is nearing completion. The children are as interested in them as is anyone on the campus. When walking around the building they peer through the openings, count the rooms, marvel at the auditorium, compare it all with the old class rooms and the old auditorium and express an eager desire to see it finished and to begin working in it.

Attendance at school brings with it desirable social standing. The children who attend or have attended at some time have created among themselves a feeling of social superiority. It's quite the thing to go to school. Classes have been organized to meet the needs of the great majority. Some children attend only one hour a day, others for the full session. Some go for music only, some for music and craft, and others for additional academic work.

We have had some vocational training in the school department, but it has been on a small scale. Plans are being made now to extend this. The new dormitories will be of great help in this as they will make excellent units for training in home making. Then when a girl or a boy goes home on vacation or goes to live in another home they will be helpful members. Trained people are needed here at school as helpers in the laundry, in the sewing room, in the dining room, in the vegetable room, bakery and kitchen. What would you think of a class in home economics learning to peel vegetables and to prepare them for cooking? That is a necessary part of any household. Classes are being planned so that when help is needed in these different departments the supervisor or the department director will be able to consult the school principal and find someone already trained in this particular work.

Another plan for the new school department is that of a library. For the employees we need recreational and professional reading matter. For the children we need books from the kindergarten level through the 5th and 6th grades. Should one of our readers have an ambition to give great service or have a desire to help someone to better living, this library project would be one way to do it. Dr. F. M. Register, the superintendent of Caswell Training School or Mrs. Martha Barnes, principal of the School Department, will certainly be glad to hear from those so inclined.

In conclusion we cordially invite our readers to watch the local papers for announcements of school programs from time to time. Come to hear our Glee Club, the Rhythm Band and the Harmonica Band, or to see a school play.—H. E. W.

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an appendicitis operation at Parrott Memorial Hospital, Kinston, N. C.

Miss Sessoms of the Kitchen Department has returned from a visit with relatives in Fayetteville.

Mr. Frazier of the Kitchen Department has recently visited relatives in Castalia, and Whitakers, N. C.

our Library

The following list of books is given in answer to many requests for reading matter on the subject of understanding the child. These are only a few chosen from a long list. Others will be added from time to time:

"Wayward Youth"—By August Aichorn, 1935, The Viking Press.

"Gifted Children; Their Nature and Nurture" —By L. S. Hollingworth, 1923, Macmillan Co., N. Y.

"Just Normal Children"—By Florence Mateer, D. Appleton Co., N. Y.

"Personality Adjustment and Domestic Discord" —By Harriet Mowrer, 1935, American Book Co., N. Y.

"The Girl in the Rural Family"—By Nora Miller, 1935, University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

"The Problem Child in School"—By M. B. Sayles, 1925, Joint Committee on Methods for Prevention of Delinquency, N. Y.

"Everyday Problems of the Everyday Child"—By D. A. Thom, 1927, Appleton, N. Y.

"The Unadjusted Girl" by W. I. Thomas, 1923, Little, Brown, and Co., Boston.

"The Mental Hygiene of Childhood"—By W. A. White, 1919, Little, Brown, and Co., Boston.

—H. E. W.

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TAPP BUILDING

Mr. Higgins has gone on his vacation. We have certainly missed him and shall be glad for his return Saturday.

Glynn's beautiful hand-made rug was made with a spool, four tacks and ordinary string. It was done by looping the string over the head of the tacks. The boys are very interested and are planning on making more rugs for our building this winter.

Mr. Woods has been transferred into our building. We are helping him learn his new work by co-operating with him all that we can.

Lewis, Charlie, Glynn, Jessie, Eddie, Lander, Grady and Ben have all had their vacations and are back. We are glad to have them with us again. Several boys are still home but will be here for the opening of classes.

Mr. Fisher leaves on his vacation August 15.

—The Boys of Tapp A & B.

Mr. Herbert Smith, our gardener, and Mr. Tom Broome, attended the American Legion Convention in Ashville, as part of their vacation.

Our Advertisers . . .

Will Appreciate
Your Patronage

NORTH CAROLINA

PUPIL FAILURES IN OUR SCHOOLS

Year after year veiled tragedies go on in our schools. These are the failures of children to make their grade. When we once realize the moral effect on the child of failure to pass to a higher grade, we can understand its seriousness.

We know failure in the business world can cripple the fighting spirit of a business man and blight his future. The plight of the discouraged student is less obvious. That it is just as real and just as potent educators are well aware, though parents may not be.

The Federal Bureau of Education figures indicate that out of 1,000 children who enter first grade only 311 enter the eighth. Fifty-one or approximately one-sixth of those drop out before entering high school. Out of the 260 entering high school only 107 graduate. Approximately half of these enter college and only a third finish.

It will be seen that educational mortality is strikingly high. Eliminating the economic factor, it is unquestionably true that one of the chief causes is inability to make the grade.

Parents and laymen are prone to lay the blame for this on the teacher or on the educational system. They do not perhaps realize that education is two-fold—in the home as well as in the school. The facts heretofore mentioned are familiar to educators and the schools go to great lengths to supply the remedy. But without the co-operation of the parent the school is handicapped.

We are now approaching the season of greatest fatality in school life. Parents who are concerned over their children's failure are apt to think of it in terms of an extra period of schooling, the monotony of the repetition of work, or as injurious to family pride. They rarely reckon the effect on the morale of the child or the expense of "repeaters" to the community.

Regardless of the cause of failure, the fact remains that it is one of the greatest calamities that can enter a child's life. The pupil is dubbed a failure at an impressionable age. The result may be an inferiority complex, hard to throw off. If failure is hard on an adult, it is correspondingly hard on the child. If failure in business results in loss to other members of a community, likewise failure of pupils means loss to the taxpayers.

Several factors operate to prevent school failures or to reduce them to a minimum. One is the co-operation of parents and school authorities. Report cards, whether expressed in grades, letters, progress charts or any other form that these reports may take, are indicative of the child tendencies. When these reports show close proximity to the danger line, frequent conferences between parent and teacher may save the day for the child as well as taxpayer. The schools have always pleaded for this cooperation.

It may not be generally appreciated by the public but school systems have adopted various devices to remedy this condition. These involve such agencies as opportunity rooms, educational guidance, individual instruction, motivated teaching, special provision for the undernourished, and health supervision. Then, too, the provision for special subjects, such as Art, Music, Manual and Household Arts, has saved many a child. These subjects afford an opportunity for self-expression and frequently form the interest-contact.

Parents must be alert to their responsibility with regard to the child and the taxpayer so that they may, on the one hand, safeguard the self-respect and self-confidence of the child, and, on the other hand, that they may reduce to a minimum financial loss to taxpayers due to pupil failures.

———o———

DON'T BORROW FROM TOMORROW

When you put off a job that can be done today you are only borrowing from tomorrow.

You do not know that tomorrow will be able to afford the time.

It probably will not be able to.

It may have all sorts of duties that will demand your attention.

Yet the delayed work must be done in tomorrow's time.

And because it is done then it will be hurried and half done.

The inability to look into the future is inconvenient, but there appears to be no way to remedy it.

The forward looking man only deals in probabilities.

What is actually going to happen he can only guess.

So tomorrow, to which you have so casually assigned a job, you could easily get done today may be so full of unexpected happenings that there will be no time to do anything but meet them.

And today's work will not get done.

Life is too short to omit any task that we need to do.

There is no man of 70 who does not look back with regret on wasted opportunities.

And most of the opportunities were wasted because of his dislike of doing all today's work today.

The Mexican "manna" is heard more than any other word by foreigners in that country.

And as long as it is heard so often Mexico will never realize the vast possibilities to which her climate and resources entitle her.

The "manna" man is a borrower of tomorrow.

For him there is an endless future in which to tire his muscles and brain.

He is always looking forward to it and as a consequence he gets extremely little done.

I think that the American hustling habit can be indulged in too much, but even that is better than continually putting a strain on the future by forcing it to supply time of which there is plenty today.

If you have fallen into the habit of borrowing from tomorrow get out of it.

Today is here, you know what can be done in it.

Tomorrow you may be so busy with some unforeseen catastrophe that the most important job of your life will have to be postponed until some other tomorrow and may never get done at all.

———o———

The giant Sequoia trees of California live to be as old as 5,000 years.

The WORLD LAUGHS with YOU

Lady (to grocer): "I want to buy some lard."

Grocer: "Pail?"

Lady: "I didn't know it came in two shades."

* * *

Employer: "How long would you stay with me if I could not pay you?"

Engineer: "As long as you'd keep me if I couldn't run the power plant."

* * *

"What is the rent of this room, including the piano?"

"Well," suggested the landlady, "perhaps you'd be so good as to play me something first."

* * *

Father: "Ned, why are you always at the bottom of your class?"

Ned: "It really doesn't matter, dad, we get the same instruction at both ends of the class."

* * *

"I suppose your husband is quite prosperous in business."

"Oh, yes, he's taking in a lot of money. Last night he told me that a receiver was to be appointed to assist him."

* * *

Traffic Officer (to speeder): "Have you a permit for driving an auto?"

Speeder: "Sure, I've got it here in my pocketbook."

Officer: "That's all right. If ye-ve got it, I don't need to look at it. If ye didn't have one, I'd have to see it."

* * *

"I hope that you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes'm," said the milkman, "of course we keep them in a pasture."

"I'm so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed; "I have been told that pasteurized milk is much the best."

* * *

A student brought his mother to the university and was showing her about. The dear old lady was anxious to make her boy think that she understood everything.

"Over there, mother," said the son, "are our wonderful polo fields."

"Ah," sighed the old lady, "what is there that is nicer than fields of waving polo?"

* * *

The return to the home town of the "local boy" who has made good in the big city is rarely, we have understood, what it might be. In connection with this we have to report the particularly sad experience of a young banker who, after eight years of absence, alighted at the station of the town of his birth. There was, despite his expectations, no one on the platform whom he knew. No one. Discouraged, he sought out the baggage master, a friend since boyhood. To him at least he would be welcome, and he was about to extend a hearty greeting when the other spoke first.

"Hello, George," he said. "Goin' away?"

TRICKS AND STUNTS

CRAB RACE IS JOLLY

If you want to provide a lot of fun for both players and onlookers try a crab race. There may be any number of players who must race to a given goal on all fours, hands and feet, like crabs with heels on a line. At a given signal all the crabs start, either one, two or three from each side, according to the number taking part. Those to cross the goal line first are the winners for their team.

Needless to say, this game is as funny as can be. It is especially good to play at a picnic where there is a large group of girls and boys to take part.

* * *

FOX AND GEESE

One of the players is chosen as the fox and another as the gander, while all the rest are geese. With the exception of the fox, all form in line, each one with his hands on the shoulders of the players in front of him, the gander being in front. The object of the game is for the fox to tag the last of the geese. The other players are allowed to do anything to prevent this, except break the line. The gander is the only one who can use his hands, as the others must keep their hands on the shoulders of the player in front. If the line is broken, the last player in the line become the fox and the fox takes the place of the gander.

* * *

THE FLYING GAME

Do you like outdoor games? Here's a good one to play out on the shady lawn. The boys and girls should sit in a circle with the leader in the center. The leader says "robins fly" and makes his arms go up and down. He repeats this, naming anything that flies. Each time the others follow his movements and "fly" with their arms.

Then the leader mentions some animal, as for example, "elephants fly." The player who makes a mistake and "flies" when an animal or other creature is named, has to leave the circle and later pay a forfeit. The leader makes a flying motion, no matter what animal or bird he or she mentions. This game requires close attention on the part of the players.

* * *

TAP THE ICE BOX

This is an outdoor game similar to hide-and-seek. One boy or girl is selected at "it." "It" hides his face against a tree or wall while the rest of the players gather behind him. One of the number touches him on the back, whereupon he turns about and tries to guess who touched him. One guess only is allowed. The person whom "it" has guessed, asks "Where shall I go?" "It" must then name some spot from two to six rods from the base where this person goes while all the rest, including "it" run to hide before he can get back to the base. However, if "it" guesses the wrong person the one he guesses says, "Go yourself," and "it" must run to the chosen spot and back to the base while the rest hide. The little element of uncertainty as to who will really be the one to find the hiders each time, lends interest to the game.

GREAT MEN AND GREAT WOMEN

George W. Goethals

ABOUT sixty years ago there was a boy living in Brooklyn, N. Y., who, after school hours each day, hurried away to his work as a cashier in a New York market. He did this from the time he was eleven years old, as his parents needed the money, and he wanted to help them. In this way George Washington Goethals supported himself while at school.

Still working each evening he entered college and began to study to be a doctor, but the long hours of study and work told on his health, and he had to give up the idea. In 1876, when he was eighteen, he entered West Point Academy, and began to study army engineering. His willingness to work and his efficiency brought him to the attention of Mr. W. H. Taft, who was at that time secretary of war. In 1905 Mr. Taft found it necessary to inspect the work being done on the Panama Canal, and to make plans for fortifying it. He took George W. Goethals—who by this time had been promoted to a major—along with him.

The great French engineer, Ferdinand De Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, had undertaken to construct the Panama Canal, but after two hundred and fifty million dollars had been spent the work had scarcely been begun and De Lesseps, broken-hearted, was compelled to give up.

In 1907 Mr. Goethals was put in charge of the Panama Canal, and it remained to be seen if he could succeed where others had failed. He knew perfectly well that he had tackled one of the hardest jobs that any man ever undertook. In the first place the climate was a serious handicap, as, chiefly through lack of proper sanitation, hundreds of workmen had died. Then men were of so many different nationalities that trouble broke out continually. A passage nine miles long had to be made through the mountain rock at what is now called the "Culebra Cut." The rock seemed like granite and offered stubborn resistance to the great army of workmen who, armed with huge drills and picks, swarmed among the rocks, carving a way through the mountain. Day after day for months and even years tremendous explosions of dynamite were necessary to split rocks asunder. Then, after the explosion, tons of earth had to be shoveled away. "We have to fight against nature," said Goethals, and the hard, stiff battle went on for years.

For years he had under him not less than forty thousand men, speaking forty-five different languages He was responsible for seeing that they were all properly housed and fed; for keeping up enormous supplies of machinery and tools, and what was the hardest task of all, keeping everybody in good humor and satisfied. He succeeded in doing these things; never was an employer more popular with his men. They liked his modesty. Although he was a colonel in the army, he never wore his uniform while at the Panama and gave himself no overbearing airs. He was patient and good-natured, with a keen sense of humor, and his men enjoyed that. Then he believed that the canal could be built and his confidence spread to all around him with the result that every man went to work with a will inspired by his fine example. Furthermore, every man knew that there was no harder worker on the canal than Colonel Goethals himself. He was up early and late, and there was no detail that escaped his attention, and no advice he was not willing to give. "The only time that Colonel isn't working," said one foreman, "is between ten p. m. and five a. m., and then he is asleep."

The heat was often terrific and, of course, with so much machinery pounding away, the noise was deafening. Holes cannot be bored through great mountains without noise, yet Goethals stayed on the job for seven years and set an example of hard work and perseverance which has seldom been equalled, and which inspired the workmen to do their best.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Colonel Goethals realized this and he knew that recreation was necessary for men as well as boys. He saw that provision was made for all manner of games, both indoor and outdoor. Basketball, football, bowling, baseball and other games were all made possible, and good equipment supplied; reading rooms with books, magazines and newspapers were provided. The women who were brave enough to live down at the Panama with its dangers and monotony, were not forgotten, and first class bands concerts and other fine entertainments were arranged. These things all proved well worth while, and the result was forty thousand contented workmen; every man anxious to do his best. "He's the squarest boss I ever worked for," said one workman to a visitor, and that is how the entire Panama gang felt about their "boss." It is well known that Colonel Goethals frowned upon graft and dishonesty of every kind. Honest and straightforward himself, he would not tolerate dishonesty in others. From the time he took charge of the great task until he finished it he was determined to make it a clean job, and in this high purpose he was successful.

One of the hardest fights that Colonel Goethals had was against disease. For years workmen had died at an alarming rate; some dry seasons they had died like flies. It was largely due to the determination of Goethals to make the Panama a reasonably safe place in which to live that the menace of disease was greatly reduced. He carried through a fine system of sanitation and engaged the best medical advice possible to insure the safety and comfort of the workmen and their families.

The great day came in September, 1913. In spite of the misgivings of his friends, and the doleful prophecies of adverse critics the Panama was completed; the first ship sailed safely through Gatun Locks and the canal was thrown open to the ships of the world. Letters and telegrams of congratulation came to Colonel Goethals from all parts of the world; he had succeeded where others had failed, and many who had often said that the canal could never be constructed were the first to acknowledge themselves in the wrong and offer their congratulations.

One thing he made clear: he was not solely responsible for the success of the entire project. He could not forget the thousands of others, whether foremen or laborers, who had worked hard.

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The Caswell News

Volume 1

Number 7

The Shout of a King

(*"The shout of a king is among them."*
Num. 23:21)

Here's to the masterful man
The stout heart that prevails;
Here's to the man who can,
The lord of him who fails.

Here's to the pulse that's strong,
The hand of might and right,
The soul that hurls along
The red blast of the fight!

Here's to the captain's shout,
The king's voice in the host,
The onset and the rout,
Proof of the strong man's boast.

The rabble becomes the state,
The mob the serried band,
When kings shout in the gate,
And great souls wake the land.

For never, since time began,
Came any glorious thing
Without a mighty man,
The strong cry of a king.

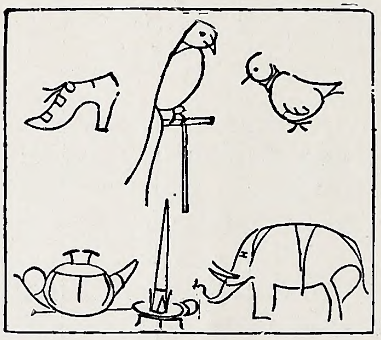
SEPTEMBER, 1936

OUR CHILDREN

PRINCE'S STORY

I had never been out of town and I felt quite excited when my mistress tied a fresh blue ribbon on my collar one bright morning and we started for the city. I did not like the noise and confusion, and in the crowded station and out on the sidewalks I felt very nervous, so when my mistress said "Keep close beside me, Prince," I was very glad to obey.

THE WORD-O-GRAPH



In the pictures find the letters in each that spell the name of the object drawn.

We went through several more noisy streets and suddenly I thought I was in the country again, for grass and trees grew all about me. My mistress said it was a park. I took a good roll in the grass and played a while with a Newfoundland dog. Then I followed him across a street and was having a fine time, when suddenly I remembered that my mistress had told me not to leave her side! I thought I could find her right away, but I hunted and hunted among all the people hurrying by, and not one of them was my mistress. It began to grow dark and I realized I was lost. I was so wretched and tired that I lay down under a tree and began to whine softly to myself.

Suddenly I heard a kind voice say, "Poor little dog, what is the matter?" There stood a little girl and a boy.

The boy, who carried a hand-organ on his back, offered me a cooky and oh, how good it tasted! "He's hungry, poor thing!" said the girl, "He must be lost. Let's take him home, Beppo, and give him some bread and milk."

I gladly followed them and at last we stopped before a house in a narrow dark street. We went up ever so many stairs until we reached a little attic room. There a woman was cooking something over a stove.

"You are late, children," she said, "Were there many pennies today?"

"Oh, so many, Mother, see!" and Tessa held up a box half full of shining pennies. "And see, we found a poor lost dog. He's to have half my supper."

The next day Tessa took me to the park. We wandered about, looking everywhere for my mistress, but in vain. Day after day passed until Tessa said she feared we should never find my real home, but that I need not worry for they would care for me. I was very grateful and I tried to help them earn pennies when they went out with their hand-organ by holding Tessa's basket and doing tricks before the people I saw at the windows. Tessa said they never earned as much before they found me.

One day when I had been left behind with Tessa's mother, Tessa came running home with a great spray of lilacs. "Oh, Mother," she said. "See these lovely flowers! Tommy, who sells papers in the depot, told me that a lady comes in from the country every morning with flowers for the children who can't go to the fields to pick them. When I told her I never had any before she gave me all these and told me to come again for more."

After that Tessa would run every day to meet her new friend and one morning she said: "I want my lovely lady to see Caro, that was the name they had given me, and I'm going to take him to the depot with me." So off we ran together. When we reached the great depot we stood near the doors through which the people were coming from the trains. Soon Tessa cried, "There comes my flower lady." I looked the way she pointed and my heart gave a great leap. Could that be my mistress coming toward us?

As she came near she spoke, and when I heard her voice I knew it was my mistress. I rushed to her and put my paws on her shoulders. She dropped all her flowers in a heap on the sidewalk, and, throwing her arms around me, cried out: "Oh, Prince, where have you been?" Everybody stopped to look at us, and Tessa and Tommy and my mistress all talked together about how I had been found, and how she had advertised my loss in the papers and almost broken her heart about me.

After that we all went back to the little attic and my mistress thanked Tessa's mother for their care for me. She also thanked Tessa for sharing half her supper with me the first night we came home together. Tessa showed my mistress the organ and the money basket I used to carry, and told her how I performed by doing my tricks before the windows while Beppo played the hand-organ

But now Tessa and Beppo do not have to play the organ in the streets any more, for my mistress has found better work for Beppo and his mother and they have three nice rooms in which to live, and Tessa goes to school, so she doesn't miss me, and my mistress sends them baskets of fruit and flowers.

You may be sure I shall never run away from my mistress again.

The Caswell News

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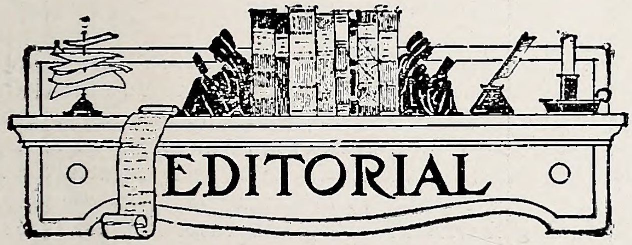

OUR FRONT COVER

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CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

We want to tell the public a few more things about our school. Our endeavors have been to make Caswell as much like a home as possible and less like an institution. **We have** group parties with matrons in attendance. At these parties the children, both girls and boys, talk, sing and play games. We have inaugurated birthday celebrations. All children whose birthdays come in the same month, have part in the birthday cakes for that month, thus during the year each child participates.

Each child has had a trip this year to the ocean beach. We have put up two little stores, one for boys and one for girls, carrying little things the children like. The children get tokens for good behavior and these tokens are spent in these stores.

We have had an abundance of cantaloupes and watermelons for children to eat between meals, just as they do at any farm home. The children have greatly enjoyed the out-door showers, where twenty-five children at one time can get under the showers at any time during the day, when the weather is extremely hot. A great many of our children have gone home on vacation. Those that do not have homes are given a vacation here. Their regular duties are eliminated for a week.

We are trying to carry out the home or family idea, by teaching the children to carry to someone in authority their problems and troubles. No matter how trivial these problems seem to grown-ups, they are heard with deepest sympathy and consideration by the superintendent or his co-workers. In other words children are treated just as any kind father or mother would treat their children. Our motto is no corporal punishment, but "praise loudly and blame softly."

The success of an institution like ours depends almost entirely on its personnel. The management of Caswell Training School is trying to fill all vacancies with high type people and more than that, with people who love children and have patience and understanding. The work at Caswell is done best by specialists or those who have the will and the heart and the understanding to become specialists in this line of endeavors. We do not employ people just because they need a job or because they are our friends or friends of our friends, but we employ those that we think will **set a good example** for our children and have the patience and understanding to carry on.

Entering Children

Very often people bring children here, without having an application filled out or an order from the superintendent to bring the child. They often have an order from some court to bring the child, which does not mean anything as this is not a penal institution. Our school for the last few years has been filled to running over. When a vacancy occurs it is filled from the 850 on the waiting list. All arrangements for entering a child should be made through the County or City Welfare Officer.

F. M. REGISTER, M.D., SUPT.

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TO ALL WELFARE OFFICERS AND FRIENDS OF CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL:

Please do Caswell Training School a good turn. Secure from people in your county story books for children from six to twelve years of age. Also such magazines as the following: The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, Child Life. Home & Garden, American Boy, American Girl, McCalls Magazine, The Literary Digest, The Readers Digest and the Geographic Magazine.

These magazines may be either recent or back numbers. They can be of great value here and not only for the stories, but for our sewing room, in obtaining suggestions to help our children decide how they wish dresses made. The advertisements could be used as a stimulus in some of our school activities. The children like to mount the covers as pictures for their dormitory walls.

We would appreciate your sending these to Caswell Training School or bringing them when you come to the school.

LIVING WITH OTHERS

No person lives to himself alone. All his life he dwells, works and plays with other people. Human life is group life. We enter the world as a member of group life. We receive our education as a member of a school group. People in a city or a community have to work together. The man who raises food depends on others for clothing, shelter and other necessities. Others in turn depend on him for food.

So it is with us here at the Caswell Training School. Some work in the laundry and the others depend on them for clean clothes, clean linen, etc., and they depend on the others for food, clothes and shelter.

Ideal institutional life is possible only when matrons, attendants, teachers, supervisors and children co-operate, or work together. This year in the school department we are trying to awaken a consciousness of worthy character traits. We hope to convince the children that good character is necessary to happiness and to show them how certain traits result in comfort and joy for all. We will choose one trait of character to discuss and emphasize it for a month. I have suggested the following traits for discussion: friendliness, honesty and truthfulness, obedience, cleanliness, gratitude, kindness, reverence, steadfastness and industry.

We hope to arouse interest in these traits by reading poems and such stories as "Baucis and Phileman," "Androcles and the Lion," and by studying such characters as Lee and Lincoln.

Let's all try to help the children to see that the ideal boy and girl recognizes his dependence on others, refuses to consider merely his own interests, and works heartily with others for the betterment of the entire institution.—Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principle.

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DORMITORY NEWS

The entire Wooten Building A & B is an excited place these days because school has started. Although we all were glad to see vacation time come and enjoyed a happy summer, there isn't one of us who is not glad to get back to work again. New things to learn, new songs to sing—it's all great fun. Already we've started thinking about our Christmas program in which we all hope to take part.

Besides school we have the thrill of being called over to the sewing room suddenly to try on our new dresses, which will soon be done—a complete new outfit for every girl, and the materials are so pretty—and the styles so cute! We can hardly wait until they are all done and we can wear them—perhaps in time for the fair or the circus. Wonder if we'll go this year?

And now that the weather is getting cooler, we can begin our walks in the afternoon—and the pecans will soon be ripe—Oh! it's a pretty good world in the Wooten Building these days, as you can tell by looking at any of us.—L. Crowell.

* * *

Miss Reid has returned from her vacation visiting in Sanford. She reports a very pleasant trip.

Some of our children have enjoyed a little summer vacation at their parents' homes. A few of these children are Samuel, Polly and Eliza.

Our children are very happy that school has begun, and they ask us all the time to remind them of their school hour. In this way it helps us matrons not to forget the time.—Mrs. Justice, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Victorian, Matrons of the Junior Ward.

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SCHOOL NEWS

Our music classes are all organized and meeting regularly, but we have missed the boys who have not been able to come on account of working on the farm. The boys will all be back next week, however.

The Wednesday and Sunday chapel programs are being held and are greatly enjoyed by the children.

Will any of the employees who can sing or play or recite, please communicate with me as we will be glad of their help in getting up these programs. —Mrs. Wooten, Music Teacher.

* * *

The work in the crafts department has begun with the usual enthusiasm for work to do outside of class. In order that the work done outside may be taken care of conveniently, the older girls are making bags in which to carry all materials. A needle, thread, scissors and a thimble will be given to each girl who will have full responsibility taking care of them. Much interest is shown in the popular "Weave It" frames. Embroidery, rug making of various kinds, and other crafts are under way. Orders for cut-work, napkins and crewel embroidery wall hanging have been placed.

The boys' classes in crafts begin next week. They have orders already for their trellises for ladies in town.—Mrs. Hughes, Crafts Dept.

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LOCAL NEWS

We are so glad to welcome on our staff Miss Edith Wladkowski, who comes from Chapel Hill, and is taking Miss Wertman's place as Psychologist. Miss Wertman has accepted a position in Niagara Falls.

Miss Irene Smith of Pink Hill has succeeded Mr. Edward Smith as attendant in the Pollock Building. Mr. Smith took a position in Baltimore.

Miss Virginia Eaton from Pearisburg, Va., has accepted a position in our dining room.

Miss Lucy Farthing of Sugar Grove, N. C., a graduate of Lees-McRae, has joined the dining room staff.

Miss Ann Utley is visiting her sister, Miss Mary Lee Utley, secretary to our business manager.

Miss Dorothy Gray, Junior Psychologist, has returned from a vacation on Long Island, N. Y.

Mr. R. V. Hendren returned from his vacation in the big city—New York.

Miss Maebelle Taylor and little Miss Madeline of Nashville have been visiting their brother and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Taylor, members of our staff.

Mr. Griffin, our business manager, is away on a business and pleasure trip in Baltimore.

APPOINTMENTS FOR CLINIC EXAMINATIONS

While we are very happy to give as much of psychological service as possible on Monday and Thursday of each week (these two days are "clinic days"), it is readily seen how inconveniencing it may become, not only for the Psychological Department here, but for the Caswell Training School as a whole, if appointments are not made several days before bringing children for examination.

As an illustration, during one of our "clinic days" we had an appointment with a public welfare officer to examine one child. In the middle of the day, however, six children were brought to us unexpectedly. Yes, it is hard work to test six children, which of course we do not mind. However, it also takes several hours before six examinations could be given and consequently our entire schedule for the day's work at the Caswell Training School had to be cancelled.

The six children were brought by one public welfare officer. Supposing that other public welfare officers were also to have brought some children unexpectedly during the same day, it would have made it entirely impossible to test them with the consequent waste of time and energy for the welfare officers and children.

To repeat, we want to do all we can during our "clinic days," but PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH US AT LEAST THREE OR FOUR DAYS IN ADVANCE.—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

PSYCHOLOGICAL WORK AT THE CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

"What does the psychological work in a school like the Caswell Training School consist of?" This and similar questions have been asked of me by friends, acquaintances and others. While this inquiry seems perfectly simple and to the point, the answer to it is very complex. The difficulty of reply lies in the fact that psychological work in a school like ours consists of a number of phases. However, each phase is not only related to each other, but all in combination are centered around one major purpose or goal. This goal consists of establishing and maintaining a set up which would give each and every child the opportunity to profit all he or she is capable of by training, at the same time being socially advantageous. In a short article like this only a few phases of psychological work could be mentioned and very briefly discussed.

When the child is first brought into the school we realize that the environment here is different than the one from which the child comes from. Since a change of environment involves making a readjustment for all people, an attempt is made to help the child adjust himself most adequately. With this in mind, we set out to discover, firstly, his general intelligence, secondly, his specific capacities and thirdly, his emotional make up. These are all parts of one's personality, and they vary for our children as they do for children and adults in every community or society.

Now, since our children are to live and get along happily with other children in the home, school, work and play situations, our next task is to place the child with such other children in the above situations where their personality make-up will not only be harmonious but where their influence on each other will be most favorable. For this, not only must those factors mentioned in the preceding paragraph be taken into consideration, but various other factors as well must be considered very carefully. Two of those are chronological age and physical condition of every child.

Among other things it has been said that an attempt is made to discover the general intelligence and specific capacities of each child. The knowledge of this largely determines the type and degree of training the child is to receive in this school. The psychological findings along these lines may indicate that the child could profit by some academic education as found in all public schools. Or, the findings may show that the child could no longer gain by an academic education, but could profit greatly by receiving training in one or more specific lines of work. Consequently, the child should be trained accordingly to give him all the education he is capable of absorbing. In a great many instances, however, especially in the case of the child whose chronological age and mental and physical development warrant it, the child's program includes training both along academic and practical lines.

While it is difficult in the present article to describe fully and in detail what psychological work is done on every new child coming to our school, suffice it to say that every single child is studied individually and the possible influence which the child may have on the group and vice versa is carefully considered before a program for him or her is worked out. The program for each child, however, should be intended to give the child the opportunity to develop to the highest degree. Other phases of psychological work carried on in a school like ours will probably be discussed in some of the following issues of the Caswell News.—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

Mr. Braxton has returned from his vacation, after visiting many northern cities, also taking in several of the world series games.

Mrs. L. Broome, Relief Matron, is visiting her people in South Carolina.

Mr. Dick Woods, attendant from the Tapp Building, is visiting an uncle in Ohio.

Mrs. Justice, matron of Dawson, visited many cities during her vacation, including Chadbourn, Fayetteville and Raleigh.

Mrs. Beard, while on vacation, had a slight nose operation, from which she has nearly recovered. She has been changed to Dewey Building.

The old custom of singing carols in the streets was revived in 1917. In 1918 thirty cities cooperated. It is expected that carols will be sung this Christmas Eve on the streets, in the parks, as well as in the churches.

You cannot share your joy too much, nor your grief too little.

GREAT MEN AND GREAT WOMEN

Robert E. Lee

IT is now more than two generations since the beginning of the great Civil war in our country. The states of the south, namely Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas had rebelled against the government of the United States, and had formed a government of their own under the name of the Confederate States of America. South Carolina was the first to pass an ordinance of secession from the Union and the first theater of actual armed hostility led by the assault on Fort Sumter, at Charleston harbor, April 12, 1861. The conflict of the war was sharp, lasting until April, 1865—four years. The killed and disabled on both sides together was estimated at one million men. The most conspicuous leader of the southern armies was, as everybody knows, General Robert E. Lee, perhaps one of the greatest military geniuses of history.

Robert E. Lee was a native of Virginia, born January 19, 1807. He was graduated at the age of twenty-two, second in his class, from the West Point Military Academy. It is said that during all those four years in the military school, where discipline is very rigid and the studies taxing, he was never reprimanded and never received a mark of demerit.

As gleaned from encyclopedias, he was especially strong in the department of military engineering, receiving on graduation an appointment as lieutenant in an engineer corps. He assisted in the construction of various forts, in the improvement of several harbors, in establishing the boundary between Ohio and Michigan, in making improvements in the lower Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and other like engineering works, and for three years was assistant to the chief engineer at Washington, D. C., and after 1841 was a member of the Board of the Atlantic coast defenses.

When the war broke out in April, 1861, Lee was at home at Arlington across the Potomac river from Washington, D. C., that fine estate being then his by his marriage with Mary, the daughter of G. W. P. Curtis, the adopted son of Washington. Authentic reports state he was semi-officially approached with the proposition of the chief command of troops to be raised to put down the rebellion. At first he was opposed to secession. He wished to be loyal to his government, the United States, but he, with the great mass of southerners, was deeply imbued with the doctrine known as "States Rights" or "State Sovereignty" which was that each one of the states in our Union is sovereign and its powers supreme, and that the national government is merely a compact of sovereign states. This doctrine had long been held, and was thoroughly wrought into the consciousness and political philosophy of the general citizenship of the south. Lee did not wish war, but holding this doctrine conscientiously he believed his first duty was to his state. He wrote to General Scott when he offered his resignation from the United States army, "I desire never again to draw my sword save in defense of my native state." To his sister he wrote, "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. Save in defense of my native state, I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

The Confederate government appointed him major general of the forces of Virginia. His biographers agree in the representations of his pathetic embarrassment in determining his action. In accepting the Confederate appointment just referred to, he wrote, "Trusting in Almighty God, and approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the services of my native state, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword." He was superintending construction of defenses about Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, and elsewhere, and was the military adviser of Jefferson Davis, the president.

Two of the southern generals who outranked him in command, having been disabled, one by a severe wound in battle, the other by a paralytic stroke, and a third superior being killed in the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862, the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, as it was called, was given to General Lee. He rose to the rank of lieutenant general and then, just before the close of the war, to that of general. The various ranks of military officers above colonel were brigadier general, major general, lieutenant general, and, last, general U. S. Grant was not made general until in 1866, a year after the close of the war. At its close he was a lieutenant general. The greater number of the heavier battles were fought by the eastern armies, with General Lee in command of the Confederates.

Now it was Lee against Grant and Grant against Lee. Their first encounter was in the battle of the Wilderness, as it was called. This was essentially a draw, neither side being whipped. Lee had not given back. Grant, it was said, then ordered his army to move by the left flank, that is, the whole extended line of his army to move lengthwise to the left as if to swing around the right of Lee's army. Some one is said to have protested to General Grant, saying, "By this move General Lee will get behind you—between you and Washington." Grant replied, "If Lee gets behind me, I shall be behind him." It is stated that soon after this battle that upon this bold move by General Grant, Lee should have said, "Well, the army of the Potomac has a general at last." This maneuver of Grant compelled Lee to fall back, lest Grant should be behind him sure enough. The contest of these two giants continued for a year. Grant had the advantage of having a far larger army and practically unlimited resources. Unless some very remarkable and unexpected advantage should sometimes acrue to Lee by miscalculation by Grant or some Napoleonic stroke by Lee, it was almost certain the Union army would, by mere attrition, by constant hammering, break down the Confederate army. General Grant is said to have determined "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." On the other hand, the Confederates had almost every road of the territory for many many miles from Richmond outward fortified with all the skill of a highly-cultured and experienced engineer. At last, however, by early April, 1865, they were compelled to leave Richmond, their capital, which they had so long, so bravely and so skillfully defended.

Why Children Need Individual Attention

It is obvious that all children cannot be dealt with alike. Each is a distinct personality, regardless of age, mentality or character. If you put a number of these individuals together, and try to manage all by the same methods the result will undoubtedly be discord and revolt instead of the desired harmony and development.

Every day in normal homes we see difficulties arising from mismanagement of children in small groups. Imagine then the problems which arise when great numbers of unusual children are placed together in schools or institutions.

Any such institution is like a small world by itself. Outside events are dwarfed in importance by their comparative remotenes, while the little daily occurences of regular routine life grow in magnitude and assume importance difficult to realize by those not in direct contact with the situations. Little things mean much—a fancied slight, a harsh word spoken thoughtlessly may be the real cause of disorder and disobedience; while a smile or a card from home has adjusted many a tense situation.

It is often hard to give the needed attention to each child because there are always some who constantly demand it unnecessarily, while those who really need it may be neglected because they are too shy and fearful to assert their rights. For each problem that arises a special solution must be worked out—no two children respond identically to the same treatment and often the same child may react differently at different times to the same situation. Take as examples the cases of M. and K. Both are problem children, both coming from homes in which large families and small finances resulted in misunderstanding, neglect and finally harsh treatment. In M's case the result was a dull, nervous, irritable child, shy and out of place in the group.

On K the effect was very different, she became defiant, tyrannical and demanding—a bully who is constantly stirring up trouble. Each of these children have good and endearing traits which need guidance—and they are only two of the many types found in any group. Individual attention to the needs of each child is the only way in which we can have development and happiness for the group as a whole.—Leila S. Crowell, Matron.

———o———

MR. BROWN'S PARTY

Mr. Brown with the help of Mr. Lane and Mr. Troy Taylor gave a party for fifty-two of our older boys, who have helped on the farm in a recent emergency. The boys rode to Herman Park in Goldsboro where they enjoyed the many amusements. The animals proved to be a great attraction, especially the baby deer, who still has his spots. A wienie roast at the Hill Farm followed, when thirty pounds of wienies, twenty pounds of bread and a bushel of grapes were consumed.

The boys had helped to fill our silos, working faithfully and hard, for about two weeks. Due to the tobacco season, it was impossible to find labor, so these boys volunteered to do the work, being happy to work for Mr. Brown. This party was a surprise reward. How they appreciated it!

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CASWELL LOOKS TO VINELAND

Caswell Training School is trying to learn from similar institutions those methods which have effectively solved some of their problems with the hope that these methods might help make Caswell Training School a happier place in which to live.

A short study has been made of some of those things which the Training School at Vineland, N. J., has found important for their success. The motto by which Vineland lives "Happiness first, and all else will follow," has been their underlying principle for many years. This principle is becoming the watchword of Caswell. Each person who comes in contact with any of the children here is becoming more and more conscious that when children are happy the problems are much less in number and much easier to solve. A happy child is never a problem child. The large difficulty is in knowing what makes a child truly happy. All the departments are pooling their efforts to learn the real needs for happiness and the best means of obtaining this end.

Vineland has proven that the cottage plan of living is much more conducive to happiness and well being than the dormitory. Caswell hopes to have eight new cottages completed in a few weeks, so that many of our children may have the advantage of living in much more home-like suroundings than has been possible with the former dormitories. It would not be possible nor would it be advisable to place all children in a cottage. Our plans hope to place only these children there, who will be much happier in the new suroundings.—Dorothy Gray, Junior Psychologist.

———o———

THE ALL-STAFF MEETINGS

At the regular monthly meeting of matrons and attendants in September, a resolution was passed to change the name of the meetings to the "All-Staff Meetings." We feel that these meetings are of so much interest to all employees that we wish everyone to come and feel it is their meeting. Miss Wladkowski will continue the talks given by Miss Wertman.—Mrs Fannie Harlan, Supervisor of Boys and Girls.

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The Caswell News

Volume 1

Number 8

FINIS

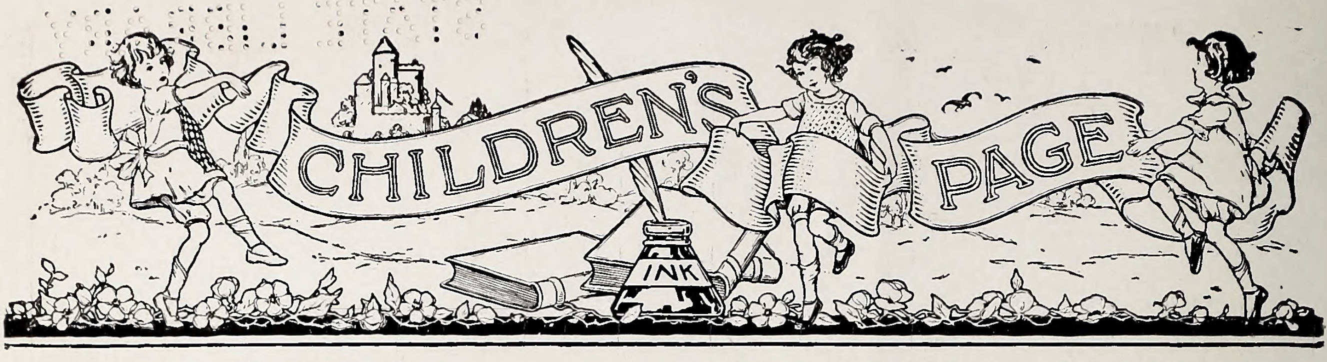
What, here so soon?
Sunset and night?
Why, I have work to do that needs the noon
And day's broad light!
See! On the palette, there, the colors are but set,
The canvas still unwet
And it is night!

How shall it rise—
That heavenly strain—
On heavenly wings, to woo the listening skies
To earth again?
While lies the violin here, untouched, unstrung;
Its sweetest song unsung
And it is night!

How sweet 'twould be—
My work all done—
To sit at eve, my threshold on, and see
Stars, one by one,
Flash into the dark heaven. Oh, happy rest!
My folded hands, how blest
But 'tis already night!

—*Sue M. Whitaker*

OCTOBER, 1936



ROB'S GOOD IDEA.

"HELLO, mother! Where are you?" Rob always had something to tell mother when he came in from school—something about the teacher, the lesson, the new scholars and the boys with whom he played during the recess period. But this time, she knew, by his voice, that something unusual had happened.

"I'm right here, Rob. What is the matter?"

"Why, mother, Fred Waite has broken his leg!"

"Broken his leg!" repeated mother. "How did that happen? Where was he? What was he doing?"

"He was trying to fix Nellie's swing. The rope had broken while the boys were using it and had been in bad shape for some time and Fred determined to fix it so that the girls might enjoy themselves again. You know it's fastened up in that old oak tree by their house. He slipped and tried to catch the limb, but missed, and fell. Nellie came back this noon and told the teacher, and took Fred's books, 'cause she says the doctor told her it was a bad break and it would be some weeks before he would be able to stand on it — perhaps it would be until after school is out."

"No, I don't think he will be walking until after school closes," said mother. You remember your little cousin Harold broke his leg and it was three months before he was able to walk on his leg. You will have to go out and see him some afternoon. Fred will find it hard staying home alone so much while all his playmates are romping about and having a good time."

A week passed by, and once again Rob came from school a bit excited. This time, he said he had "an idea."

"That's a good thing to have," encouraged his mother. "It is a sign that you have been thinking and using your little brains. I hope it is a good idea."

"Well, I think it is," said Rob. "Nellie says Fred wants something to read. He has read all the books they have, and he is wishing he had something different. Can't I lend him some of my books? I don't believe he has many of the new ones. Perhaps I might include a few of my toys and games. When he becomes tired of the books, he can lay them aside and enjoy one of the games. You know he was trying to earn some money just before he had that fall, so he could buy some books this summer. And now he can't work, at least for some time, but he can have mine to read, can't he?"

"Surely, that's a good idea; you can lend him some of yours. You're a fortunate boy, Rob, so many books have been given you as presents. Uncle Milton and Aunt Jessie have given you a number. I don't believe Fred has any relatives who give him books. I think the other idea of bringing toys and games for him to play with is another good idea. Rob, you seem to be full of new ideas."

"No, I never heard him say that anyone had given him a book. I'm going to make a list now, of the ones I think he will like. Where's a piece of paper and a pencil?" And Rob looked helplessly around, while mother reminded him that he knew as well as she, where to find pencil and paper.

"Mother, I'm going to let him have my new 'dog book' first," said Rob. "He'll like that. Fred just loves dogs. And there are so many nice pictures of dogs in that book! It's an easy book to read, too. I'll write down 'Stories of Clever Dogs' first. May I go out to see Fred this afternoon, and take it to him, together with the games and toys?"

"Yes," said mother, "you may go, and take your 'Stories of Clever Dogs;' for I, too, am sure Fred will enjoy reading that. And you tell him about some of your other books, and find out which he would like to read."

Whistling a happy tune, and with "Clever Dogs" tucked under his arm, Rob started down the road. It took him about a half hour to walk to his house. That afternoon there were two happy boys — one who gave, and one who received.

GLASS THIS SIDE UP

THE AMATEUR DENTIST

The Caswell News

VOL. 1—NO. 18 KINSTON, N. C., OCTOBER, 1936 50c PER YEAR

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

EDITORIAL

OUR FRONT COVER

The poem on front cover was written by a North Carolina woman, native of Halifax County. This poem is said to be one of the finest in the English language. Read it over several times very carefully. It grows on you as you weigh each word. If we desire to do any good in this world we must hurry, for "Night comes when no man can work."

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THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE MENTAL HYGIENE SOCIETY

North Carolina is becoming more and more mentally minded. At Chapel Hill on October 9, the Skelton organization of the State Mental Hygiene met and adopted by-laws and a constitution. The time and place of next meeting was decided upon —Raleigh in January—exact date to be named later.

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MORE EXACT PLACEMENT AT CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

Caswell Training School is requiring from now on that all applications for entering the school must be accompanied by a psychological examination. Those people living east of Smithfield can have a free examination at Caswell Training School by appointment, and those west of Smithfield by appointment with Dr. H. W. Crane, of Chapel Hill. Mrs. John P. Dosier of 7 Hickory Terrace, West Asheville, whose telephone number is 5629R, will examine children by appointment for a fee of five to ten dollars.—F. M. Register, M.D., Sup't.

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GUESTS AT CASWELL

Among the recent guests at Caswell were Dr. Reid of Wake Forest and his sister, Mrs. Badget of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Justin Randolph, superintendent of Public Welfare and her secretary, Mrs. H. A. Phelps of Washington, N. C.; Miss Winifred Fasion of Fasion, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew of Charlotte, N. C.; and Miss Muse from Beaufort, N. C., formerly of Woods School, Langhorne, Pa.

THE BEGINNING OF A CHILD GUIDANCE ASSOCIATION IN KINSTON

Miss Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist at Caswell Training School, was guest speaker at the meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association of Lewis School on Wednesday, October 8.

At the business session of that organization a motion was passed asking the president to appoint a committee to meet with Dr. F. M. Register, superintendent of Caswell Training School, to take the matter up of forming in Kinston a Child Guidance Association. The motion also pledged the support of the Lewis P.-T. A. to the organization as the channel through which the association would seek to carry on its program of child study.

On the following day, at a meeting of the Harvey School Parent-Teacher Association, a similar motion was passed.

At the latter meeting Mr. E. E. Sams was present as guest speaker. He indicated his interest in such an association and indicated that he would want the Parent-Teacher Associations of the county to share in the benefits of such action.

It is fitting that Caswell Training School should take the lead in the formation of a Child Guidance Association and is the result of the clinic service which the school has been rendering the Kinston City Schools.—Major W. A. Graham.

o

THE NEED OF A MENTAL HYGIENE SOCIETY IN EVERY COUNTY

For a year or two Charlotte has had a very fine Mental Hygiene Society, well known to the Carolinas and Virginia. We are anxious to see a Mental Hygiene Society in every county. We hope to see a State Bureau of Mental Hygiene established with adequate personnel to work with—parents and teachers—in the examination of the pre-school child. We have now the pre-school summer round-up when children that are to enter school for the first time in the fall have a physical examination, but no mental examination is made. The mental examination should be included because when children are entering a kind of work where the mind counts most and if there are any exceptional children they should be found and started right. It is just as important, probably more so, to find those above the average as to find those below.

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STAFF NEWS

Miss Geneva Spivey of Farmville has been added to the kitchen staff.

Mr. James Frazier has taken Mr. Robert Laws' place in the kitchen.

Mrs. Emma Carter has been transferred from the hospital to the Dewey building.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

According to information collected by government agents the number of Indians in the United States is increasing. Within the past 10 years the rate of increase is reported to have been nearly 5 per cent. The total Indian population at present is estimated at about 350,000.

The influence of the white man's schools and hospitals is credited with the improvements in the red man's living conditions and his consequent numerical increase.

At the same time with this encouraging news about the present status of the remarkable people who possessed America before our arrival, comes interesting information about the ancient history of the Indians. Near Joliet, Ill., a group of burial mounds have yielded evidence of the former existence of "four distinct civilizations." represented by as many layers of burials. The skeletons found in the graves exhibit some of the favorite skull characteristics by which ethnologists distinguish races, such as long skulls and oval skulls.

The oldest layer to which a probable "great antiquity" is ascribed was formed by people, some of whom had long skulls while others had medium skulls. From this it is concluded that there must have been two tribes combined. But judging by the very crude flints they left they were very low in culture.

But next to the top were found the skeletons of a round-headed, "rather slightly built" race, whose graves contained pottery, ornaments and tools and weapons of stone and copper. Here archaeologists believe they can trace indications of the Iroquois tribe, the most remarkable of all the Indians, who attained their zenith in the famous "Five Nations" of New York state.

But if this identification is correct the history of the ancestors of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas is carried back to a time, long preceding the white man's arrival, when these Indians dwelt in the middle west, as far as the Mississippi valley. But the five leagued tribes that history has hitherto known had never, to the white man's knowledge, dwelt farther west than the boundary of New York. But their warriors were feared as far as the great "Father of Waters."

Evidently there is a long course of buried American history stretching between the time when those midwest mounds were made and that when Champlain had his battle with the fierce Iroquois at Ticonderoga. It is a mistake to assume, now that we have grown so great, that no attention need be paid to the beginning and the growth of those whom Philip Freneau called "the ancients of these lands." The Iroquois created a degree of civilization that rightfully demands the respect of the historian. If they had not a literature they had the raw materials for one. They had eloquence of a high, imaginative quality which crystallized into literature the moment it was touched by the white man's pen.

They had national and racial pride, indicating a triumphal history behind. Parkman says: "If we seek for a single trait pre-eminently characteristic of the Iroquois we shall find it in their boundless pride which impelled them to style themselves, not inaptly as regards their own race, 'the men surpassing all others.' 'Must I,' exclaimed one of their great warriors, as he fell wounded among a crowd of Algonquins, 'must I, who have made the whole earth tremble, now die by the hands of children?' "

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

Several years ago Sir William Bull, a British inventor, began to keep a list of needed inventions in a memorandum book. In 1923, while Sir William was entertaining some of his fellow inventors at a London coffee-shop, somebody suggested that the Institute of Patents, an inventors' mutual aid organization, publish the list as an annual booklet under the title "What's Wanted." The suggestion was adopted and since then the list of needed inventions has steadily grown.

The public has been encouraged to supply practical suggestions relative to needed inventions. Only the legitimate wants of the people are given a place in the list. Foolish ideas, such as fit receptacles for disposing of safety razor blades, are not admitted. "Some of the ideas which appear in the book may seem fantastic," says Sir William Bull in a preface, "but it may be that one of them will give a flash of inspiration to an inventor which will alter the history of the world."

Here are ten suggestions taken at random from the last edition of "What's Wanted":

A folding umbrella that can be carried in the pocket.

Luminous paint to make signs visible at night.

A vacuum cleaner for chimneys.

A successful "fountain" paintbrush that will hold from one to two pounds of paint.

An unbreakable, unblurrable and flexible glass.

A method of raising bread without yeast or baking powder.

A better method of fastening carpets than tacks.

A rubber boot to prevent ladders from slipping.

A typewriter attachment that will sound a warning when the bottom of a page is about to be reached, the attachment to be adjustable to any length of page.

A camera device that will automatically roll the film around and thus prevent double exposure.

IN MEMORIAM

On Monday, September 21, at 10:10 a. m., Mrs. Lennie Beard and Miss Bertha Gray were returning to the school eastward along route 10 in Mrs. Beard's car when they were struck by a train going westward at Hines Junction, the car being impaled on the pilot of the engine and carried about 150 yards before the train could be stopped. Miss Gray was killed instantly and Mrs. Beard died without regaining consciousness three hours later at Parrott Memorial Hospital.

Miss Gray was one of the best loved Matrons at the school, both by the children and employees. For five years she filled her place as matron efficiently and willingly; taking her share of work and play alike, and always loyal to what she believed right and fair.

Mrs. Beard, while not having been with us so long, was held in very high regard by everyone with whom she came in contact for her efficiency, square dealing and pleasant manner. We deeply deplore their untimely passing and join with their bereaved families in mourning their loss, and realize that the places of Miss Gray and Mrs. Beard will be very hard to fill.

———o———

OUR ALL-STAFF MEETINGS

The Caswell All-Staff Meetings which will be held every first Monday of the month, have already proven to become one of the most successful of Caswell's Improvement projects.

The first meeting was held October the 4th at 8 o'clock with two-thirds of our entire staff present. The object of these meetings is instructive as well as entertaining. Realizing that we grow only by exchange of ideas and study, and wishing to improve ourselves to the best of our abilities, Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, has begun giving a series of lectures on various phases of our work; the best manner of handling our children, the causes and treatment of the mentally retarded child, and in general the importance psychology plays in understanding and helping them.

In her first introductory lecture, Miss Wladkowski reviewed the historical background of the recognition and handling of the mentally retarded throughout the different ages. She also traced for us the progress that has been made since Itard, the first to attempt to educate a subnormal boy, in giving the most adernate training to mentally retarded children. While there was always a great need for training schools for the retarded, she traced the slowness with which our present existing training schools have been established. Miss Wladkowski also touched upon the fact that with increasing complexity of environmental conditions, not only are the low grade mentally defectives recognized, but also those of the higher grades.

As each lecture will be more or less a sequel of the preceding one, we hope every staff member will avail himself of the opportunity of getting this expert knowledge gratis. There is always a social time after the lecture with refreshments served and no dues required. We are very eager for staff members to raise questions and join in the discussions of various problems.—Mrs. Fannie Harlan, Supervisor of Boys and Girls.

KINDERGARTEN NEWS

The kindergarteners have had a happy month. The boys and girls sing often at their work. The boys made a doll house and some furniture. The girls made two Negro mammies to do the work. They made some extra dresses and aprons. Several have made handkerchiefs. Sara made a dress for the baby doll. At present the dining room is on the roof. There are some lovely cups and saucers, a lace tablecloth and chairs made of clothes pins. Our rugs were made in the craft room.

The younger boys have three teams of horses that have hauled many loads of wood. Thomas is the engineer on the train and Sammy the conductor. The girls made mattresses, pillows, sheets, pillow cases and sofa pillows for the doll house. Every one has made picture books. One of the prettiest is Essie's Book of Babies. Rylan made a nice chair out of a lemon crate, in which the children love to sit.

Each morning and afternoon they sing and pray. They are learning "Suffer little children to come unto me."—Mrs. Dawson, Kindergarten Teacher.

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OUR COTTON PROJECT

Since the United States produces more cotton than all the rest of the world together and cotton has been—and still is—the important crop of this belt; we feel that the children would enjoy and profit by a study of this subject.

The beautiful large homes of the plantation owners and the cabins of the workers, surrounded by the large fields of ripening cotton, are characteristic of the South and help to make a lovely setting for our subject.

Because farms are found in every section of our country, because there is so much to interest children in the study of cotton, this unit is worth while from every aspect. The farm study has been carried on successfully in all kinds of situations and with children of varied ages, it is often called for in the course of study. Even if it is not required, we feel that we have chosen wisely in selecting the study of cotton as our project for this year.

All of our subjects such as: nature study, language, reading, arithmetic, etc., are correlated with the cotton project. All the departments—music, craft and academic, are co-operating to make this unit more interesting. The children are entering into it whole-heartedly and show a keen interest in the materials presented.—Miss Rowena Tull, Teacher.

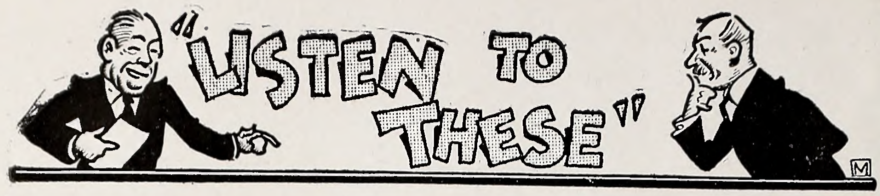
———o———

A TRIP TO THE OCEAN

All the boys and girls went to Morehead. Dr. Register and Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Stokes went with the load that I went with. I had a nice time at Morehead. I saw some sea shells and crabs. I saw a monkey. We walked around the Fort. We went out on the water to eat our dinner. We had egg and cheese sandwiches to eat and coca cola to drink. I sure do appreciate Dr. Register and Mrs. Harlan being so kind to the girls and boys to take them to Morehead this summer.—Pattie.

———o———

During September a Mental Hygience Society was formed for the combined counties of Durham and Orange.



It was a lovely morning. The train stopped at a village station, and an enthusiastic tourist leaned out of the car window.

"Isn't this exhilarating?" he exclaimed as he rubbed his hands.

"No, it ain't," replied a passing porter, "it's Jonesville."

* * *

First Fly: "Why are you making so much noise?"

Second Fly: "Whoopee! I passed the screen test."

* * *

Mother: "I hope you didn't take a second piece of cake at the party?"

Bobby: "No. I took two pieces first time."

* * *

Town Visitor: "You're quite wrong in considering the birds a nuisance; they devour insects and caterpillars."

Farmer: "Thanks for telling me. It's a great consolation to know that they eat my fruit merely for dessert."

* * *

Voice Over Telephone: "Is Mike Howe there?"

Answer: "What do you think this is, a stock yard?"

* * *

"How many fish was it that you said you caught Saturday, Ernest?"

"There were six of them, dear. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, that was what I thought you said, but that fish market has made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight."

* * *

Husband: "Don't pull the spark down, it heats up the motor."

Wife: "I will too; it looks better this way."

* * *

Girl: "Why didn't you tell me I had a dab of rouge on the tip of my nose?"

Escort: "How should a man know how you girls want to wear your complexion?"

* * *

Small Bobby was traveling in a Pullman sleeper for the first time. He awoke during the night.

"Do you know where you are, Bobby?" asked his mother.

"Sure. I'm in the top drawer, ain't I mom?" answered Bobby.

"Jest as I expected. They've gone to sellin' the weather."

"Whatcha mean—sellin' the weather?"

"Look at that sign, 'August Fur Sale.'"

* * *

"An awful lot of girls are stuck on me."

"Yes; they must be an awful lot."

* * *

An Easterner stood on the veranda of a little western hotel and watched the sun go down.

"By George," he exclaimed to the native sitting nearby, "That's certainly a gorgeous sunset, isn't it?"

"Not bad," was the answer. "Not bad for a little place like Hoopville."

* * *

Dolly was just home after her first day at school. "Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied the child. "I've got to go again."

* * *

Foreman (on excavation job): "Do you think you are fit for really hard labor?"

Applicant: "Well, some of the best judges in the country have thought so."

* * *

Officer: "Say, look here; you can't stop here."

Motorist: "I can't eh? Well, officer, maybe I shouldn't stop here, but you don't know this car like I do."

* * *

Bursting open the door marked "Private," the butcher confronted the local lawyer.

"If a dog steals a piece of meat from my shop, is the owner liable?" he asked the man behind the desk.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer.

"Very well, your dog took a piece of steak worth half a dollar about five minutes ago."

"Indeed," he returned smoothly. "Then if you give me the other half, that will cover my fee."

* * *

Mary: "But you've known the man only two weeks. You're not thinking of marrying him?"

Jennie: "Well it isn't as if he was a stranger. A girl I know was engaged to him for a long time."

This Month's Special

Two lady school-teachers, spending their vacation exploring western Canada, stopped at a small and old-fashioned hotel in Alberta. One of the pair inclined to be worrisome when traveling, couldn't rest until she had made a tour of the corridors to hunt out exits in case of fire. The first door she opened, unfortunately, turned out to be that of the public bath, occupied at the moment by a gentleman. "Oh, excuse me!" the lady stammered, flustered. "I'm looking for the fire escape." Then she ran for it. To her dismay, she hadn't got far along the corridor when she heard a shout behind her and, looking around, saw the gentleman, wearing only a towel, running after her. "Hey, where's the fire?" he hollered.—Trumbull Cheer.

Friend: "Are you giving your office staff a vacation this year?"

Manager: "Yes, I'm going away as usual this summer."

* * *

The two friends were sauntering aimlessly through the park when Jackson nodded his head at an approaching figure of a man.

"It's very strange," he whispered confidingly to his friend, "but this fellow coming along here always reminds me of you."

"But he doesn't look a bit like me," put in his companion.

"No," murmured the other; "but you both owe me a lot of money."

* * *

Lawyer: "It would be better if you could prove an alibi. Did anybody see you at the time of the crime?"

Client: "Fortunately, no."

* * *

Mistress: "Jane, how could you read a novel while baby is crying so?"

Nurse: "It doesn't disturb me a bit, ma'am."

* * *

The Boss (who has just dropped in on the football game): "So this is your uncle's funeral, Bob?"

Office Boy (with great presence of mind): "Looks like it, sir. He's the referee."

* * *

"Do you know that your confounded dog barks all night?"

"Yes, but don't worry, he sleeps all day."

* * *

Mistress: "Mary, I saw a man kissing you at the back door last night. Was it the postman or the policeman?"

Maid: Was it before eight o'clock or after?"

THE CHILDREN'S DINING ROOM

There is great excitement in the main dining room these mornings—almost a holiday atmosphere. The attractive tables, set with shining ware, the quick, deft movements, and smiling faces of the dining room girls, show that something pleasant and interesting is on foot, and here is the secret: School has opened and a good-natured rivalry is going on—to see which of these twenty-one girls can finish their work and be first to report for classes. And there are no slackers among them—it is a pleasure to watch them, to mark their happy faces, and the quiet but swift manner in which they perform their duties.

The new dining room supervisors—Misses Eaton and Farthing—seem to have received the proper training for this work in their respective colleges, Lees, McCrae and Berea, but they, appear, also, to possess the qualities most essential for the work—kind hearts and broad, understanding natures; thus they are well-equipped to meet the many peculiar problems daily arising in their department—and the girls under their supervision are making an excellent record.—Mamie Bryant, Dietician and Supervisor of Culinary Dept.

———o———

Working in the Pollock Building With a Hundred and Ten Boys

The Pollock Building was named in honor of Colonel W. D. Pollock. He was born August 24, 1862, and died August 15, 1918. We do not have to wonder if he was a great man. The inscription upon the marker alone tells a story within itself. As we read the inscription, "His Love for Humanity Expressed Itself in Untiring and Fruitful Service for This Institution While He was a State Senator in the Session of 1917," we pause in admiration of such a character; and realize more fully what a great love he must have had for those who were not as fortunate as he was.

The Pollock Building is one of the many two-story buildings that we have here. It is situated west of the kitchen department. During the summer months we let the boys play on the play grounds behind the building. Here the boys play with their swings and other things that are of the most interest to them. In the last year a shower has been added to our play ground equipment. We hope to enlarge our grounds and equipment even more in the near future. In the cold winter months we let the boys play games in the sun parlors. There they also listen to the radio and to the stories that we read to them. Each individual does that which most appeals to him. Some enjoy the radio most, some stories and the others, who have studied craft, spend a great deal of their time carving and making the things they have been taught in school. Those who go to school are very fond of it and often bestow compliments on their teachers. They seem to look forward to school and to bringing back with them magazines and other things that they have made. To make the children enjoy their play time more, we are considering preparing our attic and basement for them; for the winter months seem long and we like to give the children all enjoyment possible. We also hope to make a work shop for those who study craft, as they have already won prizes on their wonderful work, and we hope that a work shop will induce them to work more. We hope to beautify our sun parlors and other parts of the building by making picture frames and other things that help make the building more attractive. We also hope to paint our building on the inside, as we did last year. All these things with the aid of the boys and others with whom we work, help to make the children happier.

With the co-operation of Dr. Register, our superintendent, and Mrs. Harlan, our supervisor, and all others connected with the department in which we work, we have been able to grant the boys more privileges with very little discipline and better results than ever before. The boys look forward to the privileges granted to them, and in return they put forth more effort to make their behavior even better than before. One privilege that they have is a Saturday trip to the movies on our new bus. They look forward to this trip each week.

During the summer months Dr. Register allowed the children to go to Morehead, on the new bus. These trips were most enjoyable for them. They often brought back sea shells and other things they had collected along the shores to be kept as souvenirs. Now the summer months are over, they look forward to going to the Fair. We hear them talking about the Fair long before it comes to town. The fact that they are always represented by a booth, makes them very proud. After the Fair is over, they begin to look forward to Christmas and lovely Christmas trees and decorations we prepare for them. They sit near the lighted trees and gaze in admiration at them. Long after the Christmas holidays are over, they sit and play with their toys and talk of the enjoyable times that they had. After the excitement is over they begin to look forward to the next Christmas.

My co-workers help to make the work much more pleasurable. Our building staff is composed of Mrs. Parker, Miss Irene Smith and Mr. Boone. Each person does his or her share toward making everything delightful for the boys. Each person has obtained the love of the boys and this I am sure is the main and most essential thing to obtain in order to make a successful matron or an attendant. When the love of the children is obtained, their work is a pleasure and they will put forth every effort to please. The children look to us for an example. We try to give it to them. — Huston McLeod, Attendant.

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The Caswell News

MINSTRELS OF THE PASQUOTANK

Away down yonder on the Pasquotank,
Where the bull-frogs jump from bank to bank,
And the tide moves slow mid the cypress knees,
And the pools are dark 'neath the arching trees;
How well I remember when the frogs are jolly,
Their deep bass calls and thunderous volley,
When the water creeps cool 'neath the matted roots,
“Down under the roots, down under the roots,”
And the river moves quiet and happy and deep.
Moves “happy and deep, knee-deep, knee-deep.”

Away down yonder on the Pasquotank,
Where the flags are thick and the mosses dank,
When lulls the roar of the bull-frog band
The small frogs pipe on every hand,
And a million shrill throats sing of herrings,
Of “herrings, herrings, herrings, herrings,”
And of bacon, “fry-bacon, fry-bacon, fry-bacon.”
Pray what can they know about herrings and bacon!
And yet as a child I learned for true,
That is what they sing the whole night through!

Ah, wild, plebeian, boisterous frogs,
Your piping all night in the reeking bogs
Was melody sweet to my infant ear;
For softer notes 'twas not tuned to hear,
Like Philomel's on his sprig of holly,
But the bold frogs' songs that are hearty and jolly,
Where all join in with a right good will,
And the big frogs roar and the little frogs trill,
And make the night merry along the bank
Of the shimmering, gloomy, old Pasquotank.

Ye we frog-folk of the Pasquotank,
May your race dwell long on its reedy bank,
May you chant always the same old notes,
In the same white vests and bright green coats,
May you always sing “fry-bacon, fry-bacon,”
The song of plenty, of herrings and bacon;
May the tide creep cool 'neath the matted roots,
“Down under the roots, down under the roots,”
And the stream move quiet and happy and deep,
Move “happy and deep, knee-deep, knee-deep.”

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THE CHILDREN'S Department

WHY MILTON WAS CHOSEN

THERE was much excitement at the Brockway Orphanage, this time only among the boys. A lady had sent a message saying she wanted to adopt a boy, and would call at the orphanage on Thursday.

"Oh, I wish she would want me!" sighed George. "And Miss Cole said it was in the country where they lived, on a farm."

Milton's eyes were wistful. It had been so long since he had lived in a real home, since he had had a father and mother. For a moment the memory of that terrible fire came back dimly — the strangling smell of smoke, the shouts of firemen. He was only a very small boy then, and could hardly remember. But when the fire was over, and when, in a few days, the smoke and excitement had died down, Milton was an orphan. He had a scar on his arm and shoulders. Yes, would always have. But he was big and strong; he was sure he could help work on a farm. Then he heard George's sigh.

"I wish they would take you, George," he said. For George was not so very well, and was a sad-eyed little fellow. So there were hopeful boys Tuesday and Wednesday, for who knew which one would be chosen?

Thursday came—a beautiful Thursday, with its smiling big sun, and green grass, and flowers. Milton Hughes thought he never had seen so pretty a day. Then he laughed.

"Probably it's because I may be adopted," he said, "everything seems so nice. But," he thought, "I've always had a good time here."

At one o'clock a car came up the driveway, and a man and a woman got out and went into the house. Everywhere curious eyes were watching and little hearts were beating fast.

Out by the flower garden Milton and some other children were playing. Just as they heard voices approaching and knew that the people were coming to see them, little Esther, running about, tripped and fell She fell just where Milton was sitting, and, looking up through her tears, moaned, "Oh. I hurt my toe-e, oh-h-h!"

He looked down and saw her poor toe hurting just dreadfully, and even as the visitors came nearer he said, "Never mind, Esther, it will soon be all right. Wait! I'll go and get a cloth and do it up for you. I know it will help and soon will be well again." And he went; and even as he left he thought, "Maybe they'll take John or Archie or — Tommy while I'm gone. I'm missing my chance, missing my chance— missing my chance," his feet seemed to sound out as he went quickly in search of bandages. "And yet, there's Esther; what else could I do?"

Coming back, he found Esther waiting patiently, her foot held tight in two hands.

"That's one of the things we always try to teach the children," Miss Cole was saying, "to be unselfish and thoughtful toward one another." And just as Milton finished tying the string, she laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Harris want to talk with you."

An hour later, as Milton Hughes said good-by to his friends at the Brockway Orphan's Home, his eyes sparkled with a happy light.

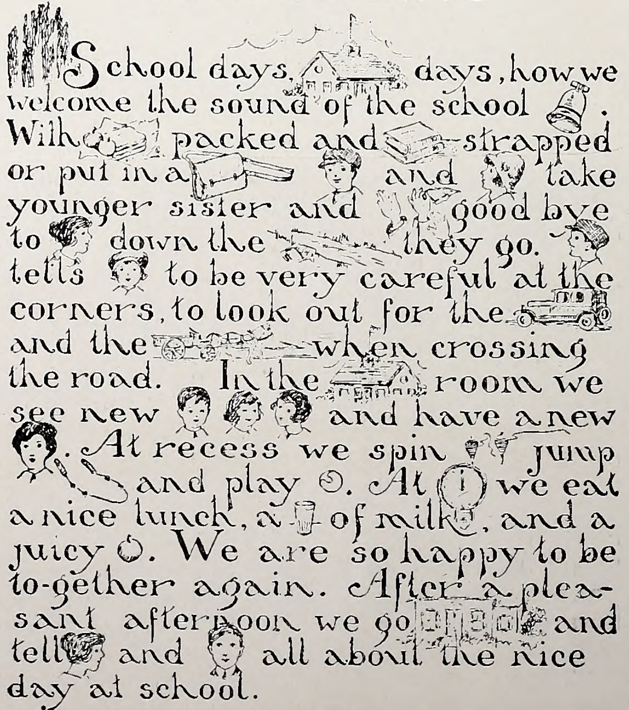
"And George," he said, as he stopped in front of him, "Mrs. Harris says one of their neighbors wants a boy; and I told her about you, and she said she was sure they would be out to see you soon. So maybe you will live near me." And the happy boy turned toward the car, and never thought that the little act of kindness he supposed would take away his chance had only made it sure.

Milton liked his new home very much and his new parents were very kind to him. Mr. and Mrs. Harris wanted to start him in school as soon as possible so that he might learn to read and write like his other playmates.

Milton was given a shepherd dog which was his constant companion and were always seen together.

Occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Harris took Milton for a drive to the Orphanage where a pleasant visit was had with the boys and girls.

SCHOOL DAYS



School days, days, how we welcome the sound of the school. With packed and strapped or put in a and take younger sister and good bye to down the they go. tells to be very careful at the corners, to look out for the and the when crossing the road. In the room we see new and have a new. At recess we spin jump and play. At we eat a nice lunch, a of milk, and a juicy. We are so happy to be to-gether again. After a pleasant afternoon we go and tell and all about the nice day at school.

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Editor F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager Miss Mary L. Utley

EDITORIAL

OUR FRONT COVER

The poem on the front cover was written by Rev. Chas. Luther Greaves. He was born June 12, 1872, in Pasquotank County. Every North Carolinian will enjoy this poem. This poem first appeared in Uncle Remus' Home Magazine for August, 1912. In Caswell News for September appeared another poem, "The Shout of a King," by this same author.

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THE GOOD AND POOR WORKMAN

"A poor workman always complains about his tools."

"Had I a sword of keener steels,—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
Hilt buried in the dry and sodden sand,
And ran, and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day."—
—E. R. Sill.

At Caswell we try to impress everyone with the idea that we must do our best regardless of what we have to work with. There are a thousand and one things we can do for the children at Caswell Training School without costing anyone a cent. Of course a certain amount of money is needed to carry on. We of course need food, clothes, shelter and medical attention and it takes a certain amount of cash to take proper care of 650 children and 200 children to be added soon. The state's property must be kept up, such as roads, farms, buildings, machinery and live stock.

Now and then, I am thankful it is not often, we hear such remarks as this: "Can't do this or can't do that because the boys and girls did this or didn't do that." Complaining to the boys and girls or about the boys and girls. That Henry was too slow and careless or Bill broke his tool or Nancy was lazy and Jane was so careless, complaining about their shortcomings, rather than commending the good things they do, a little kind work here, a little pat on the back. A toy here and there, an orange or apple, a piece of candy, a letter written to the home folks or just a jolly laugh now and then will work wonders. There is no place in North Carolina where so much happiness at such a little cost can be given.

Here's to the man or woman who can create a world of happiness with only these tools,—strong hands, loving heart and normal brain. Long may they live and their tribe increase.—F. M. Register, M.D., Superintendent.

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To All Welfare Officers and Friends Of Caswell Training School

The children of Caswell express their appreciation to all their friends for the many magazines they have received so generously. These magazines are being distributed to the various buildings for reading, cutting and mounting of pictures. They are furnishing many happy hours to the children. The magazines were sent in response to an appeal which was made in a previous issue of "The Caswell News" for back numbers of the better types of periodicals.

Though many of our children will continue to be interested in reading material, there are many others here who would greatly appreciate receiving discarded toys and the tools which are needed in repairing them. Several of our boys are skillful in woodworking and would enjoy remodeling and fixing broken toys for the younger children if the material were available. Simple tools such as claw hammers, screw drivers, nails, jack-knives, and back saws would be of great help to enable the boys to construct articles.

If you have any such material that you wish our children to have, will you please send them to Caswell Training School or give them to the Welfare Officers or others who visit our institution.

o

HOSPITAL NEWS

The hospital has added two nurses to its staff. These are Miss Veila Blanton from Shelby, North Carolina, and Miss Maud Tyson from Durham, N. C. Miss Blanton received her training at the Garrison General Hospital, Gastonia, N. C. Miss Tyson had her training in the Wesley Long Hospital, Greensboro, N. C.

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VISITORS AT CASWELL

During the month Caswell has had many visitors from different parts of the state. Several families visited their children. We always welcome these parents, and other visitors.

GREAT MEN AND GREAT WOMEN

What Makes Them Great

HELEN KELLER

HELEN KELLER was born in 1880 in Tuscambia, a little town of northern Alabama. The Keller homestead was called "Ivy Green" because the house and the surrounding trees and fences were covered with beautiful English ivy. There was an old-fashioned garden that was a real paradise for Helen.

For nineteen months baby Helen was a great joy to mother and father. She walked the day she was a year old and she could say a number of words. Just for one brief spring and summer, she heard the song of the robin and the mocking bird, and saw the flowers and fruit. Then in the month of February came an illness which closed her eyes and ears. The physician called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain.

Helen could not remember very well what happened in the months following her illness. But she could not see the beautiful world about her, and then after a while, as she could not hear, she became dumb. A shake of the head meant "No," and a nod "Yes;" a pull meant "Come" and a push, "Go."

Helen amused herself by spending a great deal of time in the kitchen, kneading dough, helping to make ice cream, grinding coffee, and feeding the hens and turkeys that swarmed about the kitchen steps.

Her parents had heard of an eminent oculist in Baltimore, Md. So, when Helen was six years old, they took her to Dr. Chisholm, of Baltimore, but he could do nothing for her. He advised them to consult Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, of Washington, who would be able to tell them about schools and teachers of deaf and blind children.

Mrs. Keller had read in Dickens' "American Notes" of what Dr. Howe, of Boston, had accomplished for Laura Bridgman, who was deaf and blind.

Dr. Bell urged Helen's father to write to this institution, now called the Perkins Institution, for Dr. Howe had been dead for ten years. It was here a teacher was found, Miss Anne Sullivan. She had entered the Perkins Institution in 1880, the year Helen was born. She was fourteen years of age at that time, and almost totally blind, but later her sight was partially restored. She was graduated in 1886, and was soon ready for work.

Helen Keller said in later years: "The most important day I remember in all my life was the one in which my teacher, Miss Anne Sullivan, came to me. It was in 1887, and I was within three months of seven years. I stood on the porch and felt approaching steps. I stretched out my hands, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and more than all else, to love me."

The first word that Helen learned was "water." They were walking in the garden and Miss Sullivan spelled "water" in her hand as the cool stream ran over her hand. She was using the finger language of the deaf and dumb. A strange light shone in Helen's darkened brain. She knew that the word "w-a-t-e-r" and the cool, wet feeling meant the same thing. She says of this momentous revelation: "That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free."

It was a wonderful dawn for her darkened mind, and she began to spell and apply such words as "doll," "pin," "hat," "cup." From this moment she was eager to learn and ran from object to object. From morning to night she explored this amazing new world, and while it seemed a slow process, yet every moment she was acquiring knowledge in some direction. She soon learned to read in raised letters, made for the blind, and also to write. She says, "But for Miss Sullivan's genius, untiring perseverance, and devotion, I could not have made any progress."

Miss Keller's voice is low and pleasant, and when she gives one word at a time, it is possible to understand her. She gives it exactly and slowly, by syllables. In an extended speech it is difficult to understand her, unless very near her. She also speaks in French and German.

Helen Keller loved books and found delight in reading and studying. She resolved that she would study and study, and fit herself for college. But her friends, knowing how difficult it would be, told her not to attempt it. They were also afraid that if she failed, it would discourage and sadden her. But Helen was willing to face every obstacle. It was her ambition to enter Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass This school is a branch of Harvard University.

With this in view, accompanied by Miss Sullivan, Helen went to New York City, and attended the Wright-Humason School for the Deaf.

When sixteen she entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies. This was a special preparation for Radcliffe. Miss Sullivan attended all the classes with her and interpreted the instruction. This was a Herculean undertaking for a blind and deaf girl. There were few books of the many that she needed that were in raised type for the blind. So, with great labor, Miss Sullivan had to spell into her hand every word spoken by the teacher.

Helen took her preliminary examinations for Radcliffe in 1897. The studies were elementary and advanced German, French, Latin, English, Greek and Roman history. She passed in everything.

At twenty years, Helen's early resolve had become a reality and she entered Radcliffe College. She plunged eagerly into her studies, but it was a most difficult undertaking. How many would get a classical education, if every word had to be spelled in the hand? But Helen said, "Everyone who wishes to gain knowledge must climb the Hill of Difficulty alone."

She constantly writes for leading magazines, appealing for the industrial education and employment of the blind. Her books are widely read. They are "The Story of My Life," "The World I Live In," and "Optimism." Her last book, just published, is "My Religion."

Helen Keller is fond of outdoor sports and can swim and row well. She also rides a bicycle.

Helen Keller has always been a Christian girl and woman. It was Bishop Phillips Brooks who told her of God when she was only a child. She says of the Bible, "I love it as I love no other book. It is my best friend, the divinely-appointed guide that keeps my groping feet in the path which leads to happiness."

THE MENTAL CONDITION OF THE C. T. S. CHILDREN

Visitors coming to our institution often remark that they cannot see anything wrong with a great many of our children whom they see going about doing their daily tasks or being happily engaged in various indoor and outdoor play activities. Some say they have expected to find the children here "mentally off," but that instead they see them looking perfectly healthy and normal. Closer analysis of the phrase, "mentally off," reveals the fact that many people believe our children to be mentally sick (called by many, "crazy" and "insane") and consequently think that Caswell Training School is just another mental hospital.

Since the children here are not mentally sick, Caswell Training School is not a mental hospital. As the name of the institution implies, it is a place where subnormal or retarded (not abnormal) children are trained according to their abilities. Children vary in their speed of physical and intellectual development. If the child's intellectual development is slower than that of the average child of his own age, he is unable to do the work required of average children of the same age in school and in other situations. As these slowly developed or retarded children grow older and are forced to an increasingly greater extent to compete with more developed individuals in a complex environment, they meet with failure and become more or less burdens to themselves and the communities in which they live.

One striking characteristic of retarded people is their inability to be engaged in activities which require a fair amount of initiative, reasoning and careful planning, but are capable of learning to do many concrete and practical things under adequate supervision. At the present, most communities are not equipped to train subnormal children and to give them this supervision. As a result, such children get into various difficulties which are greatly disadvantageous to the individuals concerned and to society as a whole.

When retarded children are placed in an institution like the Caswell Training School, an attempt is made not only to train them along lines of which they are capable of being trained, but also receive the necessary guidance and supervision. The specific kind of training and the amount of supervision given vary for the different children here, depending on the degree of their mental development and other factors. This does not mean that the development of our children could be raised sufficiently to enable them eventually to cope with difficult problems in society. As stated above, the development of subnormal children is slower than that of average children and when maturity or the limit of development is reached, our children are still inferior intellectually than normal people.

In conclusion, it should be made clear the misconception of some people that subnormal individuals are entirely incapable of reasoning and planning. This is far from the truth. Retarded people are capable of reasoning and planning but not to the same degree as normal individuals of the same ages. The degree of their reasoning ability depends on the degree of their mental development in general. Thus, if a 16-year-old subnormal child has the mental

(Concluded on Page 8)

MINUTES OF THE NOVEMBER ALL-STAFF MEETING

As November marked the passing of a year since the organization of the group which is now part of the "All-Staff," the first part of our meeting was devoted to the election of officers for the coming year. Miss Edith Wladkowski presided. Nominations were from the floor and election by written ballot. The results of our elections are as follows: President, Mr. Carl Higgins; vice president, Mrs. B. S. Barnes; secretary, Miss Lela S. Crowell; treasurer, Mr. Robert V. Hendron. Mrs. Florence Leonard was elected to lead the entertainment committee and Miss Geniva Spivey and Miss Edith Phillips to assist her.

Following the election, Mr. Higgins took the chair and showed us the question box which has been placed on a table in the Central Building. It will remain there to receive all questions pertaining to the children, from any of the employees. It is Miss Wladkowski's intention to open this box at each meeting and answer the questions for our mutual benefit.

Miss Wladkowski then gave the talk of the evening, beginning by explaining that all her talks would be related to each other, dealing with problems of retarded children, different kinds of subnormals, their causes, education and treatment.

Formerly, said Miss Wladkowski, in a world of less complicated society, non-compulsory education, and simple life, the retarded child was not easily detected nor necessarily segregated. Now, however, the increasing demands of a complicated civilization have made it necessary to care for these children. Much has already been done, but there are still many retarded children in our public schools and their presence there is a challenge to all of us.

When the mentally retarded child is forced to compete with a group of normals, he meets with failure. This discourages him and may lead to inferiority feelings. His condition becomes worse. Lack of understanding in the teachers causes fear and hatred which grows and spreads. He stops trying—becomes a "problem child."

Failing to measure up mentally, he may try to gain attention by physical means. He becomes a bully, a burden and danger to society. To allow such children to remain in normal groups is an injustice to them, to the normal children, to the teachers, and to the taxpayers who must provide for their education.

In schools such as ours, children of this type can be grouped together, given special care and attention suited to their individual needs and trained along lines for which they are best fitted.

After answering the questions from the box, Miss Wladkowski closed her talk by an explanation of the proposed Mental Hygiene Society in Kinston.

The meeting was then adjourned and refreshments served during the social hour which followed.

We were pleased to have as our guests, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hough, Dr. B. P. Spilman, Mr. J. R. Rountree, Mrs. S. F. Linton, Mr. Ben Barnes and Mrs. Heritage, who came with Mrs Linton.

Leila Crowell, Secretary All-Staff.

INTERESTING FACTS

and Bits of Humor

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

In Berlin a musician recently kept four instruments—a piano, a harmonium, a drum and cymbals—going for 71 hours without a let-up.

A church at Cornwall, England, has a special door for the devil to sneak out with downcast eyes when renounced by converts.

An astronomer at Vatican City says that if a man could count 25 stars per second it would take him 700 years to count all in sight.

Stop worrying about keeping up with the Joneses when the Joneses are worrying about how they are going to keep up at all.

* * *

DO ELECTRIC FANS LOWER ROOM TEMPERATURES?

An electric fan does not make the air in a room cooler, as commonly supposed. In fact, the temperature of a room is increased by setting the air in rapid motion. The cooling effect of the fan results from the fact that the temperature of the air is lower than the temperature of a person's skin and each puff of air absorbs heat and moisture as it passes.

* * *

NUTCRACKERS

1—Are the justices of the Supreme Court elected by the people?

2—Give within 1,000 the number of millionaires in the United States.

3—In whom is vested the right to declare war in the United States?

4—In New York State may a man marry his widow's sister?

5—How did Will Rogers characterize the diplomatic weaknesses of the United States?

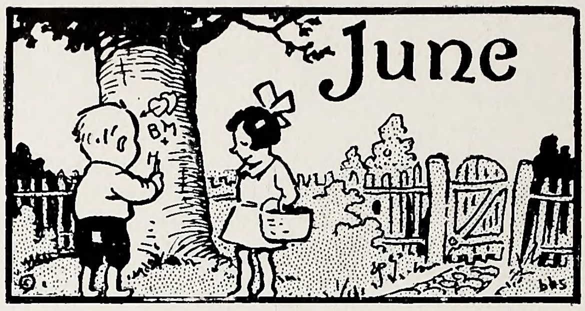
6—Who was the most conservative, noncommittal statesman of the United States history?

(Answers Elsewhere on This Page)

* * *

Employer: "Are you a married man?"

Sambo (applicant for job): "Naw, suh—Ah makes mah own livin'."



JUNE HOROSCOPE

Born in June, your birthright is a warm, generous heart, that makes and holds happy friendships. You are endowed with a quick wit, true courage and a pleasing appearance; a liking for hobbies of many kinds; country life pleases you. You have family pride and strong sympathy for the suffering and needy.

Being emotional you should try to hold yourself in bounds and not be carried away by heights of either happiness or depression. You should overcome your aversion to medicine and get more than the average amount of sleep and outdoor life. Your ideas are good, but you must remember that one cannot expect others to agree with you in all matters.

By learning to go a little more slowly and patiently; by pausing before you leap, you can expect a life as bright and cheerful as the summer days of June.

Birthstone, pearl. The flower is the rose.

* * *

FREE OF DUTY

"Did you see much poverty in Europe?"

"Yes, indeed. A good deal. In fact, I brought some back with me."

* * *

One good thing about the horse is that when he loses a shoe, you don't have to jack up beside the road and nail another one on him.

Two may live as cheaply as one . . but not nearly so quietly.

WHY THE SOUTH IS CALLED "DIXIE"

The origin of the term "Dixie" has been advanced as coming from a negro adoption of "Dixon," from the name Mason & Dixon Line. Negro melodies originally used the shortened term and from then Dixie passed into common use as the name of the happy and abundant south. It was popularized by the song "Dixie," written by Daniel Decatur Emmet, which was adopted by the Confederates as their national war song.

* * *

DO CONFEDERATE VETERANS GET PENSIONS?

Persons who fought in the Civil War on the Confederate side do not receive pensions from the federal government, because no government could consistently pension persons for waging war against it. But all eleven of the former Confederate states provide pensions for ex-Confederate soldiers and their widows. Of the principal border states, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, all of which supplied many men to the Confederate armies, only Kentucky provides pensions for former Confederates. Such pensions are also provided by Oklahoma. Thus the people of thirteen states are taxed to pay pensions to the veterans of both sides of the Civil War.

* * *

THE ANSWERS

1—No (appointed by the president).

2—Approximately 11,000.

3—Congress.

4—Probably not, as he is dead.

5—"America never lost a war, or won a conference."

6—Senator Cummings, who was never known to make a definite statement of fact. Upon being shown a herd of shorn sheep with the remark, "See, Senator, they've just been shorn," he replied, "Yes, it looks so from this side."

* * *

Some drivers need more horse-sense . . . and less horse-power.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN AND HIS FLAG

Every Wednesday you begin your chapel program with a flag salute. You say that it is your flag, but have you ever stopped to think what it means?

The flag of the United States stands for the first settlers who left their homes and came across the seas. It stands for the hardships of Jamestown and Plymouth; it stands for the Declaration of Independence; it stands for all those who died to make this land free.

The flag means the nation which guards and protects you. Perhaps you have never thought that you have anything to do with the nation. The nation is all the people of your country acting together. It is not something far above you, which you must obey, and with which you have nothing to do. The nation is you, your father and your mother, the people around you, and the people far away, who live under the flag and love it.

For you, policemen walk the streets, firemen are always ready to save you, doctors are trying to make the land healthful. Thousands of men, and women, too, are working for you, and other young citizens like you, working to make this world a better place for you to live in, working to give you a better opportunity to grow up strong, healthy and wise.

Now every right or privilege carries a duty with it. You say that you have a right to walk along the street without harm, that you have a right to the cap on your head. That is true, but have you ever thought that if it is your right to walk in peace, it is your duty not to interefere with another? If it is your right not to have your cap snatched from you, it is your duty not to snatch the cap of anyone else. The other side of every right or privilege is a duty, and one who is always demanding his rights and never thinks of his duties, is either stupid or selfish.

Boys and girls do not always understand this fact, which is at the bottom of all society. They desire every good thing of life, and expect it to come to them, but they forget that they must give in return. One who always takes and never gives is not an admirable person.

Then if the nation protects and guards you, it is your duty to conduct yourself properly. Every time you do what you know is wrong you are dragging the flag of your country in the dust. You are making the United States just a little worse.

Not doing wrong is not enough. A citizen who loves his nation must be on the lookout to do good, and not simply to keep from doing wrong. Everyone who does not help, hinders, for he is simply a dead load, which those who are trying to carry the nation forward must lift. By lifting, instead of leaning, you can show your love for the flag.

Besides showing your love for the flag by your conduct, there are other things you can do. Never fail to salute your country's flag, and remind anyone you see, who is neglecting to stand, or to take off his hat, that the flag is there. Think of your flag as the symbol of your nation. Show reverence for the flag, because it represents the nation, which has done so much for you and for the world.

Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal.

BOYS INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF TAPP BUILDING

Tapp Building houses 72 boys. These boys figure quite prominently in various activities of Caswell Training School. Each boy does some work or other under supervision. He is given the work for which he is capable and which he likes most. He is not forced to do the work which he dislikes.

Thirteen of the Tapp boys work in the dairy barn; milking, feeding the cows and chickens, cleaning the barn, delivering of the milk, helping to fill the silo, cutting corn and other work connected with the dairy department. Eight boys aid in caring for the mules and swine and removing refuse and trash from the campus. Some help in husking and shelling corn and preparing meat for the winter. Four of our boys work in the powerhouse, as helpers to the plumbers and electrician. They keep the powerhouse clean in addition to doing many other useful things there. Ten boys work in their dormitory. They make beds, wash windows, sweep, scrub and in general keep the house clean and orderly. Four of the Tapp boys work in the kitchen and bakery. They mix and roll bread and prepare pans for the baking. Still others of the Tapp Building look after the lawn. Some help in the mattress factory, steam sterilizer and class rooms. In general, each boy has work to do of which they are very glad. If occasionally difficulties arise concerning their work, this is easily and quickly adjusted.

It is our aim and a step toward our goal to have every minute of each child's time occupied by work, school activities, recreation and other worth while things. After the working and school hours, the major problems arise. Mentally as well as chronologically the Tapp boys vary somewhat. When our new buildings will be opened these boys will be grouped more according to their chronological ages and mental development. The boys need individual attention and because of lack of personnel, this attention cannot be given to the fullest extent.

Recreation constitutes another problem. The boys' views as to answers differ greatly. They want the recreational activities to change frequently. The usual routine games grow stale for boys. Several spend hours listening to radios, some read books and magazines. Still others enjoy listening to the reading of others. Some play checkers and others cards. However, we still have some who are idle when it comes to recreation. We need more books, magazines, toys, tools and various other material which could be used for recreational purposes. We are in need of greater diversity of entertainment and increased facilities for recreation. All Tapp Building has for the winter months is a radio, ping-pong set with a table, checkers, magazines, a few books, and two decks of cards.

Miss Irene Smith,
Mr. Carl Higgins,
Mr. Hugh Fisher,
Matron and Attendants
of Tapp Building.

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SOME EXPLANATIONS

Very often we have this question asked us—What do the boys and girls at Caswell do when they reach the age of 21? Unless someone wants to adopt them or hire them, or they go home to their parents, they stay right on at Caswell Training School. If they can get a home equally as good as Caswell, a home with proper supervision and a home that the Welfare Officers will vouch for in every respect, then we agree to a trial. The superintendent of Caswell and his advisors truly feel that the children of the school are our children, because they have been intrusted to our care and we have assumed the responsibility for their care, health and happiness. Of course, just as it happens in the best of homes, we have sickness and accidents. When sickness or accidents occur, they have the best of attention regardless of expenses as far as we are able; the same as they would have in the best of homes.

Yearly, less than one half of one per cent of our boys and girls leave for homes after they are admitted to Caswell. We often are asked this question—How long does it take to cure a child at Caswell? They are not sick. The mentally sick are carried to Goldsboro if they are colored; if white, they are carried to Raleigh Mental hospital or Morganton Mental hospital. Caswell is a training school. Children are brought here for training.

Someone asks why is Caswell asking for $214,587 for next fiscal year and $184,853 for next year when you only had $163,000 for last year and $132,000 this year?

There are at least three reasons for this increase:

(1) We will have 33 1-3 per cent more children next year and every year after.

(2) Prices in the last three years have advanced, as everyone knows. This will mount up when multiplied by 850 daily.

(3) Repairs and replacements that have been needed badly for several years have reached the point if not attended to at once, will cause the state several times the amount we are asking for at this time.

This question is often asked—Do the children at Caswell do any work that amounts to anything? Yes, they do. During a year they do 659,190 hours at two cents an hour (low enough). I think their work amounts to $13,183.50 yearly.

F. M. Register, M.D., Superintendent.

SCHOOL NEWS

Caswell's Assembly

Wednesday morning is a favorite in our school department, as it is the time of our assembly programs. These are greatly enjoyed both by the children and the staff. The responsibility for carrying out these programs is taken by different classes each week. Some interesting ones have been presented this fall. The following program carried out during Armistice Day is an illustration of one happy Wednesday morning:

Flag Salute ....School
Meaning of Armistice Day........................Mrs. Barnes
America My Own—Composed by Mrs. L. K. Wooten, music teacher at Caswell Training School.
Star Spangled Banner...............................School Band
October Songs.........................Primary Class of Girls
Reading of two Uncle Remus' Stories.......................................Primary Class of Girls
Duet: Larborad Watch..................Louise and Madge
The Father of the Land We Love.......................School
America ....School Band

Thanksgiving Play

Miss Hill's Intermediate class of girls is preparing a play, "Gift of the Thanksgiving Fairies," for the special Thanksgiving program which will be held on November 25. For this occasion the school is also busy learning some new songs. How happy the children are in expectation of the Thanksgiving celebration!

Chapel Service

On Sunday mornings the children go to the auditorium for the chapel service. These services are opened with a hymn and the Lord's Prayer, which is followed by a special musical number. The teacher in charge reads and tells a Bible Story. The service is closed with a hymn and the Benediction.

MENTAL CONDITION OF C. T. S. CHILDREN

(Concluded from Page 5)

development of an eight-year-old normal child, he is capable of the same amount of reasoning as that eight-year-old child. Therefore, it is important to remember that our children, as well as all subnormal people, differ from normal or average individuals only in degree and not by being totally different. This causes some of our visitors to state that many of our children appear to them healthy and normal.

—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

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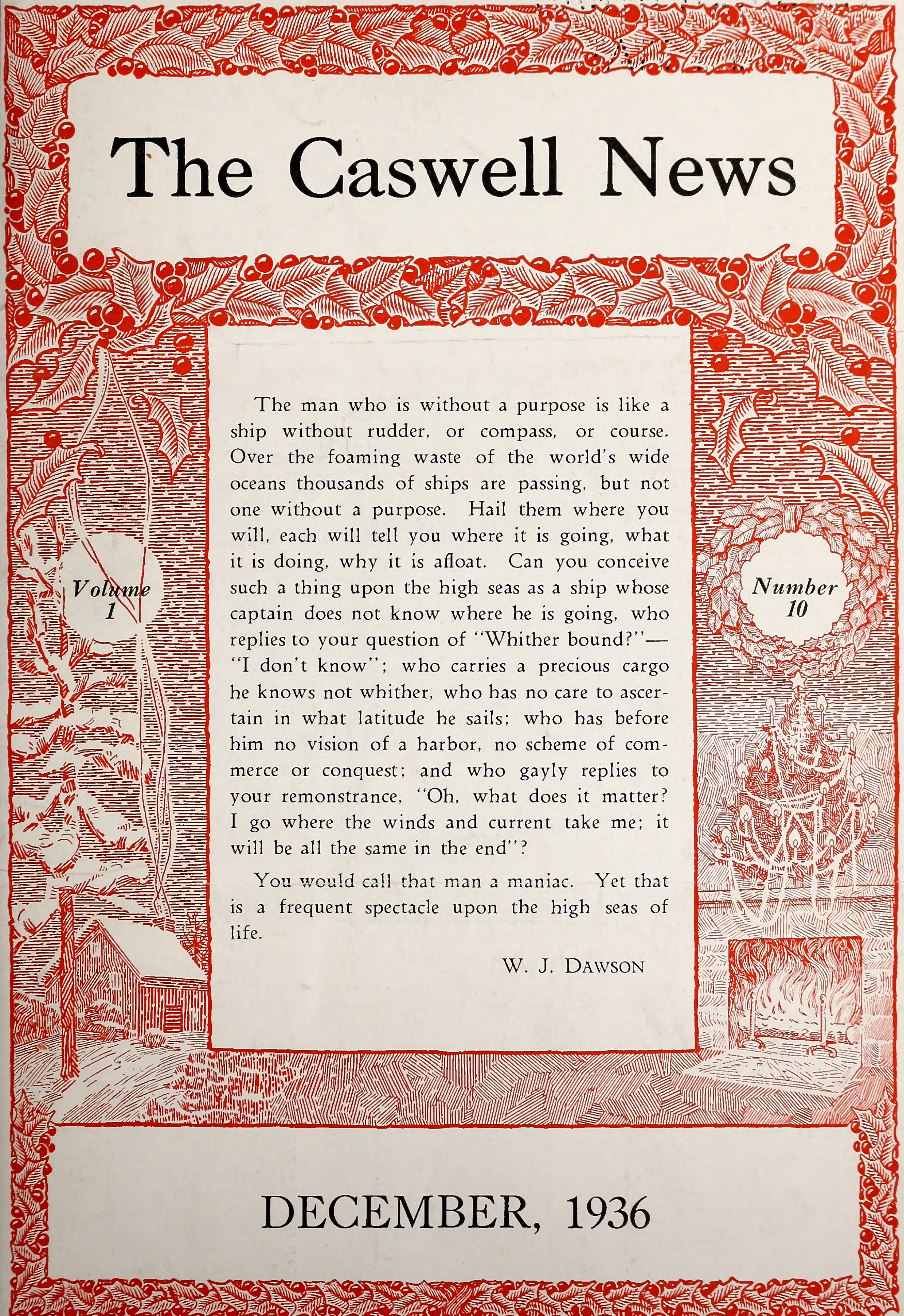

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The man who is without a purpose is like a ship without rudder, or compass, or course. Over the foaming waste of the world's wide oceans thousands of ships are passing, but not one without a purpose. Hail them where you will, each will tell you where it is going, what it is doing, why it is afloat. Can you conceive such a thing upon the high seas as a ship whose captain does not know where he is going, who replies to your question of "Whither bound?"—"I don't know"; who carries a precious cargo he knows not whither, who has no care to ascertain in what latitude he sails; who has before him no vision of a harbor, no scheme of commerce or conquest; and who gayly replies to your remonstrance, "Oh, what does it matter? I go where the winds and current take me; it will be all the same in the end"?

You would call that man a maniac. Yet that is a frequent spectacle upon the high seas of life.

W. J. Dawson

DECEMBER, 1936

CHILDREN'S PAGE

REINDEER MISCHIEF

By NATALIE McGRATH

BLITZEN had behaved very well until the first of December. Then all of a sudden he decided to go into Santa's workshop. The first terrible thing he did was to lap the paint from a doll's face. Santa had put a great deal of care into making that doll for she was to go to a little girl who was ill in the hospital.

Christmas eve came and all the reindeer were harnessed and waiting for Santa.

"Have you all of your bags, dear?" asked Mrs. Santa.

"Yes, we have everything and are on our way to wish the world a very Merry Christmas," answered jolly old Santa.

"Hump," said Blitzen to himself, "and hump again."

The red paint had had a bad effect upon his disposition. Off they sped and up, up, up they sailed through the air. Blitzen was going along beautifully when he suddenly wondered what Vixen would do if he, Blitzen, should bite his tail.

"Not very hard," thought Blitzen to himself. "Just enough to make him jump."

And as they hurried along that winter's night, Blitzen reached out his funny warm nose and bit Vixen's tail—hard. Vixen jumped, then he kicked Donder, who in turn kicked the sleigh, upsetting it. Over it went and down it went, Santa, toys and all. Fortunately they all landed in a soft snowbank. Santa picked his snowy self up, put the toys back in the sleigh and off they started once again.

The first house they came to was a lovely old farm house. Santa and the reindeer made a beautiful landing on the roof.

"Now while I am gone see that you behave!" said Santa, and down the chimney he went. As soon as he was out of sight, Blitzen started trouble again.

"Dum - dum, diddle - dum - dum! See what I can do!" he snorted, and he crossed his front legs, stamped his hind ones and sat down kerplunk on the roof.

"Here, here," shouted Santa, as he came up the chimney. "What is the meaning of all this noise? It sounded like an earthquake. I thought every moment that the roof would cave in. If you can't stand still on the tops of the houses I shall most certainly leave you on the ground."

Santa knew that this would be a dreadful punishment for them all as they were very proud of being able to stand on the tops of houses.

The next house had a slanting roof with a peak at the top, and when Santa had gone down the chimney that mischievous Blitzen promptly sat down again, kerplunk, snorting his favorite song, dum-dum-diddle-de-dum. The first thing he knew he had started to slide and he couldn't get up quickly enough to prevent sliding all the way to the ground. Over the roof he went, dragging the sleigh and his seven brothers with him. Out of the chimney came Santa and leaned over the peak of the roof to call them.

"I'm just about tired of your nonsense tonight" said he. "Now you will stay on the ground."

P. W. KRUETZFELDT

And when in the country, they stopped at another farm house; that is just where Santa left them.

"Sniff-sniff, sniff-sniff!" A spicy smell reached the nose of Blitzen.

Inch by inch he moved over to the window and stuck his head right in. He proceeded to devour everything in sight. He ate so rapidly that the other deer could only stare and wonder. Pies, cakes, tarts, jelly and jam all went down with lightning speed. When he had finished he licked his lips, turned around and pushed back to the place Santa had left them. When Santa came out, there they were as quiet as mice.

"Well, now, that's fine," called Santa in a cheery voice. "See how much better things are when you behave!"

Now we all know that it isn't the best thing in the world to run after we have eaten a great many sweets. Blitzen soon learned this and began feeling very ill indeed.

"Blitzen cannot have anything to eat," said Santa after their visit around the world, "and he must go right into the barn. And I fear he cannot go with me next Christmas."

And now indeed was Blitzen a sadder and a wiser reindeer.

Now, my dear children, I know that you all love Blitzen. You must, for he is a lovable old fellow. When you hear the deer on the roof Christmas eve it is always Blitzen's hoofs you hear, because he always stamps harder than is necessary. And when you hear the bells you can always hear Blitzen's above the rest, no one knows why. Just because he is Blitzen, I suppose, and likes to give an extra stamp and an extra shake whenever possible. He will be sadly missed next Christmas eve unless—I have it! Let's all write a note to Santa and ask him to forgive poor mischievous Blitzen before next Christmas has a chance to come around. I'm sure Santa will forgive him.

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Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

EDITORIAL

A GREATER CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

By a greater Caswell Training School we do not mean a larger Caswell Training School, because our school for 850 children will be a unit large enough to do good work. When we get into our new buildings, which I hope will be soon, we will have a population of 850. What we really mean by a greater Caswell Training School is a school better equipped to do better work than we have been doing. On account of the run-down conditions of the whole plant, we are compelled to put too much of our funds into repairs and replacements in order to hold the school together. We have not been able to get as much new equipment as is necessary to carry out the functions as contemplated by the legislature that made it possible for the state to have a school such as Caswell Training School. If the state needed such a school 24 years ago, it is more surely needed now, because our living conditions are many times more complex than they have ever been. We have now reached the place where we have passed the experimental stage for caring for mentally retarded children and we have some definite standards for their care and we have certain goals to reach.

Twenty-four years ago, caring for society's misfits was more or less experimental, especially in North Carolina. Those who founded and carried on this wonderful work at Caswell Training School had the training and vision of a Columbus sailing out on uncharted seas, looking for something that would help make glorious his native land and find something most wonderful, a new world. The pioneers of Caswell Training School left for us who are trying to carry on, a wonderful heritage. From their experiments, from their trial and errors, we now have a definite knowledge of what can and what cannot be done and a definite program. It is estimated that in North Carolina there are at least 65,000 mentally deficient people with an I. Q. (intelligence quotient) below 70, one hundred is the standard. It is estimated that 3300 need institutional care. We know from what information we have now that this is a conservative estimate.

We have asked the legislature for a most conservative amount of money to carry on and enough to make some improvements in our work. If we are allowed this amount and prices of food, clothing, etc., do not go too high above present prices, we believe we cannot only carry on but make marked improvements. We have acted honestly in our requests. We did not ask for more than we expected to get, in order to take care of cuts and paring down of institutional requests. We asked for only what we needed and most certainly expect to get it. We know that the incoming legislature is composed of honest, thinking and sympathetic individuals and they will be the same collectively. All we ask of the new legislature is to come and see for themselves and at the same time let us have an opportunity to go into detail about the needs of this rather young institution.

F. M. Register, M. D., Superintendent

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A DEMONSTRATION CLINIC AT THE C. T. S.

Professor Wiley B. Sanders, of the Sociology Department of the U. N. C. at Chapel Hill, with a class of 25 students, visited the Caswell Training School, Wednesday, November 18. Mr. George H. Lawrence, the Superintendent of Public Welfare of Orange County, who also teaches social case work at Chapel Hill, accompanied the group.

The group was taken to the school auditorium where Miss Edith Wladkowski, the psychologist, arranged a clinic showing some different types of retarded children, who are residents in this school. Many of the regular staff members were present at the clinic, which was substituted for the weekly case conference. After a short resume of the set-up and the aims of the Training School, emphasizing the type of training given here, Miss Wladkowski discussed a new admission in the usual way, giving the information which the staff needs to help the child most effectively.

Next, a child was shown whose retardation was caused by a birth injury due to cerebral hemorrhage, resulting in spastic paralysis and mental retardation. A boy with the Parkinsonian syndrome following encephalitis was next discussed. This boy has made marked improvement due to the administration of stramonium and the re-education which he has received in the psychological department. Dr. Mike Lee gave a short description of the effect of this medication.

A case of mongolianism and one of cretinism were shown with a brief history of these types of subnormals and the possible glandular disturbances involved. A case of hydrocephalus, commonly called

(Concluded on page 5)

The Heroism of Kate Shelley

TRANSCONTINENTAL passengers speeding east or west in luxurious limiteds now cross the Des Moines river, if they travel over the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, on a fine new span of stone and steel, one of the longest and highest of its kind in the west. It is situated between the towns of Boone and Ogden and at almost the exact geographic center of the state of Iowa. It has been named the Kate Shelley bridge, and while perhaps few of the transcontinental tourists know or care, it is a monument to an outstanding act of heroism of an Irish section foreman's daughter.

While the newspapers were filled with stories of the brave deed of Kate Shelley forty-six years ago, it has been made a part of the archives of the Iowa State Historical Society, and the grateful railroad company has perpetuated her name with its bands of steel and piers of stone, few of the younger generation stop today to think of what the name means.

The Shelley family lived in 1881 in a cottage beside the tracks in the valley of Honey Creek, about half a mile from the Des Moines River. It consisted of the widow and several little children of Michael J. Shelley, an immigrant from Tipperary, who had died three years before.

The family, poor and fatherless, continued to live on in the home provided for its section foreman by the railroad company, doing its best to keep the wolf from the door. Of the little flock of children, Kate, then fifteen, was the oldest.

Late in the afternoon of July 6, 1881, a violent storm swept through the Des Moines Valley. It had been raining for days, but this downpour was heavier than the rest and accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning flashes.

Honey Creek became a raging torrent. The rising waters threatened the Shelley stable half way down the slope, where the cattle had taken refuge. Kate, who had been watching the storm from a window, dashed out, let out the horse and cows to shift for themselves and rescued the little pigs.

There was no sleep for the Shelleys that night. The creek was filled with uprooted trees and fence posts and kept on rising. It must have been 11 o'clock when Kate and her mother heard the rumble of a train crossing the Des Moines river bridge.

It was a pusher engine, with a crew of four men, which helped heavy trains up the grade on either side of the river. The pusher had been ordered to run between Boone and Ogden and look out for trouble where embankments had been undermined and bridge piling loosened.

The locomotive came backing down the track to the eastward, brakeman and section foreman standing on the running board of the tender peering into the gloom, the engineer and fireman on their boxes. Kate heard the bell toll as the engine slowly went on its way, then suddenly a horrible crash and a fierce hissing of steam as the engine plunged through the broken Honey Creek bridge with its crew into twenty-five feet of rapid, swirling water.

The midnight express from the west was due in less than an hour. Against the entreaties of her mother, Kate, attired in an old skirt and jacket and straw hat, improvised a lantern by hanging a little miner's lamp in the frame of an old railroad lantern and started out into the night. Unable because of the flood to go directly to the tracks and thence to the fallen bridge, she climbed the bluff back of the house, made a semi-circular detour, struck the wagon road through a cut in the bluffs, followed it to the tracks and then ran to the broken bridge.

There she saw by the lightning flashes two men of the engine crew clinging to treetops. The other two had gone down to death with the engine. So she turned westward and hastened toward Moingona, a mile and a quarter away, to flag the express. But the long wooden bridge across the Des Moines, trembling with the rush of waters, lay between her and the village.

Kate ran, stumbled and crawled along the track in the rain and darkness, wondering if she should be caught on the bridge by the express, or if the engineer should fail to see her tiny light and rush on to destruction. The gust of wind threatened to put out the lantern every minute.

When she reached the bridge the water was swirling among the ties, almost up to the rails. She dropped to her knees and crawled slowly and laboriously over the ties, spaced far apart and studded with spikes to discourage pedestrians from using it as a short-cut.

Now and then her dress caught on a spike or gouged her flesh. Halfway across a huge tree was dashed by the current against the structure, its roots sweeping a spot where she had passed a moment before. Every minute seemed an hour, but at last she felt the solid ground beneath her. She stopped a moment to recover her breath, then set out on a run to the station, a quarter of a mile away.

How she got there she was never able to tell clearly afterward. "The girl's crazy!" she remembered hearing someone say. Then someone recognized her as Mike Shelley's daughter. The whistle of the express from the west was heard as it slowed up to enter the yards outside the town. The train, not scheduled to stop there, was flagged, and the conductor and engineer heard her story. A crew with ropes and rigging went to the rescue of the two trainmen in the tree, guided by Kate Shelley.

The excitement kept up for several days. Kate was overwhelmed with gifts from the grateful passengers on the express. Reporters came from Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha and elsewhere, and the story of her deed was flashed far and wide. Then several days later her strength gave way, the strain had been too great, and for three months was confined to her bed.

Poems were written about her and she was showered with letters in praise of her heroism. The school children of Dubuque gave her a gold medal. The Chicago Tribune raised a fund for the Shelley family. The Iowa legislature of 1882 passed an appropriation to give her a gold medal suitably inscribed and $200 in cash. A drinking fountain dedicated to her was erected in a Dubuque park. The employees of the Chicago and Northwestern presented a fine gold watch and chain to her and the company gave her a pass for life over the road. The trains always stopped to let her off at the humble cottage in which she lived until her death. The company provided for her funeral

A DEMONSTRATION CLINIC AT THE C. T. S.

(Concluded from Page 3)

"water on the brain," was shown, with a short discussion of the causes and the treatment which has been tried with such children. This case has a head circumference of 29¼ inches, although the boy is only seven years old and very small physically. A microcephalic (small head) with a circumference of 17 inches, was brought in with him to emphasize the difference. Finally, the three levels of mental retardation; the idiot, the imbecile, and the moron were demonstrated in order that the group might realize that mental retardation is relative and that these children, like all people, vary only in degree of mental development.

At the end of the clinic the class asked a number of psychological and sociological questions pertaining to the parole of the children and other matters. The need of well trained and understanding social workers in this state for a good parole system was discussed. The group was then escorted about the institution, visiting the dormitories, the craft department, and various shops where the children work.

Dorothy Gray, Junior Psychologist

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HOSPITAL WORK AT THE CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

We have been asked by visitors whether we do any medical work in this institution. We not only do occasional medical work, but we have a very well set up hospital with a physician and six nurses. Nurses take turn to serve on night duty, rotating each month.

Having almost 650 children and near to 100 employees, it is to be expected that there will always be some patients in the hospital, the number varying of course, with different times and conditions, just as it is true of any community. On the average, the hospital has between 35 and 40 patients at any given time. This does not mean that these people are all seriously ill. A number of our children are constantly brought over to the hospital because they may be in need of rest and special attention so they may become physically stronger. A few of our patients suffer from chronic ailments and it is best for them to stay in the hospital where they could receive the continuous medical treatment required.

Each new child brought to the institution is placed in the hospital so that a careful check-up could be made of his physical condition. The child usually stays in the hospital for a few days, during which time the physician makes his examination including laboratory work. The psychologist, too, examines the child while he is in the hospital. Once a week, at the case conference, the physical condition of the new child is reported, along with psychological, sociological and other data pertaining to the child. It is felt that such information given to those who deal with the children, will be of help in the understanding and the training of them.

While the hospital at Caswell is well equipped for general medical work and minor operations, we do not have the facilities for major operations. Consequently, surgical cases are taken to a hospital in town.

Twice a week there is also a dental clinic in the hospital. Whenever possible, the dentist examines the condition of the teeth of each child. He also makes smears for vincent and other gum conditions. Diseased teeth and gums are treated.

Mrs. C. A. Lehman, R. N., Head Nurse

A FEW EXPLANATORY REMARKS ON INTELLIGENCE TESTING

I was asked to write an article in order to explain some of the terminology used in diagnosing people's intellectual development. For an understanding of these and other matters in connection with intelligence testing, it is essential that one should have the knowledge of the different test materials used and the history and standardization of such tests. This information cannot easily and adequately be given in an article of this kind. An attempt will, therefore, be made to explain briefly a few terms which are constantly found in the reports of clinical psychologists.

Mental age, spoken of as the M. A. in abbreviated form, signifies the intellectual status of an individual at the time of the examination, irrespective of the person's actual or chronological age. The latter is usually referred to as the C. A. The mental age of a just normal child is the same or approximately the same as his chronological age. The mental age of a retarded child is lower than his chronological age; and the mental age of a superior child is higher than his chronological age.

However, the two terms, mental age and chronological age, when considered separately, have little significance. They must be considered in relationship to each other. For example, "one year retarded" means different things at different ages. Thus a two-year-old child who is one year retarded is definitely feeble-minded, while a six-year-old child who is one year retarded is merely dull.

The intelligence quotient, generally referred to as the I. Q., expresses the intellectual quality of an individual. Simply, this is the ratio of chronological age to mental age. The quotient is obtained by dividing the latter by the former (M.A./C.A.=I.Q.) A child of just eight years with exactly the same mental age has an intelligence quotient of 100. If another child of the same chronological age but having a mental age of just four, has an intelligence quotient of 50. While the mental age changes as the child grows older, the intelligence quotient remain constant. And so, for determining the future prospects of children, the intelligence quotient assumes greatest importance.

As to the significance of the different numerical findings, individuals with an I. Q. of over 110 are superior; those with 110 to 90 are normal or average; those with 90 to 80 are dull; and those with 80 to 70 are borderline. Those having an intelligence quotient of 70 and below are feeble-minded. Of this group, those with I. Q.'s ranging between 70 and 50 are morons; those with 50 to 25 or 20 are imbeciles; and those with I. Q.'s below 20 are idiots.

While the intelligence quotient, mental age and chronogolical age are important, there are various other factors besides numerical findings which must be taken into consideration before a diagnosis can be made. For this and other reasons, people with lack of training in clinical psychology are discouraged in their attempts sometimes to diagnose individuals' general intelligence.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist

Interesting . . . Bits of . . .
FACTS *and* HUMOR

DECEMBER HOROSCOPE

Many things that puzzle the average person are easily understood by those born in December. They also have creative minds and are successful in varied fields of art. They have the power of saying pleasing things, and becoming social leaders without effort. A broad understanding makes them successful in large undertakings. They love deeply and return affection when it is sincere.

To make their appearance smart and chic, they should give more than ordinary attention to dress.

Before starting any career they should be certain it is one that suits their qualifications. A hasty marriage is not advisable. Careful deliberation and thought will win its own reward, and bring happiness and the respect of all.

The birthstone is turquoise. The flower is the narcissus.

* * *

Check Room Attendant: "Did you get the right coat and hat?"

Slightly Intoxicated: "No, but thanksh a lot."

* * *

PUT ON THE OLD THINKING CAP

1. Is a gambling contract or wager enforceable?
2. What is meant by senility?
3. What disease very frequently causes heart disease?
4. During what season of the year is the mortality highest?
5. In adult life which is better: 20 per cent overweight or 20 per cent underweight?
6. In which state of the Union was Abraham Lincoln born?

(Answers Elsewhere on This Page)

Smile when you are turned down and you'll come up with a smile.

December
© bbs

Our Wish for Your Christmas Journey

★

Leave for the town of

JOYVILLE

On the Christmas Day Express,
The train leaves Christmas
Morning from the station,
Happiness. The first
Stop is at

TREE TOWN

Get out, and stretch yourself.
You'll find gifts hanging from
The trees, and stockings
From the Shelf.
And then at

FRIENDLY JUNCTION

Your train will come to rest; here
You get out to meet and greet
The folks you like the best
And now you come to

TURKEY-BURG

The best stop on the line; here
Mince pie and the fixin's
Make a jolly place to dine.
Your journey ends at

FIRE PLACE

You get there Christmas night;
With your dear ones all about
You to make your Christmas
Bright. For all these
Stops are

JOYVILLE

Our wishes took you there; and
If your trip was happy, why,
You've more than paid
the fare.

THE ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESSION, "BLOWING YOUR OWN HORN"

The coming of knights into the lists at tournaments was announced with a great blare of trumpets, so folk began to use this expression to indicate boasting.

* * *

BIOGRAPHY OF P. T. BARNUM

It was Barnum who brought the Swedish opera singer, Jenny Lind, to the United States under a fabulous contract for the famous concerts at Castle Garden.

Barnum lost fortunes as easily as he made them. His museum and his circus were both destroyed by fire, but he always came back with a greater and more successful one. His eighty-one years were filled with rich experiences. Few people have enjoyed life as thoroughly as he did.

Barnum was born in Connecticut. He loved publicity and ballyhoo. He was a showman by nature, but scrupulously honest. He liked to humbug people. His was the saying, "There's a fool born every minute." In his "American Museum" in New York he exhibited the Feejee mermaid, Tom Thumb, the midget, and the odd assortment of animals that he brought to our country, proved his statement by earning a fortune for him. He was born in 1810 and died in 1891.

* * *

THE ANSWERS

1. No.
2. Decrepit old age.
3. Rheumatism.
4. Early spring.
5. Twenty per cent underweight.
6. Kentucky.

A healthful hunger for an idea is the advance agent of achievement.

CHRISTMAS AT CASWELL

Somehow, the words "Christmas," "Children" and "Giving" are so very much associated that it is hard to think of one and not the other two. Just so it is at Caswell. Christmas time is a happy time here. For years the Philathea and Baraca classes of North Carolina have made it so with lovely packages which they have sent to each "forgotten" child.

About Thanksgiving time a message goes out to the different buildings: "Please begin your Christmas lists and write your Christmas letters." From then on, the air is alive with expectations, and any wayward ones need only the reminder, "Santa is watching!"

A week before Christmas a load of fir trees is brought and distributed among the buildings. With hammers and nails, boxes and kegs, the boys do their part putting the trees in place. Each living room soon becomes a scene of Christmas wreaths, lights and trees. From then on, there is not a moment to lose, for a friendly rivalry exists to see which building can have the prettiest tree and best decorated room. All Caswell bedecks itself for the festive occasion. A large tree is placed in front of the hospital and lighted. The dining rooms and Central building become evergreened and shiny.

Neither is the religious side forgotten. The school children put on a beautiful song festival and pageant which is worth coming miles to see and hear. The story of the Christ Child is retold in song and story form. For weeks, each teacher has been instilling the reason we call it "Christmas" and why we give gifts. In the craft department, many of the boys and girls have been making Christmas gifts to send away or exchange with each other. Our children are very happy when giving to those they love.

Then on Christmas Eve, when the packages begin to arrive, when there is the crackling and crunching of the paper, when exclamations of surprise come from the grown-ups, everyone is simply urged to get up and take a peep! The grown-ups, weary as they may be, shed happiness and good cheer among the children. Strange as it may seem, not a single matron or attendant asks to be relieved at Christmas time.

Christmas morning and what a sight! Beautifully wrapped packages, bags of candy, oranges, apples and nuts are there. The decorated trees add to all these. In short, every single child is remembered, thanks to the good church people and our other friends.

Mrs. Fannie Harlan,
Supervisor, Boys and Girls

NOTE OF APPRECIATION

We are deeply grateful to Mrs. R. L. Crisp for the beautiful books she gave the Caswell library. There are about 75 of them. We have long wanted "Uncle Remus," "William Green Hill", "Billy and the Major" which are among them. We are also delighted with the lovely series on Art Education.

Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal

SCHOOL NEWS

OUR NEW SCHOOL BUILDING

Caswell is indeed fortunate in having a lovely new school building. This structure, with a beautiful auditorium and six class rooms, will fill a long-felt need.

The school department is on tiptoe, so to speak, to get into the new building. It is hoped that all equipment will be in place and ready for use soon after Christmas.

All the academic rooms will be provided with special equipment for hand work, in addition to regular class room desks, etc. Some will have looms and sewing machines and all will have work benches and tools.

The craft room will be in the school building for the first time since the organization of the school. It will be supplied with work benches and tools sufficient to do simple wood work. We will also have a new sewing machine and electric iron. Our old looms are still good and will be used in the new building.

The domestic science department, which has struggled into existence with practically nothing to work with, is soon to have a sewing machine, an electric iron, an electric refrigerator, a new stove and sufficient cooking utensils and china to teach cooking and housework.

The music department is rejoicing over a new piano and new steel chairs.

The auditorium is really beautiful, and I am sure every one will be delighted when we begin to use it.

Mrs. Ethel Hughes, Craft Teacher

* * *

THE KINDERGARTEN

The Kindergarten is moving along. Great interest is shown with the sewing cards. But the most popular activity is mounting pictures. Just now everyone wants to do a picture of Santa Claus. Some of the boys have given their picture a kiss of love and welcome. We are very proud that Miss Edith is going to take some of the Kindergarten work to New York with her for her little nieces; some pictures and a black mammy doll which Sara made. Sara is making a beautiful rag doll now, with large, blue eyes and golden hair. The children were each given a bag of peanuts and some home-made candy for Thanksgiving. The boys get a great thrill hammering and sewing.

Mrs. Wilbur Dawson, Kindergarten Teacher

* * *

OUR CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Besides the chapel programs every Wednesday and Sunday, the school department gives two big programs each year to which the public is invited. These programs, one at Christmas time and one in the spring, are under the direction of the music teacher.

For our Christmas program this year, we will have a cantata-pageant. The cantata selected is Alfred Wooler's "Hosannah in the Highest." Along with the beautiful music of the cantata there will be explanatory scripture reading and living pictures of the nativity, posed for by members of the school, in costume in an illuminated frame. The pictures will be under the direction of Mrs. Hughes, our arts and

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crafts teacher. The music is under the direction of Mrs. Wooten, our music teacher.

The music of the cantata will be interspersed with Christmas carols sung in four parts, by the glee club. Those taking solo parts in the music are: Louise, Madge, Virginia, Eddie and Roy. Those who will pose for the pictures are as follows: Mary, Vivian, Joseph, James. Angel: Emily; Shepherds: Tommie, Garland, George, Justin. Wise men: Brownie, Floyd and Tommie.

Mrs. Ben Barnes, Principal

———o———

EXPRESSION OF APPRECIATION By a Student of Caswell Training School

This is my opinion of Caswell Training School. I am proud to say that I think there is not another institution in the United States that is as grand as dear old Caswell Training School.

I have been a student of Caswell Training School for nearly eight years. Dr. Dixon was superintendent here then, but I think since Dr. Register came here, there has been a big change made. And since Mrs. Harlan, the supervisor of the boys and girls, came, there has been a change also. Dr. Register and Mrs. Harlan have made arrangements to let part of the boys and girls go to the theater in town every Saturday. Most of the boys and girls look forward to it each Saturday. Another thing that the boys and girls look forward to are the dates. Every other Tuesday night, under the supervision of Mrs. Harlan, the boys and girls have the privilege of having dates in the Central building, which they enjoy very much.

I work in the mattress factory with my attendant, Mr. Troy Taylor. I like my work lots because once I was not able to work or do anything because when I was twelve years old, I had a spell of sickness that the doctors called the sleeping sickness. I slept three weeks and four days, and after I awakened I had a light stroke of paralysis. I was not able to do anything until two years ago, when Dr. Lee got me some medicine and I have been improving ever since. So you see, that is why I enjoy my work so much.

Before I started taking this medicine, which is called Stramonium leaves, it was difficult for me to walk or talk. I felt drowsy all the time and I just lay around because I felt bad. But the second day I took this medicine I felt like a new man. This was back on January 23, 1935, and I have improved so much in the past two years that now I can do almost anything I want to. It isn't difficult for me to walk any more and I have good use of my hands. I can take a jack-knife and carve most anything. I think I can do sculpture work pretty good, if I do say so myself.

Miss Edith, our psychologist, is training me to talk more plainly and to use my hands better. I am rapidly gaining control over my speech and the use of the hands. And Miss Edith has also made arrangements with Mrs. Barnes, the principal of the school department, for me to go back to school and to learn more things, and for me to learn to play the piano, under the direction of Mrs. Wooten.

So, when I get through with all these things, I think I have done a good day's work.

John

John wrote this article without receiving any help. He is quite right in saying that when he gets through doing all the things, he has "done a good day's work." John is busy all the time and enjoys every minute of it. He takes great delight, and so do we all, over the continuous improvements which he is making.—E. W.

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The Caswell News

Volume
1

Number
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Success

HE HAS achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

—BESSIE A. STANLEY

JANUARY, 1937

Children's Page

GRANDMA MATHEWS' STORY

DOROTHY, a little neighbor girl, had come over to play with Myrtle for an hour. It was raining outside, so the girls gathered their dolls and other toys before the fireplace to play. Grandmother was sitting close by in her favorite corner, knitting a shawl which she was making for a lady who was a dear friend.

"Oh, grandma," called Myrtle, "you promised to tell us a story today. Do tell us now while we play." And then grandma took off her spectacles, dropped her knitting in her lap, and folded her hands so that she could think better. "When I was a girl not much bigger than you," she began, while the girls drew their chairs up closer, "I looked forward to Christmas just as you do. We didn't have very much to spend for presents, away off there in the woods, miles and miles from any town; but our hearts were always filled with cheer anyway. We had a good time, too. I remember mother always made a big, steamy, plum pudding for dinner, and the boys brought in the prettiest little fir tree they could find in the woods. There was always plenty of holly for decorations. We didn't have any of this shiny tinsel stuff. I don't know but that our strings of popcorn and red berries were about as pretty, though."

"Wouldn't it be fun," interrupted Myrtle, "to have a really and truly fir tree right fresh from the woods for Christmas, and on which we could hang our toys and other gifts?"

"Yes, they grew thick all about the old farm," continued grandma. "This particular month, Brother John had gone to the city, and we didn't expect him back for a long, long time. Traveling was slow in those days. I was sort of lonesome without him, because before he had always been with us on Christmas. We went ahead and planned things as usual, and tried to forget that he was gone. But, somehow, it didn't seem like Christmas. We hadn't even heard from him for two weeks. Just as we were about to sit down to dinner on Christmas, we heard the dogs barking outdoors."

"It was Uncle John, wasn't it, grandma?" asked Myrtle.

"Yes, it was your Uncle John. He was almost as glad to get home as we were to have him again. I don't remember much more about the dinner or anything else but one thing, and that was the big package that he brought for me all tied up in soft tissue paper and bright Christmas ribbon. We didn't have things like that to fix our presents up much in those those days, and it was new to me. Inside was a new pair of the prettiest red mittens you ever saw and a red scarf to match. I'll never forget how I liked them.

"I had a little playmate, too," grandma continued. "We had good times together just as you girls do, only we lived quite a long way apart and didn't have much chance to play. Soon after Christmas I walked over the hills to see Sarah. I was wearing my red mittens and scarf to show her. When I reached the top of the last hill, what do you suppose I saw?"

After a flood of guesses and questions, grandma continued her story.

"Sarah's house was burning down. Her father and mother were working desperately to save things, and one of the little boys was running for help. But it was of no use. They couldn't put the fire out. I don't remember much else about it, only I can still see Sarah sobbing, 'Oh, my nice Christmas presents are all burned up, and I haven't anything to wear!'

"When I thought of all the things I had I wanted to give her something right then. I didn't have anything with me but my treasured red mittens and scarf, but I pulled them off without any hesitation and laid them in her lap. Sarah was so happy over them I never told her they were my Christmas presents."

"But you must have hated to give them to her when they were your very own new ones, didn't you?" asked Dorothy.

"No, girls, I felt really happy over it. Besides, when my brother John heard what I had done with his gifts, he sent me another set for my birthday the next month."

The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

THIS AND NEXT MONTH'S ISSUES OF THE CASWELL NEWS

Each one of us had tried to make our children happy for Christmas. It seems that we had more than succeeded in our attempts. To our children, trees, decorations and gifts meant much joy and happiness. The articles in this and next month's issues of the Caswell News on the ocurrences during Christmas are no more than genuine expressions of what these occurrences meant to the children.

CHRISTMAS—1936

Some way the real Christmas spirit predominated at Caswell this year more than ever before. Every one caught the idea of giving his best and doing his utmost to make everyone else happy.

Never has one building been prettier or more artistically decorated. The tree and presents looked so bright, red and inviting, 'twas a real effort to wait till Christmas morning to break seals and see!

Everyone felt nearer the Christ-child by attending the beautiful Christmas pageant and listening to our children sing the age-old carols and anthems in the Christmas program given by the school children.

Dr. Register gave the usual treat of a ride over to the city to see the lights and decorations. All the children went even though it took three nights and twelve bus loads to do so. By special invitation each bus load was taken by our Dr. Mike Lee's home and given time to stand and watch the magnificent array of lights! Am sure if Dr. Lee had heard the squeals of delight from our junior ward group he would have been fully repaid for all his efforts!

Even the weather joined in the making this an outstanding Christmas. After weeks of rain came sunshine and a lovely balmy day. The children were out all day and could use all their new toys. Miss Bryant too, tried herself with an "elegant" dinner, turkey dressing, cranberries, mashed potatoes, celery, peas, jello and cake for desert! 'Twas a full and happy day!—Mrs. Fannie Harlan, Supervisor—Boys and Girls.

OUR MONTHLY ALL-STAFF MEETINGS

The "All-Staff"—an organization of all the employees of Caswell Training School—wishes to extend a hearty and cordial invitation to every one to attend our monthly meetings. These are held on the first Monday night of each month at 7:30 in our Central Building. The meetings are both interestingly instructive and pleasantly social and we would like to have you come and enjoy them with us. Won't you come next month and let us welcome you?

Our December meeting was opened by the usual reading of the minutes and several announcements—the most important of which came from Mr. Griffin, who invited us all to participate in a corn shucking festival followed by a barbecue and dance.

Miss Wladkowski then took over the program, continuing with her interesting series of talks on retarded children. According to Miss Wladkowski, while subnormals are generally inferior to normal individuals in all respects, they vary most noticeably in mentality. In other words, while mentally defective people are as a group also inferior from normal people in their physical capacities, they differ most markedly from normals in their mental capacities.

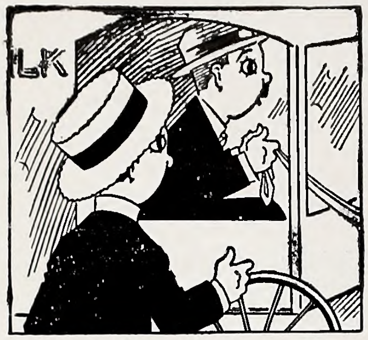
This has a great significance in the education of retarded children. It is fairly easy to adjust the child's work and play to fit his physical condition. But his inferior mentality is a great handicap when we try to teach him subjects which require abstract reasoning and understanding. Miss Wladkowski emphasized that retarded children learn concrete things and our education of them must be based on teaching them concrete habits. We cannot appeal to moral and ethical standards because they cannot comprehend the ideas involved.

Following Miss Wladkowski's talk, which she will continue at our next meeting, we enjoyed a social hour, during which refreshments were served by Mrs. Leonard and her helpers.—Leila S. Crowell, Secretary.

NOTES OF APPRECIATION

We wish to acknowledge our sincere appreciation for the beautiful floral offerings by the superintendent, employees, and children of Caswell Training School as an expression of their sympathy in our bereavement of the death of our husband and father, Emmett Frazier.—Mrs. Rebecca Frazier and Family.

I wish to express my deepest appreciation to the entire staff of Caswell Training School and others for their great sympathy shown me in my sorrow over my father's death.—Edith Wladkowski.



CHANCE TO RISE.

"Why'd yer take a milk-wagon job? There ain't any chance to rise?"

"Believe me there is—at five o'clock every mornin'!"

WHEN DO WE EAT?

Thomas A. Edison is not much given to humor—he is far too busy for that—but he has one pet yarn that he is never tired of repeating.

A man from the country one day came to town and put up at a first-class hotel. He went to the office and asked the clerk what were the times of the meals.

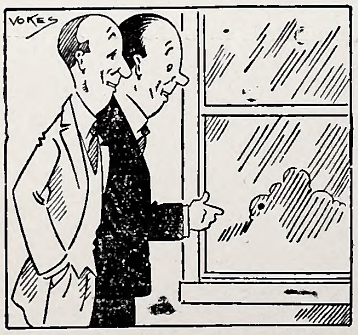
"Breakfast, 7 to 11," answered the clerk; "lunch, 11 to 3; tea, 3 to 6; dinner, 6 to 8; supper, 8 to 12."

"What!" shouted the astonished visitor. "When am I going to get time to see the town?"

H-2-O.

Author (unhappily): "I ought to have been a chemist."

Wife: "Everything I write becomes a drug on the market."

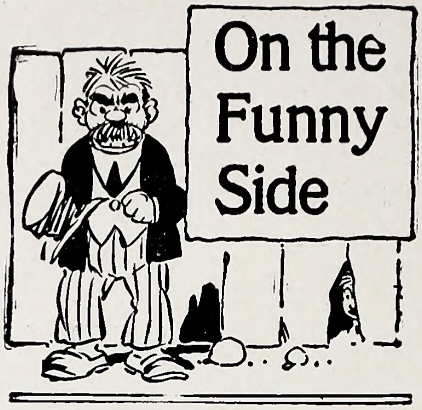


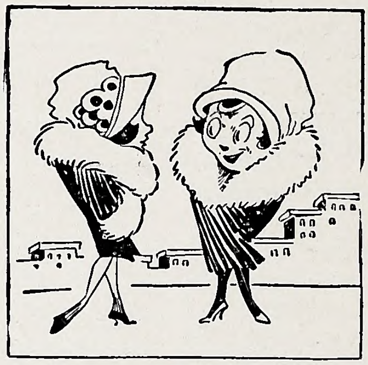
THEY'LL SLEEP EASY.

"This rain's a great comfort to the gardeners."

"But it's coming down in sheets."

"No matter, it will certainly improve the appearance of their bed."

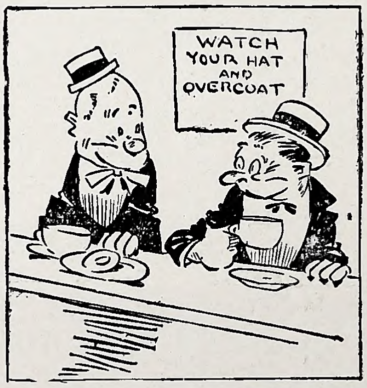




JOLTS AND JARS.

Eva: "Her strength was gained through a vibratory system—jolts, you know."

May: "And her beauty by means of jars."



NOT AS A HOLE.

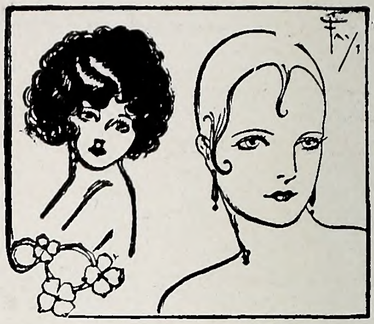
"Don't you think a doughnut makes a pretty good lunch, taken as a whole?"

"Taken as a hole, I think not."

A REAL ALPHONSO.

Polite Stranger (coming to rescue of man pinned beneath upturned car): "Could I assist you? Er—my name is Jones."

Man Below (extending hand): "Thanks, my name is Brown; pardon me for not getting up."



GROWING WONDER.

Kittie: "Isn't it wonderful he said I was charming after seeing me once?"

Kat: "It will be still more wonderful, dear, if he repeats the remark after his next visit."

WAITER, COME QUICK.

In a restaurant a hat fell off a peg and dropped right on top of a piece of pie that was covered with whipped cream.

The owner of the hat called a waiter.

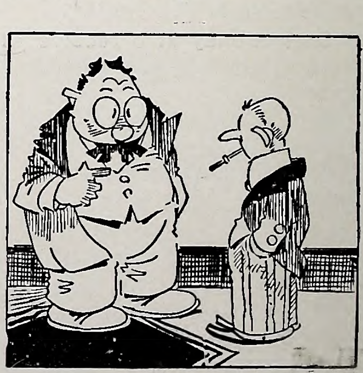
"Well, said the waiter, "what do you want, a new hat or another piece of pie?"

APPLE OR CHERRY?

Tommy: "Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner some place, should I eat a pie with a fork?"

Grandma: "Yes, indeed, Tommy."

Tommy: "You haven't got a pie around the house that I could practice on, have you, grandma?"



DOUBTING HIS JUDGMENT.

Sire: "Remember, my son, in all your dealings honesty is the best policy.

Son: "But, dad, have you tried it enough to be sure?"

MENTAL HYGIENE SOCIETY OF LENOIR COUNTY

The 23rd of November marked the formation of a mental hygiene society in Lenoir County. A large group of people met in the Hotel Kinston as a result of action taken by a committee of ten interested individuals. At that meeting Mr. J. R. Rountree presided and gave a short talk on the purposes of a mental hygiene society. Dr. W. E. Keiter and Miss Edith Wladkowski also spoke on problems and scope of mental hygiene. During the December meeting a constitution was adopted and an executive committee was elected for the year.

At this latter meeting, Miss Elsie Larson, Secretary of the State Mental Hygiene Society, gave a most interesting and instructive review of the interest in mental hygiene work in this state. She stated several facts obtained from the survey made by Dr. Lloyd Thompson during the past year, a few of which are the following: (1) North Carolina ranks 47th among the states in the per capita cost of the care of mentally diseased in state hospitals. The care of such patients are consequently necessarily limited. (2) There is only one institution for mental defectives in this state, and this is only for white patients. This institution is far from sufficient to care for all the feeble-minded in the state. (3) In 1935 there were about 1,000 mental patients in jails and about 200 in county homes. These should have been in mental hospitals. (4) In March, 1936, there were 96 children in jails in this state (5) During the past year there have been 27,734 children in the public schools who were mentally retarded and therefore unable to profit by the usual school curriculum. (6) During this time 26.9 per cent of children in the North Carolina public schools repeated grades.

The above problems and others are the concern of a widespread mental hygiene movement in this state. Aside from the State Society which was formed in May, 1936, three local societies in this state have since been formed, one of which is the Lenoir County Mental Hygiene Society. It is sincerely hoped that this organization may co-operate with the State Society in all its varied activities and that it may also receive all possible assistance from the latter in its own functions.—Edith Wladkowski.

———o———

CHRISTMAS IN THE CARTWRIGHT BUILDING

With seventy-one boys to dress and feed we had a merry time in Cartwright, Christmas morning, getting ready! Our tree had been placed and dressed the night before. How thrilled they were over the lights and bright decorations! They seemed to know what it was all about, especially one of the smaller youngsters, who insisted on being dressed like Santa Claus. We had a suit, which we had made, so after the morning work was finished we dressed him up and let him help give out the packages. He was taken to the other buildings and had such a good time shaking hands with everybody. And the children insisted he was real Santa Claus!—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Murphy.

Local Items

We deeply regret the death of Mrs. Bessie D. Taylor, sister of Mrs. F. M. Register and stepmother of Mr. LeRoy Taylor. Mrs. Taylor succumbed to a heart attack on Monday, January 4, in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Register, where she was visiting over the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Taylor was greatly liked and respected by all who knew her and her death was a shocking experience to all her friends and acquaintances.

November 16, a cold, crisp Monday, was the date of our first hog-killing this year. Fifteen Belted Hampshires, as fat and fine as could be, weighed 5,888 pounds when dressed and ready to be cut up into hams, shoulders, sausages, bacon and many other delicacies. So we are having a feast nearly every day now. Besides our hog-raiser, who supervised the work, the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker laid down their tools and regular jobs to don all kinds of old clothes, overalls, even white duck pants and red neckties, the better to assist in making this hog-killing a real success, which it certainly was.

Bailing and storing our 1936 hap crop is now a matter of history. Our farm manager has brought 2,585 bales of soy-bean hay from our "Hill" farm and filled all available storage space with it.

Dr. and Mrs. Register had as visitors in their home for Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Durham from Norfolk, Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison and Mr. and Mrs. Burton Sellers from Raleigh.

Mr. W. W. Griffin spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. C. L. Ives in New Bern.

Miss Mary Lee Utley was on her vacation in Florida from the 10th to the 21st of December. She spent Christmas at the home of her parents at Merry Oaks, N. C. Mrs. T. E. Cook, former secretary of Dr. Register, substituted in Miss Utley's place during her absence.

Miss Edith Phillips spent Christmas at her home in Wake Forest.

Miss Mabel Truitt was bridesmaid at a wedding in Beaufort on December 26, while she was home for Christmas.

Miss Dorothy Gray, who was junior psychologist at this school for the past six months, went home to Lynbrook, N. Y., before Christmas. She will most likely accept a position somewhere in New York. We wish her great success.

Miss Edith Wladkowski spent the Christmas holidays at the home of her family in New York. She returned to Caswell Training School after New Years.

Miss Lucile Champion was added to the hospital staff. Miss Champion was trained at Shelby Hospital, Shelby, N. C. She recently came from Flushing, N. Y., where she worked for about a year.

Good Health

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TEETH

A clever dentist once told me that three reasons why modern people did not have such sound teeth as their grandparents were the following habits: Taking food too hot, especially drinking tea much hotter than one should; neglect to cleanse them the last thing at night; the use of acids to whiten them, a practice largely indulged in by many girls.

If you wish to keep your teeth in perfect condition, pay attention to the back teeth as well as to the front ones. The latter need more careful cleansing, as it is on and around them that the particles of food taken during the day cling, and set up decay, if not removed before sleep.

Do not nibble sweets at night after giving your teeth their final cleansing. Never allow lemon juice or any other acid to come into contact with them, if you can help it. Lemonade should always be taken through a straw. The state of the gums is also of great importance. If your gums feel soft and spongy, there is certain to be something wrong.

A dentist should be consulted if there is a slight bleeding of the gums when the teeth are being cleansed. This may be a sign of the beginning of pyorrhea, which, if neglected, will cause the teeth to become loose and fall out.

An excellent wash for spongy gums can be made by adding half a drach of tincture of myrrh to one ounce of water. This should be used to wash out the mouth. With the toothbrush which has been dipped into the mixture, brush the gums gently.

For cleansing the teeth use lukewarm water. See that the toothbrush is only moderately stiff, never too hard, for a hard brush will bruise the gums and make the mouth feel sore and uncomfortable.

If any tartar has formed on a tooth, it should be removed promptly, for to allow it to remain on the tooth is to encourage decay. A little powdered magnesia will remove it quickly and easily. Dampen the toothbrush and dip it into the magnesia; then rub the tooth lightly with it. If the tartar does not come off the first time, try again.

———o———

Sleep is termed "Nature's sweet restorer." Sleep is a magical repair-shop, strengthening us just where we are weak and building up just what has been torn down. But we do not sleep long enough hours, and we seem bent upon spending a good part of the night, and that the most valuable first part, in our empty revels. Often the only remedy we need for our physical and spiritual ailments is a day in bed. For many of us the very best prescription is the Psalmist's, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep."

———o———

To treat a simple sore throat, take a laxative, gargle with a solution of one teaspoonful of salt in a glass of warm water.

———o———

Nuts are fruit. So are tomatoes.

OUR BUSY WORLD

When an orchestra was sent to a zoo in Philadelphia to record the reactions of the animals to jazz, it is said that Poetre, a twelve-year-old Asiatic elephant, blew a trunkful of water over the members.

* * *

Williamsburg, Virginia's most ancient city, is to be restored. The first theater in America will be rebuilt, the old capitol will rise on its ancient foundations, and the city will have much of the appearance of the place when George Washington saw it. The men who are paying for the work have not disclosed their identity.

* * *

In Brazil is a thriving little city known as Villa Americans, which was founded and built by Confederates from the United States at the close of the Civil War. The leader was James M. Gaston, a surgeon in the Confederate Army. As he gazed on the ashes of his home in Columbia, South Carolina, and saw Federal soldiers marching through the streets, he vowed he would leave the United States and seek a new country. About sixty families followed him to Brazil, and Villa Americans is their monument.

* * *

The Berlin resident who catches an omnibus in such a hurry that he cannot stop to buy the morning paper, need not fear lest sitting on top of the bus deprive him of the chance of perusing the morning news en route. For the accommodation of second-story commuters, a number of enterprising street corner news venders have equipped themselves with poles, at the end of which are forklike contraptions into which the papers are pinched. Little boxes are attached for the coin. The newsboy hands the paper up to his second-story customers with the aid of the pole, and these deposit their groschen (two and one-half cents) in the coin box, and everybody is happy.

* * *

The intelligent manner in which elephants go about a task or perform some piece of work is a matter of frequent comment. An instance that shows the remarkable intelligence and sagacity of this splendid animal was related recently in a current magazine. Laborers at work in a forest in Travancore, on the southwest coast of India, set fire to a tree which had fallen across the road, thinking this would be the easiest way to remove it. The blaze was slowly spreading to the woods nearby, when the leader of an elephant herd, apparently attracted by the odor of the smoke, appeared. He at once began trumpeting loudly to his companions, and very soon a band of dusky, four-footed firemen were squirting streams of water on the blaze from their hose-like trunks. A stream of water near the road furnished the supply. The wondering natives, who had gone to a house not far distant, watched the herd put out the fire and then drag the tree into the middle of the road.

CHRISTMAS IN TAPP BUILDING

Christmas day was one full day of joy and happiness for the boys in Tapp Building. They were up and had breakfast by 7:30 o'clock. As soon as they had marched back to the building, the matron and attendants on duty began passing out the many nice presents that had been placed under a beautifully lighted and decorated tree. There were many useful gifts for each and every child. Besides gifts they received fruit, candies and cakes. Horns and harps could be heard everywhere. The boys were well pleased and played and made themselves contented and happy with their own toys and presents.

One boy received a train with several coaches and a long track. The others helped him enjoy it for a long time. When they grew tired it was put away until they wanted to play again. Several of the boys received aviation caps, others socks, handkerchiefs, neckties, shirts and many other gifts that were useful. Each one received a harp or horn. It was great pleasure to watch the bright and happy spirit the children had throughout the whole day.—Irene Smith, Matron—Tapp Building.

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CHRISTMAS IN POLLOCK BUILDING

I am sure that this Christmas has been the merriest Christmas the boys in the Pollock Building have seen in many years.

Everyone seemed to have had the "Christmas-Spirit" from the very beginning and every boy did his part in preparing for the "big event."

When writing the Christmas letters for the children, it was quite gratifying to find that the boys asked for very useful things: shirts, ties, socks, boots, caps, etc. Of course toys were very much in demand also, especially harmonicas.

The boys, Mrs. Parker, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Boone and myself wish to thank Dr. Register, Mrs. Harlan and everyone concerned in the part they played in giving us the happy Christmas and we can truthfully say that we didn't have a single disappointed child.—R. G. Woods, Attendant—Pollock Building.

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CHRISTMAS IN DEWEY BUILDING

Christmas was a happy day for the girls in the Dewey Building. After breakfast every girl received gifts consisting of fruits and candies. They also got many useful gifts including dresses, shoes, sweaters, stockings and underwear. Some received harps and horns. At noon we had a nice turkey dinner. In the afternoon we all went to walk as the sun was out.—Mrs. Addie Jones, Matron—Dewey Building.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL

Christmas was enjoyed by all in the hospital department. The children as patients were overjoyed with the gifts they received.—Hospital Staff.

———o———

However good you may be you have faults; however dull you may be you can find out what some of them are, and however slight they may be you had better make some, not too painful, but patient, efforts to get rid of them.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DINING ROOM

Long before December 25, twenty-one girls began to talk in excited whispers about decorating the dining room. Such questions as, "Are we going to fix it like we did last year?"; "Where are we going to put the tree"; and "If I'll work smart, can I help?" constantly reached the ears of the dining room matrons.

Finally time came to really begin. Huge boxes of old decorations were examined and new decorations were exclaimed over by the girls. All the stepladders and scissors Caswell could produce were collected in the dining room.

At last the first great bell was hung in the center of the room. Next came yards and yards of red and green rope which was hung in loops from the ceiling. The ropes were transformed from mere loops to glittering icicles as the girls threw the icy strands of tinsel over the rope. Painfully perched on top of stepladders, the girls spent hours clothing the windows in gay ribbons of red and green crepe paper. Finally came the tree. Each girl was breathless with excitement as she selected her own ornament and hung it on the tree just where she thought it ought to go. After they completed their work on the tree, Mr. Harlan mixed the branches with lovely colored lights.

Their work still remained incomplete. They had cheerfully worked overtime for days and their task appeared to be at an end. Christmas day they came in to add the final touch; the dinner! Each plate was attractively served with turkey, both white and dark meat, dressing and cranberry sauce. Other food was placed on the tables in bowls. Large cans of cookies and delicious potatoes, biscuits with coffee completed the menu.

Now they were through. Everything was ready for the happy boys and girls to file in and take their places. Something to which they had looked forward for a whole year was about to take place; Christmas dinner at Caswell Training School!—Misses Farthing and Eaton, Dining Room Matrons.

———o———

CHRISTMAS FOR OUR JUNIORS

We would like to say here that all our children of the Dawson Building passed a merry and jolly Christmas. Many toys were received for them. These were of all kinds: dolls, carriages, rifles, balls, trains, dishes, paint books, crayons, cradles and various other things. All these things have been greatly enjoyed by the children ever since they received them.

One of their gifts has been a story book of the life of Jesus. They have enjoyed hearing us read it and we want so much for them to know the true meaning of Christmas Day, and what Jesus should mean to all of us.—Mrs. Justice, Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Victorian, Matrons.

———o———

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart; and days lengthened, not by the crowding of emotions, but by the economy of them.—Ruskin.

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CHRISTMAS IN WOOTEN BUILDING

We of the Wooten Building believe that we have just enjoyed the nicest Christmas anyone ever had. Such fun! And it wasn't just confined to Christmas day either. For days ahead we had been preparing. The girls making little gifts for friends and matrons and saving up small sums of money to buy gifts. Little gayly-wrapped packages were hidden away, and bits of paper and ribbon traded back and forth between friends in an effort to have everything as pretty as possible.

And then just a few days before Christmas our much-longed-for can of green paint was sent up and there followed a regular frenzy of activity, both matrons and girls hastening to paint our sun parlor furniture before time to decorate. How well rewarded we felt when we heard the praise of girls and visitors. It does look so lovely; benches, tables and boxes, a soft, pale green matching the background of our cretonne window curtains. And how beautiful it looked Christmas morning with our bright tree, new shades on our lights, ropes of red with silver icicles and a pile of presents and fruit and candy for everyone!

Christmas afternoon was best of all because of the long-anticipated visit from Mrs. Hoge of Greensboro. She is the mother of one of our girls and we all love her dearly. She came and brought her son James and her two grandsons—and what a wonderful party they gave us! "Jimmy," as we all call him, kept us laughing all the time, while he and the other young men passed around paper bags to each girl and then filled these bags with a most delicious assortment of candy, fruit, chewing gum and cakes. And then guess what they gave us? A brand new radio which plays perfectly beautiful and keeps us happy and amused from dawn until bed time. Can you blame us for ending the party in happy song?

We are the only building at Caswell lucky enough to have such a wonderful and generous friend as Mrs. Hoge. Is it any wonder we love her and look forward to her visits and parties—and say that she helped us to have the loveliest Christmas ever?—Lela Crowell, Matron—Wooten Building.

CRAFTS DOINGS

In the crafts it was busy times just before the holidays. Every one was intent on finishing something, either to sell or to use as a gift. The anticipated joy of giving was in evidence. Some seemed more anxious to give than to receive. If an article was sold, the child could have a nickle or a dime to spend as he chose. Many of the children save up their dimes to pay their way to the picture show to which they are allowed to go weekly if their behavior is good. During the Christmas season many inexpensive articles were sold such as towels, aprons, handkerchiefs, bridge luncheon sets, rugs and carved linoleum mats.

To be able to make something useful, something that other people want and are willing to pay money for, gives a child confidence; a sense of being worthwhile. There is joy of creating something useful or beautiful. "Joy is work! Like your job and do it well," that is the crafts room policy.

We are eagerly waiting to get in our new school building where we hope to have some much-needed equipment. In the meantime the girls and boys are beginning the New Year with fresh interest in their crafts work.—Ethel Parrott Hughes, Crafts Teacher.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

The Caswell News

Volume 1

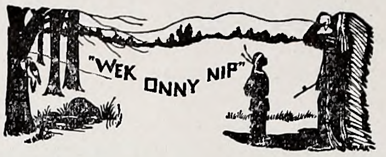
Number 12

"Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
Hilt buried in the dry and sodden sand,
And ran, and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—E. R. Sill

FEBRUARY, 1937

CHILDREN'S PAGE



MANY, many moons ago, by the shore of a big, blue lake, a little Indian boy was playing "warrior" one bright spring day.

"Wa oh, wa oh, wa oh, wa oh! Woach, woach, woach, ha ha, woach!"

That was what little Blue Heron was shouting. What in the world do you suppose those queer words meant? The boy had often heard the shout, for it was the warwhoop of his tribe, who lived on the shore of the lake Winnepesaukee.

Perhaps you have spent the summer at this very lake. There are houses and trolleys there now, but on that spring day when the Indian lad was playing by the shore, there were only wigwams and forests, and no white man had ever been there.

"I will make a bow from this big tree," said Blue Heron to himself, when he was tired of playing warrior. It was a big maple, and of course he could not have cut it down with his little flint knife. But the little knife was new, for the old arrowmaker had given it to Blue Heron that very day, and the Indian boy liked to play that he was cutting down the tree to make a bow. He had used bows and arrows ever since he was able to walk, as all the Indian boys did. So he made a hole in the trunk of the maple. It was not a very big hole, but little Blue Heron was tired when he finished his work and sat down to rest.

Mish Queey, as the Indians called the red-headed woodpecker, was flying about, tapping at the trees, hunting for worms, under the bark. When he came to this tree he did not tap on it, but clung to the edge of the hole, and, yes, he was drinking!

"Can't you find any worms, Mish Queey?" asked Blue Heron. Then he saw that the woodpecker seemed to have found water. Blue Heron was so amazed that he ran up close to the tree and so scared the woodpecker away. He peeped into the hole, and, sure enough, there was water in it!

"Nut nip," said little Blue Heron. That was his Indian way of saying "I will drink." He tasted the water.

"Wek onny su!" he cried in delight, "It is sweet!" How surprised he was! For the Indians in New Hampshire had never known anything about maple sap before. Blue Heron drank, and he drank. The sap came so slowly that it made him thirsty to wait for it.

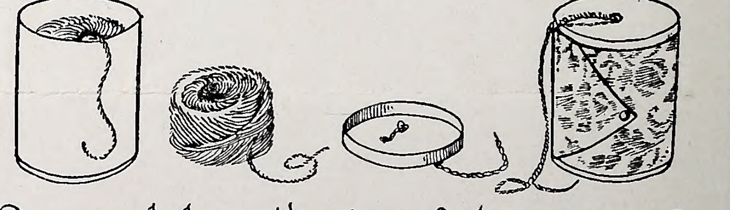
It was almost dark before Blue Heron could tear himself away from that delightful tree. Then he made a basket of birch bark, with a handle (even the little Indians knew how to do thes things), and filled it with some sa and ran home to his wigwam an gave it to his father.

"Ugh! ugh!" said his father "wek onny nip! Wek onny nip!" And he liked it so much that h drank it all up, every drop! An that is the story the Indians tel of the discovery of the maple sap For when little Blue Heron' father told the rest of the tribe and they tried it, too, they wer so pleased that they gave Blu Heron more bows and arrows an knives than he could ever, eve use! And the Indians all went t work tapping the maple trees, an drinking the "sweet water." Fo that is what "wek onny nip" means!

Maple sugar is now used for a great many purposes and eacl spring the men go out into th woods and gather the sap.

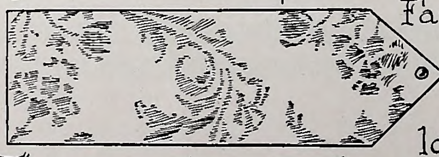
MAKING A STRING BOX

Ever try making a string-box? You will need either a square or round cardboard box large enough to hold a ball of cord.



Pierce a hole in the top of the cover of your box. Thread the string through it to the outside. Place the cover on the box again.

Now if you have some fancy paper--wall-paper maybe--- cut a strip to cover the side of the box. Fasten this with a point and a bit of glue or a paper-fastener that has long prongs.



This way, string will never get knotted. And such a string-box will be useful in the kitchen or living-room where all at your house may use it.

The Caswell News

Vol. 1 - No. 12 KINSTON, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1937 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

CORRECTION

In the article, "Mental Hygiene Society of Lenoir County," which appeared in the January issue of the Caswell News, mention was made of "Miss Elsie Larson, Secretary of the State Mental Hygiene Society." This was an error. Miss Larson is the Executive Secretary of the Commission which undertook the mental health survey of this state. Dr. H. W. Crane is the Secretary of the State Mental Hygiene Society.—Edith Wladkowski.

HAPPY CASWELL

Caswell is just like an individual, happy over great expectations. Caswell is happy over the prospects of a better Caswell, a Caswell that can take care of more children in a better manner than it is possible to do under our present budget. We have good reason to believe that the present Legislature is going to do a good part by her eleemosynary institutions. There is no doubt in my mind that every legislator will be most happy to make the little folks at Caswell happy. There will be no quick money turn-over in making ample appropriation for these little ones, who look with wistful eyes to us, who are more fortunate, for the happiness that they by their own unaided efforts can never attain. There are few people whose chief enjoyment does not come by keeping someone else, and especially those who cannot, and can never help themselves very much.

CASWELL EMPLOYEES

Here's a challenge to any other institution to show by kind words and kind deeds any more love for the ones in their care than is shown at Caswell by the employees. There are two reasons for this. First—Those that after a fair trial show no regard for those under their care and set a bad example for children to follow are let out. Second—(Always followed by reason one) if an employee shows kindness, love and consideration for children of the Caswell type, a life-long affection is the result and his work at Caswell becomes a joy.

TAKING CHILREN AT CASWELL

As we have often said before, it does not take influence to get a child into Caswell. The thing necessary is room. We are asking that all children be entered by the welfare officer of the county. There is one thing that we would like to call to the attention of the welfare officers and to citizens of the state; namely, that there are 100 counties in the state and that each county should have a fair representation in number of children here, which they do not have. Unequal representation was here four years ago and it is true yet. Some progress along this line has been made, but much more must be done, everything being equal.

There is another thing we must consider. We must collect from someone $7,500 for maintenance of children each year for the next two years or we will be short this amount in our budget. This has to be worked out on a just basis to all concerned.

If each county would pay $4 per month for each child they enter here, that would pay one-fourth of a child's keep, every county then would be on an equal monetary basis. The county could collect from those citizens able to pay, and each county would be more interested in finding homes for those they were paying and to send to us children that needed training. We have now on our waiting list 875. After taking the 200 our new buildings will care for, we will still have at least 600 on our waiting list.

There is another phase to taking children at Caswell, that's money. The budget is made out to care for as many children as we have room. We have missed taking several good pay children on account of bed space.

We have to be as careful as a good slack wire walker, especially on first Mondays and for a few days after county commissioners' meetings.

F. M. Register, M.D.,
Superintendent.

A BUSINESS MEETING OF THE ALL-STAFF ORGANIZATION

Our usual "first Monday" meeting of the "All-Staff" organization was postponed until the following Friday this month, due to the illness of Miss Wladkowski, our speaker. Unfortunately on Friday she was still unable to attend and we greatly missed her portion of the program.

In Miss Wladkowski's absence the meeting was turned into a general discussion group, after we elected Miss Irene Smith for treasurer in the place

(Concluded on page 5)

WHISPERS AND ECHOES

HUGH CRONIN was a blase salesman, having seen a good deal of the world and the unreliability of humanity. "Hard-boiled Hughey," his mother nicknamed him. She openly lamented that he'd never take a wife. "I know modern women, ma," he said curtly, "and I want none of them. I'll never find anybody like you."

"Keep your eyes open, and you won't miss her," advised Mrs. Cronin, rocking contently on her porch in the suburbs of New York City.

Hugh, the cynic, was now at little Mine Run in the coal fields, looking after his employer's business. In the large boarding house he was attracted to the two waitresses. First he considered Nell McMahon, but accidentally overheard her quarrel with one of the permanent lodgers. Her vituperative tongue warned him she was less the violent than the hard mossy stone. Nell was quite peeved when Mr. Cronin showed her she was an "undesirable coal and china cracker."

Then he found that Brigid O'Leary, the other waitress, was growing on him. She was gentle, quiet, swift of movement as behooved one of her many tasks, and rarely raised her eyes unless spoken to. She was far more efficient than Nell, and could even serve soup without immersing the thumb. Once Hugh caught the rich and rare beauty of Brigid. It was when the victrola played "She's Far From the Land." Brigid was standing by the window, her face illuminated, her starry dark blue eyes alight. In that moment Hugh voted her the most beautiful girl he ever saw and fell in love. Nell saw that before Brigid did, and on the stairs above, shaving brush in hand, he—for the old hotel was full of echoes—heard Nell trying to pick a quarrel with her working mate. Brigid didn't answer; only rushed the carpet sweeper more vehemently. She seemed like a girl with a hidden sorrow or one that had been browbeaten all her life. Hugh always did things in a splutter, and congratulated himself that he seldom made mistakes. He wrote to his mother: "I've found the girl—Brigid O'Leary." Back came her answer: "If she's like her name, hurry up. I'm dying to kiss your wife."

When Hugh took Brigid to church in his runabout, and walked with her afterwards along the railroad in the moonlight that made even the ugly old town poetic, Nell exploded. She hadn't enough self-control to hide her chagrin, and the boarders, who were not partial to her, made remarks that she couldn't help overhear. Hugh and Brigid came in later with something of the splendor of the moon in their eyes and Nell, who met them, sensed it. Either Hugh had asked that girl to marry him or soon would. Nell didn't sleep much that night; anyhow, next morning she looked as if she hadn't. She bore a bedraggled, stormy appearance. Both girls had to rise at 5 a. m., for some of the lodgers labored in the mines, and dinner pails had to be filled. Brigid did her best to avoid a clash with the fury that toiled by her side in the kitchen, and breathed a sigh of relief when she was by herself quietly pushing the sweeper along the second floor.

Hugh was awakened by sounds outside his bedroom door. He'd opened the transom on retiring to get better ventilation. It was two women disputing. "You're a murderess, Brigid O'Leary, say what you like about it! Oh, helpless baby!"

"Nell, never accuse me of that again. You know how the thing happened. Haven't I shed enough tears to wipe out that fault that wasn't mine at all?" Just then the stout proprietress launched herself on the scene: "Nell, if you don't let Brigid be, I'll have to get another girl."

Hugh sat up in bed, holding his knees and rocking himself in horror. He stumbled out of bed, and footed up and down like a lion dying from a wound near his heart. The girl he'd asked to be his wife, the girl that in a short time would have gone home with him to the embrace of his grand old mother—"You're a murderess! A helpless baby!" So even into this simple looking, off the map village, even here sin and crime and untrustworthy women had wormed their way. The world was rotten; God has forgotten it. Only another disillusion. He plunged into his clothes madly; today he'd quit Mine Run—and that female fiend! The carpet sweeper was soughing farther away, but there was another sob. That begged him to give Brigid a chance to explain. He stayed till night, his car took him into the blossoming spring woods.

"It was this way, Hugh," began Brigid. "When I was only a little hired out girl twelve years old, Nell's married sister left me in charge of her baby, just able to crawl about. The little thing was like a mouse, sure, in every hole and corner. My father was brought home killed from the mines. I ran to the baby's mother and warned her I'd left the child in bed asleep. The mother, who was fond of gossiping, said she's be home in that minute, and then I rushed in to my poor ma and dad—what the falling timbers left of him. The baby's mother delayed, the child got out of the crib, fell down the stairs and was killed. Oh, we do have such tragedies in these coal towns; I've grown to hate Mine Run. The baby's mother blamed herself, of course, but she didn't dare tell her husband that, though the neighbors who knew told the whole village. Nell holds that ugly card in her sleeve for me, and when she can, throws it up. But God knows I wasn't guilty of neglect."

She sat there on the stern old rock with the stern calm banks behind her, the noisome black colliery creek gurgling near—a beautiful flower, sweet, pure; a girl who'd known sorrow profound. Hugh felt a mighty impulse to throw himself to his knees at her feet. "Brigid, you're bringing me back my faith in human nature."

—o—

A New Hampshire woman boasts of a pair of earrings that has been worn in her family for nearly 100 years.

—o—

Finland was the first country to give absolute equal suffrage to women, and the first to adopt prohibition.

A BUSINESS MEETING OF THE ALL-STAFF ORGANZATION

(Concluded from page 3)

of Mr. Hendren. A number of valuable points were discussed and decisions reached concerning plans to beautify the campus and the boys' buildings; plans to arrange for greater recreational facilities for the children and a number of other matters.

Following the meeting, Mrs. Leonard and her helpers served refreshments suggestive of Valentine's Day, while the group made enthusiastic plans for a dance to be held the following Friday.

Leila S. Crowell, secretary,
All-Staff Organization.

THE MILK DEPARTMENT

Milk, always the perfect food for young things, has grown in importance until it has become an almost indispensable item in any place where food is prepared or served. It is no small task to handle the milk department of our school. In addition to checking in, each morning and evening, the amounts of milk received, there is the daily distribution to be made. The milk goes out to about 20 different departments. To carry on this work, with few snarls to tangle up the routine, requires real ability. This Miss Sessoms has and with Myrtle's help the milk department is running smoothly under her supervision.

Mamie Bryant, Dietician.

THE GARDEN DEPARTMENT

We are proud to report at this time that our garden is sufficient to allow us to furnish the school a wide variety of vegetables.

Our main crops at this time are turnips, cabbage, collards, mustard and kale.

We introduced a new variety of cabbage called "Savoy," which grows right in mid-winter. It is as easily grown as collards and it has an excellent flavor.

I, as manager, wish to thank Mr. Griffin and Dr. Register for their splendid co-operation in furnishing me everything necessary for a very successful garden during the 17 months I have been at Caswell.

J. H. Smith, Head Garden Department.

CHRISTMAS AT THE McNAIRY BUILDING

The children of McNairy Building would like to tell everybody just what a nice time they had on Christmas. They had a lovely Christmas tree all decorated with dolls, horns, bags of confectionery; just everything they could wish for. They received more toys this year than ever. They were as happy as could be, with smiling faces and eyes so big and bright. They had quite an exciting time. We wish to thank those that made it possible.

Mrs. Whaley, Mrs. Grady,
and Mrs. Jackson, Matrons.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN AUSTIN BUILDING

Our sunparlor was beautifully decorated with a tree, red and green colors, tinsel, icicles and evergreens.

Around the tree were bags of confectioneries and gifts for each of the 82 girls, consisting of dresses,

(Concluded on page 8)

NEWS FROM THE KINDERGARTEN

The Kindergarten is getting a big thrill out of making valentines. When you ask them for whom they make them, they most often say, "For my mama." Dr. Register and others come in for a big share.

When I ask the children who made them, they say, "The Good Lord." Sammy says that Mrs. Justice tells him that in heaven he will see like the other boys. Sammy is blind.

When they sing "Father, We Thank Thee For The Night And For the Pleasant Morning Light," they say, "For the **precious** morning light, which is, after all, the most appropriate word.

The Kindergarteners had a program in chapel, Wednesday. They love to do things; get up programs, mount pictures, run errands and other things. Above all, they want you to come to see them.

Mrs. Wilbur Dawson, Kindergarten teacher.

SEEING TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES

We wish to thank Major Graham, superintendent of the Kinston schools, for a very enjoyable evening, by inviting many of our children to the night performance of Tony Sarg's Marionettes, given in the Kinston High School.

About 120 boys and girls went to the show and together with their chaperons lived through with Alice her adventures in Wonderland. They were quite familiar with the story, and they consequently recognized and appreciated each character. The children also greatly enjoyed the Mikado.

After the performance, all were invited to watch the dismantling of the stage and the marionette actors. This was most interesting, for what child doesn't want to know what makes things go? The manager answered questions and explained the workings of things. It was an enjoyable time, thanks to Major Graham.

Mrs. Fannie Harlan,
Supervisor, Boys and Girls.

A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

Dear Major Graham:

I want to thank you for asking us over to see the Marionette show. It was the first time I ever saw dolls act and I enjoyed it. We hope you will come to see our spring program. Mrs. Barnes will let you know when it is. I hope it will be in our new building.

Sincerely,—Effie Pearl.

A PUPPET SHOW

I surely did enjoy the show that we had Friday morning. It was given by the State Health Department. This show was about a little boy named Jacky, his sister Joan, his mother, the dentist, vegetable man, milkman and an organ grinder with a monkey. Jacky had a toothache. His mother took him to the dentist who filled his tooth. The dentist told Jacky to eat plenty of vegetables, drink milk, give his teeth exercise and brush his teeth at least twice a day. Jacky said he would remember to do what the dentist told him to. Then they went home, for Joan and Jacky wanted to go with Grandfather to the circus.

—Elsie.

NATURE STUDY

The potato is a native of South America.

* * *

Worker ants sometimes live seven years.

* * *

The robber crab has the ability to climb trees.

* * *

Tigers at bay occasionally climb trees like cats.

* * *

The sword attached to a swordfish is sometimes three feet long.

* * *

Rainfall on the earth amounts to about 16,000,000 tons a second.

* * *

Daisies and buttercups grow in profusion north of the arctic circle.

* * *

In the African desert the temperature often reaches 150 degrees.

* * *

The kangaroo, ordinarily a silent animal, howls loudly when frightened.

* * *

The scent of musk diluted to one part in 8,000,000 can still be detected.

* * *

The first horses brought to America were landed by Cortez at Vera Cruz, in Mexico.

* * *

The ocean is steadily becoming more salty, but the rate of increase is very slow.

* * *

The giant octopus sometimes measures eighteen feet from tip to tip of its long arms.

* * *

The pearl fish is so called because it sometimes takes the shell of an oyster for its home.

* * *

Nutrition experts say that an egg a day supplies one-tenth of the iron needed in the blood.

* * *

Beavers are slow and rather clumsy creatures, and rarely go more than twenty or thirty rods from their home stream.

* * *

According to a scientist, the eyelids of the average person open and shut at least four million times during a year.

TEASERS

1. What is the difference between a young girl and her autumn hat?
2. How would a witch's servant announce her carriage?
3. What two things have a head and an eye between them, but can neither see nor think?
4. What comes after a horse?
5. What comes after a wagon?

Answers

1. One has feeling, the other has felt.
2. Your broom is at the door, mum!
3. A needle and a pin.
4. A wagon.
5. Its tracks.

Miles of Smiles

"Have any big men been born in this town?"

"No, only babies."

* * *

What we can't understand about the radio is how the static knows you have company that night.

* * *

"That was greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of pie."

"You told me, mother, I was always to take her part," replied Tommy.

* * *

Housewife (interviewing prospective help): "I may tell you that we are vegetarians."

Country Girl (anxious to get the job): "I've attended that church all me life, mum."

* * *

Old Lady: "Tell me, dear, what is your little friend crying for?"

Girl: "E's not cryin', mum—e's been playing tennis with one of his mother's onions!"

* * *

"William, a poor man came along today and asked for a hat, and I gave him your Sunday one."

"What in time did you do that for?"

"Well, I knew you would need your old one for gardening."

* * *

"Hasn't the fellow finished yet?" asked the reporter who had fallen asleep while "taking in" a political speech. A man who had been kept awake promptly answered, "Sure, he finished long ago, but he couldn't stop himself."

* * *

Tramp: "Lady, could you give me something to eat?"

Lady: "I know of a vacancy where you can earn your food."

Tramp: "I already have the vacancy, lady; I am just looking for someone to fill it."

* * *

"Where's that proofreader?" shouted an irate man with blood in each eye.

"He certainly would be right hard to find now," said the editor uneasily. "What's he done this time?"

"In that advertisement for my valveless motor he turned the second v to a u!"

* * *

"Well," said the dying business man, "you'd better put in a clause about my employees. To each man who has worked for me twenty years I give and bequeath fifty thousand dollars."

"But," said the lawyer, "you haven't been in business twenty years."

"I know it, man; but it's good advertising."

* * *

At a dinner party one of the guests made the old remark that there is nothing new under the sun. A doctor who was present turned to the woman at his side, "I always think that's such a silly phrase."

"I think it's true," said the woman.

"But, take X-rays," said the doctor. "Why, nowadays, you can see right through a man."

"A clever woman could always do that, doctor."

WEST & TYNDALL FEED COMPANY
The Cash Feed and Seed Store
FENCING - ROOFING - WIRE
Kinston, North Carolina

D. V. DIXON & SON
HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL, PAINT and OILS
Kinston, North Carolina

QUINN & MILLER CO.
Furniture of Quality
Kinston, North Carolina

T. A. LOVING & CO.
General Contractors
Goldsboro, North Carolina

CHRISTMAS DAY

Christmas Day in the Austin A building was a very enjoyable one, both for the girls and their matrons. The sun parlor was decorated with a large tree in the center. On Christmas Eve when Santa made his round, our tree was surrounded with many, many gifts. Next morning after breakfast, when all the work was done, the girls marched into the sun-parlor and were seated around the tree. They could hardly wait until their name was called, but with happy hearts and smiling faces they sprang forth to see what they had. There were dolls, horns, pianos, harps and various other toys.

Lots of the girls received toys from home which added to the happiness. After dinner was served, the girls went to their play grounds taking many of their playthings with them. Some played dolls, others games and the sound of harps and horns could be heard far and wide. As the sun was sinking low we all went back to our building and we were served with nuts, candy, apples and oranges. Then bed time was called and with everyone ready for bed the Lord's Prayer was repeated and this was the end of a happy Christmas Day.

Mrs. Ed Frazier,
Matron, Austin A.

———o———

Last Christmas in the Wooten A Building

On Christmas Eve some of the girls were putting the final touches to the decorations, others were looking on and admiring, while still others were busy with their worries as to whether or not Santa would feel that they had behaved well enough to deserve a visit from such a saint as he is. Of course some of them were sure that they had been nice. Such a one was Zelphia. She said that she wanted pretty beads and sure enough she found them among her gifts Christmas morning.

BRANCH BANKING AND TRUST CO.
Kinston, North Carolina

OETTINGER BROS.
Furniture - Radios - Stoves
Kinston, N. C.

1906 1936
Compliments of
PARROTT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, Inc.
Kinston, North Carolina

Old Santa was very nice to the Wooten girls. They received dolls, tea sets, balls and many other pretty things.

If you could have been in our sun parlor Christmas morning, I am sure that you would agree that Santa must believe in the adage, "The more the merrier," when it pertains to noise. Among the things he left were about twenty horns, several harps, and many balls. There were packages being opened on every side and cries of "look at my watch," "look at my doll," "look at my dress," coming from every corner of the room punctuated with blasts from the horns, strange noises from the harps and dolls crying. There was also a toy piano which contributed to the noise.

It was quite a problem to help each child to remember what belonged to her and what belonged to the other children. The new balls played a rather important part in the day's activities. Everyone, even the matrons, played until they were almost exhausted. However, as the day grew older more horns became useless and more and more balls were safely lodged on the kitchen roof. Altogether we had a very merry Christmas and by the time night arrived we were ready for sound sleep.

Mrs. Rose Taylor Harriss,
Matron, Wooten A.

———o———

Christmas at Caswell Training School

To me I think the Caswell Training School is one of the nicest places to spend Christmas. I am sure you couldn't find happier faces any place on Christmas morning than here. Everybody was full of Christmas spirit and proud of the gifts. No one knows how much fun it is to be here and see all the girls opening and showing the pretty things they have received. Each girl received enough material for a dress, socks and handkerchiefs of matching colors, besides various other gifts. The packages were all wrapped and tied beautifully. It was a nice sight to see the Christmas tree all lighted up and all the different sizes and colors of boxes around it. We were anxious for everybody to visit the buildings during the holidays for our sun-parlors

(Concluded on page 8)

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

THE BIRTH OF THE MIND

Why can a colt or a calf follow the herd twenty minutes after birth, while the human infant does not walk until ten or twelve months? Why does the newborn guinea pig seem quite at home in the world, while the rat is absolutely helpless at birth? These questions were discussed by Dr. Louis Casamajor in a recent New York address on "The Nervous System," summarized as follows in a press bulletin issued by the American Association for Medical Progress:

"In mammals, the speaker said, the various pathways of the nervous system do not develop at the same time. Some of these tracts appear as fully developed long before the birth of the animal, while others may not develop until after birth. When the fiber tracts in the central nervous system are completely developed, each fiber is surrounded by a sheath of specialized fatty substance called myelin. Investigators have found that the guinea pig, which seems able to take care of itself at birth, has its full complement of myelin when born, and that the rat, which has no reactions at birth, has no myelin in its central nervous system at birth. The development of fiber tracts of mammals is seldom complete at birth, and all fiber tracts do not myelinate at the same time. These facts naturally raise the question whether there is any relation between the full myelization of the various parts of the nervous system and the appearance of certain functions of the nervous tissue. Scientists now believe that the two go hand in hand. The speaker traced the progress of neurologic science from the time of Aristotle, who thought that the brain was literally a blood cooler, to the present day. In the history of this growth, research has gone along two lines. The first included careful observation of the actions of men and animals in health, in disease, and after injuries which affect the nervous system. The second was that of the microscopic study of the nervous tissues. In modern times the experimental method may be included as a third line of investigation. We are looking forward, concluded the speaker, to a probably distant future when the real connection between the brain and the mind of man shall be known. At present we are scratching the surface, seeking for a way out of the maze of behaviorism and psychology, hoping to lay a few foundation stones for the start of neurologic knowledge."

———o———

PET CAT AS HEIR

Mrs. Elizabeth Lynch of Long Beach, Calif., loved her cat. When she died she provided for Kitty Boy to the extent of making her pet heir to a life insurance policy, a good deal of valuable real estate and $500 personal property. She had no children or immediate relatives.

Under the terms of the will her home was to go rent free to a tenant who would agree to care for Kitty Boy as if the cat was human. She figured the animal would live 14 years, at the end of which time the tenant might have the property. In event of Kitty Boy's premature death the humane society was to have the house as a refuge for homeless cats.

———o———

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.—Jefferson.

———o———

Never spend your money before you have it.—Jefferson.

Christmas at Caswell Training School

(Concluded from Page 7)

were all dressed up with Christmas decorations and holly.

To make the holiday complete, Mrs. Hoge and her son came Christmas and presented the children with a new radio and all kinds of delicacies to eat. They pay us a visit each Christmas, and the girls look forward to their coming as much as to Santa Claus.

I hope that everybody everywhere enjoyed Christmas as much as we did at the Caswell Training School.

Mrs. King,
Matron, Wooten B.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN AUSTIN BUILDING

(Concluded from page 5)

socks, hose, toilet sets, perfume sets, sweaters, harps and horns.

At 9 o'clock, the girls circled around the tree to receive their gift and bags of confectioneries. Each one seemed most pleased with her gift.

Then at 2 o'clock, we enjoyed the most delicious turkey dinner, for which we wish to thank Miss Bryant.

Mrs. Broome, Mrs. Taylor - Matrons.

———o———

USE IT OR WASTE IT

Money is the measure of your labor. Its earning power is one of your most valuable assets. To accept less for its use than it is worth is waste. You owe it to yourself, your family and your country to so place the accumulation of your labor (money) where it will earn the highest reward consistent with absolute safety and do the greatest good for your community.

Thrift in time is fundamental, for all have at least time to use or waste. The millionaire and the pauper are equal in opportunity here. No man has more, or less, than 24 hours in the day.

Thrift in the use of material is demanded, because time is of little value without materials. The materials we use, whether a 5-cent lead pencil or a $5,000 truck, are the product of other men's time, and we owe it to ourselves and to society to avoid loss in the use of any article, whether it cost 5 cents, $5 or $5,000.—Thrift Magazine.

———o———

THE WAY TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

Eat less, wear less, scold less, worry less, talk less, preach less, practice more.

Chew more, walk more, sleep more, smile more, read more, think more, and you'll live longer and be much happier while you live.

And the interesting thing about these suggestions is this: They cost much less money. If they were all expensive plans or extravagant ideas, you would probably adopt them, pay the price, and call the advice cheap at any cost.

———o———

The Law of Creation is the Law of Growth. You can't stand still. You must go forward—or be passed by. Complacency—self-satisfaction is the greatest enemy of achievement. You must keep looking forward.

'37

The Caswell News

Volume 2

Number 1

America, My Own!

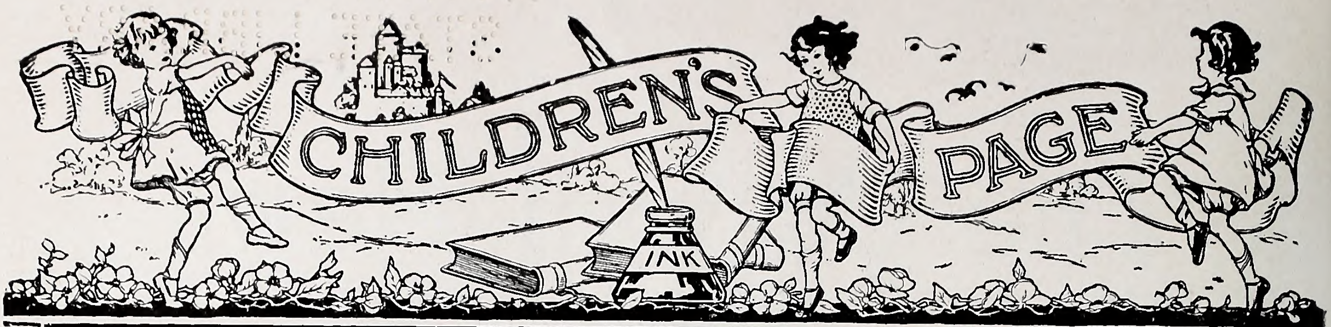
America, the beautiful, America supreme!
I love each nook, each babbling brook,
Each mountain side and stream.
I love the skies that shelter thee;
Thy very stones are dear to me;
America, I'll ever be Thy loyal child, thine own.

I love thy banner, floating high,
That lifts my soul in praise.
Its colors, bright, against the sky,
Our thrilling cheers up-raise.
Ah, lift it high and fling it wide—
That Flag for which our fathers died!
My Land, my Flag, whate'er betide, America,
My own!

O Land of Freedom, joy and light,
Of plenty, peace and pow'r,
May God protect thee by His might
And guide thee ev'ry hour:
His wings of love o'er shadow thee,
And keep thy spirit high and free—
A flame to light Eternity, America, My own!

—Words and Music for this Patriotic Song written by Mrs. L. K. Wooten, our Music Teacher.

MARCH, 1937



PETER'S MISSIONARY PLEDGE

PETER GRAY lived on a big farm way out in the beautiful green country, and a nicer chap you never saw or knew than Peter; but like most nice boys, Peter had one very bad habit—the habit of promising things that he couldn't always do. Mother and father Gray had tried to break him of this habit but to no avail. Every once in awhile Peter would surprise them by making another promise that he had no idea of keeping, and when he came home from Bible school one Sunday morning and announced that he had promised to give one dollar earned by his own hands to the missionary cause, the family just looked at him in utter amazement.

Presently mother drew him close to her chair and raising his chin in her hand she looked long and tenderly into his deep blue eyes.

"Do you realize, Peter," she said earnestly, "what you've done?"

"Sure, I do," answered Peter, "I've promised a dollar to the missionary cause this fall."

"Not only that," answered mother, "but you have promised to earn that dollar with your own hands."

"I know," replied Peter, "but you and father are always giving me dimes and pennies—I'll save them."

"But that won't do," reasoned mother. "Earning is different from giving; this particular dollar must be earned. There must be a sacrifice of some kind connected with the earning of that dollar.

Peter's face took on a distressed look, and for a moment he felt as if he were going to cry, then suddenly he smiled.

"Well, mother," he said softly, "I see I've made a mistake, but I'm not a piker—I'll earn that dollar—what have you got for me to do?"

"I'll give you a dime," answered mother, "to mow the front lawn."

Like a good fellow, Peter got out the lawn mower and soon had the yard all dressed up and was much pleased with it himself.

The next day his brother said, "I'll give you a nickel if you will shine my shoes." Peter accepted the offer and in less than ten minutes he had earned another nickel.

Peter worried no longer. Nevertheless, as time went by the dimes earned by Peter's hand could be counted on three fingers, and for the life of him he didn't see any way of ever gaining the other seventy cents—and then one day while he was holding his father's fishing pole while he went to the house, a great idea entered his head—he would catch perch fish and sell them to Mrs. Jones, who ran the summer boarding house at the cross roads.

As soon as father returned, Peter put on his hat and went to interview Mrs. Jones.

"Sure, I'll take all the fish you can catch, Peter," said the lady, "but they do tell me that you make promises that you don't try to keep, so I'll not worry about having to pay for them until you bring them. I won't believe you until I see the fish."

Peter felt the hot blood mount his cheeks, but he turned away without saying a word and went back home, determined to make good every promise he had made.

"Father," he said when he again reached the spot where his father sat fishing, "may I use your fish pole?"

"All you want to," answered the man.

"That's saying a lot, father," answered Peter, "for I am going to earn that missionary dollar catching fish."

"Going to be mighty hot work," replied the father, taking note of the hot board platform that protruded out into the slow moving stream.

"I know it's going to be hot work," answered the boy, "but a promise is a promise—and I've got to keep this one, even though it is going to be hot work."

A few days later Peter sat on the board platform and fished in the same spot where his father had caught many previously. After he had fished all day he packed his basket and started for home. When Mrs. Jones responded to the knock at the front door she was pleasantly surprised with a basket of squirming fish.

And Peter—talk about anybody being surprised!—He was more than that when kind Mrs. Jones laid a fresh greenback dollar bill in his hand.

"They're not worth that much, Mrs. Jones," said Peter softly.

"Sure, they are," replied the woman, "that and more—but I just can't spare more than one dollar for them right now."

At Bible school the next day Peter raced down the aisle of the little country church and laid his dollar in the missionary plate and went back home.

"I'm glad you paid it, Peter."

"Sure, I paid it, and I've promised another. I know the Lord will show me the way to earn it.

The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor .... F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor .... Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor .... Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor .... Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager .... Miss Mary L. Utley

A REAL PROBLEM

Our school is filled. Our budget is absorbed until July 1, 1937. The only openings we have is when death occurs. Deaths do not occur so often, only about twelve to fifteen per year. It is possible that all children passing away in a single year might be boys; in that case only boys could take their places. Or they might all pass away from a single building, then only those that would fit into this building could be taken. Suppose all children passing away in a single year were those who paid, then only those who paid could be taken or our budget would be greatly out of balance.

We are always glad to hear from people who have the interest of friends or neighbors at heart, making requests of our institution to take children of friends is neighborly, and we like it, and we strain every point to care for children who need our care. I wish with all my heart we could care for every child in the state that really needs our care. The school is not my school nor the school of any individual, but a state school, and it is our duty as employees of the state to do our level best to care for as many children as the school will accommodate. When it comes to the point that every child here will have less and less on account of every child we take, then we have to halt.

If all the letters we get during a year could be read, it would appear to those not acquainted with all the facts that getting a child into Caswell was a game, where the ins were trying to keep the outs out. In a great state like North Carolina there are several thousand who should have institutional training. Unfortunately at our best we will have room for 850 and no more.—F. M. Register, M. D., Superintendent.

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AUSTIN "B" BUILDING

The Austin B Glee Club girls are still talking with happiness over their trip to Raleigh last month. They told of their trip to the capitol and the state museum where they saw many interesting things. What they semed to like best of all was their visit to the broadcasting station where they gave a 15-minute program which was enjoyed by all listening in.—Mrs. Sadie Broome, Matron.

IMPROVEMENTS IN CASWELL

Probably within a few weeks, actual work on a new PWA project will start. This time it is two very much needed improvements, one the rebuilding of our refrigeration plant, the other reconditioning our heating system.

Our old refrigeration plant in addition to being inadequate is almost entirely worn out (It is old enough to be both). And lately it seems that whenever we especially need colder air in our storage rooms, something happens and our engineer with his assistants are called to repair a leak in the ammonia pipes or make some other adjustment quickly before something happens. This has gone on for two or more years. And our present system does not provide for any ice-making, hence our family has done with very little ice. I remember what one of the children said on a hot July day last summer: "You better go to supper tonight; we are going to have ice tea." And for ice cream, it is a luxury not found on our tables in years. Therefore we are expecting a big time this summer—ice water, ice tea, ice cream, besides, of course, adequate storage facilities for vegetables and meats.

Then next winter we should be able to keep our many buildings more evenly heated. When the work on our heating system is finished we feel that our coal bill will be cut down considerably. Some of you may be surprised to know the amount of money it takes to buy a year's supply of coal.

Plans for this project were prepared by Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, engineer for the State Budget Bureau. Mr. Rothgeb comes around every time he does not have to visit any of the eighty odd state departments, and is always a welcomed guest and a great help to us.—Mr. W. W. Griffin, Business Manager.

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ANNIVERSARY OF THE CASWELL NEWS

We of the Caswell Training School are very proud to say that this month we are celebrating the first anniversary of our paper, "The Caswell News." One year ago our paper was begun and during this time we have had great success with it. This magazine is a great help to the institution as well as being one of recreational value.

The paper is especially helpful to the new employees who continously find their way into the institution. It seems to familiarize them with many of the accomplishments of the students as well as the staff. We feel that our magazine is growing into one of importance and one that will be an unbreakable bond between the institution and the outside world.—Edith Phillips, Nurse.

VISITS OF SCHOOL GROUPS TO CASWELL

We are glad to see an awakened interest on the part of the state's public schools concerning Caswell Training School. We have always felt if the citizens of North Carolina would only visit our institution more, they would be proud to know that they were supporting such a valuable training school.

Two groups of young high school seniors have visited us in the past few weeks. This evident interest and eager questions prove our point. All the people have to do is come and see to be convinced.

On January 28 about twenty seniors of the Kenansville High School visited us; and again on February 16, around twenty more seniors from Grifton High School spent the afternoon. Both groups visited our school department, listened to the Glee Club and Harmonica Band, inspected the kitchen, laundry, sewing room, mending room, crafts department and visited several dormitories, ending with meeting Dr. Register, our superintendent, and Miss Edith Wladkowski, the psychologist.

Miss Wladkowski gave each group a talk on the different phases of our school, its aims and work. She also answered numerous questions and led a discussion.

We are delighted to have these groups come and hope many more will do likewise.—Mrs. Harlan, Supervisor of Boys and Girls.

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POWER PLANT

This is the service department for the school. We generate our own steam and electric power, furnishing steam for heating, cooking, sterilizing, clothing and the school laundry, as well as electric power for lights and motors in the various units of the institution.

We have our own deep well water system, from which we use over 100,000 gallons per day. We also have a cold storage plant for refrigerating meats, vegetables and dairy products.

The personnel of the plant consists of engineer, assistant, three operators who divide the day into three eight-hour shifts, and six students who act as helpers.

There is a steady improvement noted in the way the boys are cleaning the plant and machinery.

We are greatly pleased that the contracts for new cold storage units and revamping of heating system have been let and work will be under way before this issue of the "News" goes to press.

We have been greatly in need of these two facilities for a long time, as the present units are entirely inadequate, due both to the growth of the school and obsolescence. Our only grievance is that we will not, under the contract, get the mechanical stokers which were left out because of insufficient funds.

As the stokers are of vital importance in increasing the efficiency of the boiler plant, to a point where it will be adequate for immediate future demands on it, we are hoping the necessary funds will be made available before the next heating season arrives.

I wish to take this opportunity to publicly thank the other departments for their fine co-operation.—M. V. Harlan, Plant Engineer.

DAWSON BUILDING

Here we are again with lots of thanks and appreciation for the victrola presented to us by Dr. F. M. Register, our superintendent. We have already enjoyed it a lot and also the candy which Mr. Griffin, the business manager, gave us.

In February the children received many Valentines from their friends and relatives, along with other beautiful ones Mrs. Harlan gave them. We are all very thankful for the good spirit that has been manifested in giving and providing for each other as much as possible.—Mrs. B. M. Justice, Mrs. Martha Victorian, Mrs. Edith Reid, Matrons.

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WOOTEN "A" BUILDING

First of all, Peggy, Mary, Evelyn, Annie Ruth and Katy want to thank Dr. Register; their teachers, Mrs. Harlan and Miss Bryant, and everyone that helped in giving them such a nice trip to Raleigh. We just had a grand time. We went to bed Wednesday night, hoping the night would soon pass and 5:30 in the morning would come. On Thursday morning we went to the studio to sing over the radio, and just imagine how proud we were! After we went and sang for the legislature, we went through the museum and saw many interesting things. I wish all the boys and girls in our institution had an opportunity to visit the museum. We came back home with happiness in our hearts because we had the opportunity to spend such a pleasant day.

The month of February has been a very pleasant one to the Wooten "A" girls. We have been completing our building work nicely. Peggy and Mary have the dressing room; Evelyn and Katy the sun parlor; Ruby the bathroom. Every girl has her task to do, so they begin with good spirit and soon our work is finished. Elsie has been added to our group of girls. We always like to have new girls come to live with us. Ora and Dorothy have gone to Wooten "B." I am sure they like it because Ora and Dorothy are getting to be large girls now. They don't enjoy playing as our little group of girls do. Naomi has gone to the sewing room to work, and is making a splendid success. She enjoys her work just fine.

We just hope all the months will be spent as happy as the month of February was.—Mrs. Lovick, Matron.

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INTERMEDIATE GROUP

February was a most enjoyable month for the school children. They could hardly wait for the time to make and exchange Valentines. In the Intermediate class the stories of Saint Valentine, Lincoln and Washington were written. Other language work for the month included writing from memory the names of the days of the week and months, and making original cotton toasts. The best toast so far is the following by Elizabeth:

"Here's to the land of the cotton bloom white,
Where the farmer works from morn 'till night,
And the Negro sings both early and late,
Our dear cotton land, "The Old North State."

—Mrs. Hill, Teacher.

Training Caswell Children for Community Adjustment

Frequent questions coming from people visiting Caswell Training School pertain to the length of time our children are kept in the institution before being sent out to live again in their respective communities.

Unfortunately, as conditions are now, the greatest majority of the Caswell children remain here for life. Some go to relatives to spend some time during the summer months, but soon return. A few are occasionally taken by their families with the idea of keeping them home, but after a shorter or longer period of time, these children are usually returned to Caswell Training School.

What causes account for this very infrequent turnover of the population in Caswell? As the name of the institution implies, it is a place where children brought here are to be trained. In a previous article of this magazine it was said that mentally-retarded children are unable to go very far in schools as far as learning academic subjects is concerned, but that many can be trained to do various kinds of manual work. Ideally, Caswell Training School should be so equipped with facilities that the maximum possible training from which our children are capable of profiting, be given to them with the view of placing them, at the end of such training period, in their respective communities. Of course, even under such a setup, only a certain proportion of children placed in Caswell could be trained sufficiently to eventually earn their livelihood and adjust themselves otherwise outside the institution. Many of the children admitted to this institution are too low mentally to profit from any kind of manual training and consequently will always be in need of just custodial care.

Although (due to low finances) our facilities for training are behind what they should ideally be, many of our children should with the training they now receive be able to adjust themselves outside the institution. But, as in the case of all mentally-retarded people, our children must be under adequate supervision after they leave this school. Without such supervision and sympathetic understanding, the attempts made to place subnormal people in their communities are likely to be met with failure. We have a number of cases on our records to show this to be true. Thus one girl who was well trained to do housework was taken to the home of her grandparents. Soon it was discovered that the responsibilities placed on her were so great that even for many perfectly normal people the strain would have been too much. She returned to the institution in less than two weeks' time. In the case of another child, a foster home was found for her. The foster parents not understanding this child's limitations failed to give her the necessary guidance with the result that the girl got into a number of difficulties in the community before being returned to Caswell Training School.

Aside from training children while they are in the institution, it is essential to have a well set-up system of social work in the communities, for the purpose of finding suitable homes and work for them before being discharged from their institution. Working hand in hand together with Caswell Training School and other agencies, social workers can do much to adjust subnormal people in the communities after they have received training.

For one thing, trained social workers, understanding the nature of mental retardation and knowing the limited capacities of subnormal individuals, would be able to select homes and work especially suited for our children. Secondly, social workers, by being in close touch with those people in the communities under whose guidance the children are to be placed, can carry on educational work to aid them in their supervision of the mentally retarded. Finally, but not least in importance, social workers would at intervals come in contact with the discharged children in order to aid them in their adjustment socially and otherwise.

Until we have such a setup (which we don't have at present), we cannot expect a considerable turnover of the Caswell population. On the outer appearance it might seem that the employment of social workers for the purposes mentioned above would be wasting money. However, when we consider that every child kept in Caswell Training School is an expense to the state, and that many of our children could, by being placed out, become self-supporting, it would undoubtedly save money for the state. Furthermore, turning children out after receiving training here, would provide vacancies for those on the waiting list to be admitted. Finally, it must not be forgotten that some children in this institution, especially the highest grades of mental defectives, would be happier knowing that after a certain amount of training they will graduate, so to speak, from C. T. S. and be placed out.—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

ARBOR DAY—(Planting Day)

The first Arbor Day proclaimed in the United States was in Nebraska, April 22, 1872. Before that time Nebraska was practically treeless. J. S. Morton, later United States secretary of agriculture, introduced the idea of Arbor Day, which soon won general favor. The date depends on the state in which you live.

Since North Carolina's Arbor Day is in the fall we are going to celebrate a Planting Day in March. We are beginning to beautify the ground around our new buildings and our climate demands that many things be planted at this season. It is hoped that every boy and girl will take some part in this. In so far as it is possible, native plants will be used. Friends have given us some plants, and it is hoped that other contributions will be made. We can use anything from a long-leaf pine to the smallest plant.

"Join the great tree-planters' band,
Be a Johnny apple seed;
You can help your native land
To achieve a pressing need,
Just by telling all you see
That they ought to plant a tree."

—Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal of the School Department.

SHE'D BRIBE THEM.

He—Do you think she'd tip the scales at a hundred and fifty pounds?

She—Yes, she'd actually bribe them if she could.

TAKE ELEVATOR.

He—I've taken an apartment in Paradise flats.

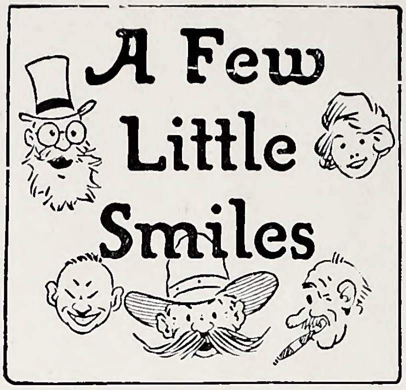
She—What floor are you on?

He—Well, if you'll promise to be my wife, I'll say I'm in the seventh heaven.

PARADOXICAL.

"Say, Bo, what's your idea of a square meal?"

"Oh, a nice round steak!"



FLOATED A LOAN.

"Wonder how Noah managed so big an enterprise as building the ark?"

"Floated a loan, no doubt?"

ONLY PINNING HIS PIN.

First College Man—You are certainly not pinning your faith on a girl like her?

Second Ditto—Oh, no, just pinning my fraternity pin on her.

PRUNES.

Child: "May I have a dark supper tonight?"

Mother: "What do you mean, dear?"

Child: "You gave me a light supper last night, and I didn't like it at all."

WISE SUGGESTION.

"This whipping hurts me more than it does you, my son."

"Let's spare each other pain the next time, dad."

STEP ON IT!

"Are you sure you have shown me all the principal parts of this car?" asked the fair prospective buyer.

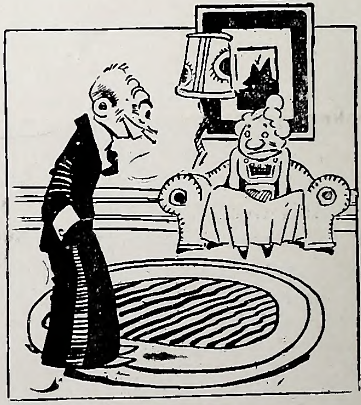
"Yes, madam, all the important ones," replied the salesman.

"Well, then, where is the depreciation? My husband told me that was one of the biggest things about a car."

ANOTHER PROMISE.

He: "Wait a minute. I thought I heard something break."

She: "Never mind. That was just my promise to mother."



HARD BOILED.

Nephew—Up among the snows and glaciers of Alaska, Aunt Sally, I hunted bear.

Old Aunt—I can't believe it, John, you'd have gotten pneumonia and died.

TRIP TO RALEIGH

On February 18 the girls and boys who belong to our Harmonica Band and Glee Club got the thrill of their lives when Dr. Register took them up to Raleigh where they gave two concerts, one in a broadcast over radio station WPTF at 9:45 a. m. and another at 10:30 o'clock at the state capitol where they sang and played for the members of the general assembly.

There was nothing but praise for the children's performance, both at the broadcasting studio and at the capitol. Mr. Poyner, our announcer at WPTF, said that their work was marvelous and that their "studio technique" was "perfect"—far better than most groups who came there. At the capitol the applause was liberal and the legislators said it was a "fine concert." They were amazed that our children could do so well. Certainly, we were very proud of their performance and their good behavior.

Later in the day the children visited the state museum, which they found most fascinating, and then they were taken to Pullen Park where they ate a delightful lunch which they brought with them, a lunch so good that not a bite was left over, prepared for them by Miss Bryant, our dietician.

Accompanying the children to Raleigh were Dr. and Mrs. Register, Mrs. Harlan, Miss Wladkowski, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Wooten, Mr. Roy Taylor and Mr. Aldridge.—Mrs. L. K. Wooten, Music Teacher.

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PREPARATION OF FOOD

A healthy mind in a healthy body is a state of perfection much to be desired. The health of the mind is largely dependent upon bodily health. The health of the body depends to a great degree upon the food consumed. So mentally and physically we are dependent upon our food for perfection, thus cooking has become the most necessary of the arts.

In our school we have around 650 growing minds and bodies to be nourished, and about 90 employees who must have strength and energy for their work. To provide all this nutrition requires a great quantity and variety of well-prepared food, but our domestic staff, composed of Messrs. Frazier, Lovick, Gay and Musick, are masters of the fine art of cookery.

From their spotless, spic and span kitchen Messrs. Frazier, Lovick, Gay and Musick send the most delicious meats, beef and pork roasts, stews and steaks, ham boiled, baked or fried. Chicken fries and stews. Vegetables of all kinds, cabbage, collards, turnips, salad greens of many kinds, lettuce, spinach, cucumbers, beets, beans, peas, Irish potatoes, tomatoes and corn—all prepared in the most savory way. With the assistance of White Head, Eugene and Charlie as helpers, this work goes on in a very satisfactory manner.

Isaiah White (colroed) has charge of the bakeshop, and daily 325 loaves of delicious bread, 20 baking sheets of cornbread and ten bushels of sweet potatoes are sent to the dining rooms to do their part in making good citizens of North Carolina. Twice a week ginger bread, fruit cobblers, cakes and other sweets are baked and served. Cookies, too, have their turn. James, Garland and Billie are helpers in the bakeshop.

A Herculean task! Yes, but not beyond the ability of the present domestic staff. They not only handle their daily work with skill and dispatch, but meet any emergency with dignity and efficiency. —Mamie Bryant, Dietician.

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THE BREADROOM

The breadroom is a busy little room. It has four large tables, two large sinks, a nice bread slicer and nine bread boxes. We slice 240 loaves of bread each day. An employee runs the machine, while one of the girls, usually Sallie, takes the bread out each time, keeping perfect time to the machine with one of her lovely songs. Emma Jane helps her somewhat.

The staff and matron's dishes are washed in here; four girls from the three dining rooms do this. Trays are sent from their room, as well as the desserts.

The kitchen linen comes back to this room; caps, aprons, towels and spreads are assorted and sent to the proper places. The ones that need mending are sent to the mending room.—Miss Sessoms, Breadroom Matron.

———o———

THE SEWING DEPARTMENT

In this department we have a group of 32 lovely girls who are doing the sewing and mending. My aim has been to teach each child as much as she is capable of learning. All have made great progress in this work, over which they are very happy.

Some of the girls do the mending, while others have learned to make entirely new things. We make quilts, dresses, slips, shirts, overalls and aprons. In fact, we make most everything that is used in the institution.

We also make very nice dolls which we sell. The dolls are little white and black boys, all dressed up with shirts, ties and overalls. The black dolls have nice kinky hair. I think they are very cute. Governor Hoey is now in possession of one of our nice dolls which was given to him by Katie, one of our children.—Florence Leonard, Head Matron.

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POLLOCK BUILDING

We have all been busy housecleaning and getting the ground ready to plant our flowers. George has been getting shrubbery. Walter, the chief houseboy, always hurries to get his work done so he could be off to make himself some money. The schoolboys have enjoyed their school work, always getting something different to do.—Mrs. Mary Parker, Matron.

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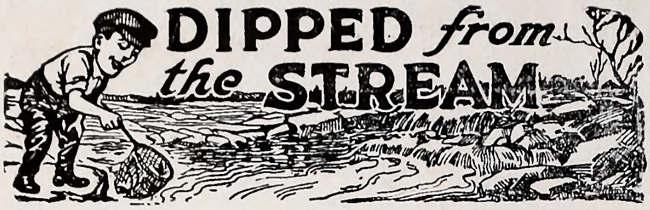
DISHROOM CHORES

As the last bell is tapped after each meal, seven chattering girls rush from the dining room to the dishroom. Each girl assumes her appointed task, and for about forty-five minutes they are busily engaged in washing and drying about 350 cups, plates, knives and forks.

The dishroom is equipped with a sink with drainboard, an electric dishwasher and two tables. These, with trays, towels and the trucks used to convey dishes, complete the equipment.—Mrs. R. G. Woods, Dishroom Matron.



DIPPED from the STREAM

"I believe," said the Englishman at the radio, "I've got America. I hear a persistent chewing sound."

* * *

"How long did it take your wife to learn to drive an automobile?"

"It will be just ten years next month."

* * *

It is rumored that a certain landlord in the Bronx has erected an apartment building with apartments so small that the tenants will have no room for complaint.

* * *

Employer: "Jones, call up my dentist and see if he can make an appointment with me. And, Jones!"

Clerk: "Yes, sir!"

Employer: "Don't urge him!"

* * *

Auntie—"And were you a very good little girl at church this morning, Sallie?"

Sallie—"Oh, yes, aunty. A man offered me a big plate full of money, and I said: 'No, thank you.'"

* * *

"Do you think it healthy to keep your hogs in the house?" a social investigator asked.

"Waal, I dunno," he drawled, "but I been akeepin' my hawgs there for 14 years and I ain't never lost one of 'em yet."

* * *

City Parson (to sexton at the country church)—"How are your evening congregations up here?"

Sexton—"There ain't nobody comes to church Sunday nights. They all stays home and listens to the radiators."

* * *

Husband—"Regina when I looked at my account last night I nearly died of fright. Our motor car is costing us over $500 a year!"

Wife—"Well, Louis, don't blame me! I advised you not to keep an account!"

* * *

Hubby—"Dear, you'll have to give up that idea of a new spring suit this month. Money at the bank is awfully low."

Newlywed—"I know you are a good business man, honey bunch—but if I were you, I'd certainly put our account in a bank that had plenty of money."

* * *

He—"I've a great mind to rock the boat and frighten you."

She—"Once before a young man like you tried that with me and the boat upset."

He—"And what did you do?"

She—"I swam ashore and notified the coroner."

* * *

A man went to see his physician for advice as to how to be cured of the habit of snoring.

"Does your snoring disturb your wife?" asked the M. D.

"Does it disturb my wife?" echoed the patient. "Why, it disturbs the whole congregation."

SMILES

Student: And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane.

Englishwoman: My word! What fierce birds you have in America.

* * *

There, now, said the suburbanite to his wife, you've ordered flower seeds that take two years to bloom.

Mind your business, she replied, this is last year's catalogue.

* * *

Visitors were present.

Daddy, may I have a dime? asked little Georgie.

Dad obliged with a smile.

This time you won't make me give it back after the company's gone, will you, Daddy? was little Georgie's loud remark.

* * *

A man called me handsome, yesterday, said a rather elderly woman to her minister. Do you think it is sinful for me to feel a little proud of the compliment?

Not at all, madam, replied the minister. "It's the man who is the sinner, not you.

* * *

Boy Scout (to elderly lady): May I accompany you across the street, madam?

Elderly Lady: Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waitin' here for somebody to take you across?

* * *

The minute the dentist touched Mandy's tooth she commenced to scream.

Hush, said the dentist, Don't you know I am a painless dentist?

Maybe you is painless, said Mandy, but I ain't.

* * *

Mother: Robert, you're a naughty boy. You can just go to bed without your supper.

Bobby: Well, Mother, what about that medicine I've got to take after meals?

* * *

Make your story short, said the busy grocer to the traveling salesman.

How can I, replied the latter. I'm selling cereals.

* * *

My boy, said a police sergeant pompously to a friend of his, you can't say I am lazy. Look at these stripes. I didn't get these by loafing about the street and outside public houses.

No, the other answered with a smile, I know you didn't get them in that way, or you'd be a zebra by now.

* * *

Salesman: Something in golf apparel, madam?

Lady: I would like to see some handicaps. Large size, please. My husband said that if he'd had a big enough handicap yesterday, he'd have won the match.

* * *

Tourist: I've come here for the winter.

Californian: Well, you've come to the wrong place. There's no winter here.

The Caswell News

Volume 2

Number 2

THE WOLF

The wolf came sniffing at my door,
But the wolf had prowled on my track before,
And his sniff, sniff, sniff at my lodge door-sill
Only made me laugh at his devilish will.

I stirred my fire and read my book,
And joyed my soul at my ingle-nook.
His sniff and his snarl were always there
But my heart was not the heart of a hare.

I cursed the beast and drove him away,
But he came with the fall of night each day,
And his sniff, sniff, sniff the whole night through
I could hear between the winds that blew.

And the time came when I laughed no more,
But glanced with fear at my frail lodge door,
For now I knew that the wolf at bay
Sooner or later would have his way.

The Fates were there, and I was one;
About my life a net was spun;
My soul grew faint in the deadly snare,
And the shrewd wolf knew my heart's despair.

A crash, and my door flew open wide,
My strength was not as the beast's at my side.
That night on my hearthstone cold and bare
He licked his paw and made his lair.

—This poem was written by John Henry Boner, born in Salem, N. C., in 1845, and died March, 1903.

APRIL, 1937

THE CHILDREN'S Department

A Small Army of Ants Teach Joe a Wonderful Lesson

JOE HUNTER sat on the kitchen steps, eating a sandwich. It was delicious food, but he was not enjoying it. Something was wrong. It seemed to Joe that everything was wrong. Why did he have to be sitting here in his own back yard while all the rest of the class was enjoying a fine hike through the woods? He glared angrily across the yard, and mechanically bit into his sandwich. Of course, Aunt Nellie would have to go to town on the very afternoon of the hike.

"I'm very sorry, Joe," his mother had said, "but you'll have to come right home after school and stay here while I go over to Aunt Nellie's. Mr. Harper is sending out the coal this afternoon, and I'm expecting a telephone call from Mrs. Kelly. You'll have to ask the teacher to excuse you from the hike so you can stay here while I'm away."

"Pshaw, mother," he pleaded, "I've just got to go. This is nature study, and the one who writes the best composition about it gets to be the class reporter."

"I'm sorry, dear," his mother had replied, "but I promised Aunt Nellie I would stay with the children this afternoon while she was away, and I must have some one here to see that the coal is properly put away and to answer the telephone. Can't you find something around the house for your nature study? Just listen to those birds outside, and think of our garden."

"No, mother, there's nothing here like the things I would see over on the hill."

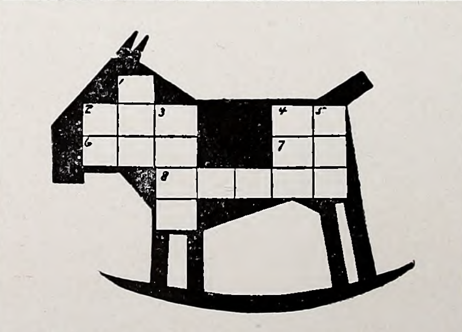
His plea had availed him nothing, however. Here he was on his own back steps, while the class was hiking over Forest Hill and doubtless finding hundreds of things to write about. Some one else would surely write the best theme and become class reporter.

Staring down aimlessly at his feet, he suddenly realized that he had littered the steps with crumbs. As he started to go into the house for a broom the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Kelly calling to say that she had returned home and would be over Friday to see his mother. He thanked her and hung up the receiver.

Joe returned to his place on the step and sat staring at the crumbs. From some hidden region hundreds of tiny black ants had appeared and were madly making off with the bread. Some were working separately, each carrying off a tiny crumb, while others, working together in groups, were making away with the larger pieces. Joe watched for a few moments and then decided to try an experiment. From the refrigerator he obtained a piece of dried beef about as large as the end of his thumb. Meat was a little heavier than bread, and its scent would probably attract the ants more quickly. He decided to try just one piece at a time, so that he could give one group of ants his entire attention. He laid the meat in the exact center of a step and waited. In about two minutes one ant appeared over the edge of the step, and, in a hesitating, jerky, zigzag trot, made its way up close to the beef. Just short of it, the insect stopped suddenly, turned, and bolted back over the edge of the step. Joe could see that it had not touched the meat. Evidently the ant had only scented it. In about a minute five ants made their appearance.

Two of the ants came up and felt the bit of beef, then ran back a short distance, met, and touched their feelers together. Then, while the first five started running about in their zigzag trot, others began to appear and gather about the meat. They would touch the beef and then begin running around it. Frequently two would meet and touch feelers together. Joe finally decided that, after their own fashion, they were carrying on a conference.

The ants appeared so rapidly that he found it difficult to keep count of them, but, when about fifty had emerged from over the edge of the step, they gathered around the piece of meat and laid hold of it. Each would work a bit, move on to another place, and then take hold of the prize again. But Joe could see that no progress was being made. Presently they began to run around the meat again, meet, and touch feelers. The conference had doubtless been renewed. After a few minutes all the ants moved to one end of the meat and set to work again. Each ant would work at the burden for a few moments, then step back among the idlers that were hanging about, or move to another point and resume its work. The ants moved one end of the beef a short distance, then went to work on the other end. Slowly but surely, they were carrying away a mountain of food, many times larger and heavier than their combined bulk and weight.



ROCKING HORSE PUZZLE

Horizontal—
2. Hurried.
4. Abbreviation for advertisement.
6. Era.
7. Poetical word.
8. Fruit.

Vertical—
1. A game.
2. First letter of a fruit.
3. Not far.
4. Everyone.
5. Female deer.

The Caswell News

Vol. 2 - No. 2 KINSTON, N. C., APRIL, 1937 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

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Associate Editor .... Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor .... Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor .... Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager .... Miss Mary L. Utley

APRIL

April, that fickle, lovely month of rain and sun, seems to stand in our calendar for life and growth. Spring wild flowers, green grass, leaves bursting forth in the trees, all touch a chord that vibrates in the heart of child and grown-up alike.

The exultant joy and hope of spring time find religious expression in the Easter festival. It is interesting to know that long ago, before Christianity came to northern Europe, the Anglo-Saxons held in April a feast dedicated to Easter, goddess of light and returning spring, whose name was later given to the Christian celebration. Our Easter eggs are probably a tradition from this far-away time.

There are several interesting dates for the class room calendar. Primary children may take increased pleasure in "The Ugly Duckling" for example, if it is read to them on the birthday of Hans Christian Anderson, April 2. Washington Irving was born on April 3. Our great lover of nature, John Burroughs, was also born on the third of April. On April 24 we celebrate our National Wild Flower Day.

"In woods and fields the warming showers
Are waking up the sleeping flowers;
The sun removed sometime ago
Their winter coverlet of snow.
"Time to get up," they hear them say,
"Good old spring time is on the way.
I've waked the butterflies and bees,
And birds are singing in the trees;
The blithe south wind is here today,
To help me dress the earth for May,
So children, hurry, hurry all,
Get right up now—You've heard me call."

Mrs. B. S. Barnes,
Principal, School Department

MOST FORTUNATE

Caswell Training School was most fortunate in its new building program of nine buildings costing with furnishings, $221,000; 55 percent furnished by the state and 45 percent given by the federal government. Every man that took any part in this building program either on part of state or federal government was a specialist in his line. After the federal grant was made, the directors of the Caswell Training School chose from a number of architects one that they were confident would give a good job. The plans were drawn and submitted to the experts of the federal government, bids were advertised for and at a public hearing bids were opened and the lowest responsible bidder was given the contract. This contractor happened to be one of the best and has been one of the outstanding builders of state properties in North Carolina. We also had the expert advice and counsel of the engineer of the State Budget Bureau. We also had the services of a federal inspector who had an office on our grounds and was on the job daily. This is not all, many state, district, and federal inspectors were continually dropping in on the job. We were allowed to make partial payments for completed work, only after being recommended by inspectors and signed by them. We even had on our part the head of the ceramic Department of State College, to inspect brick going into the buildings and he informed us that the brick were of much better quality than the contract called for. We are proud of our buildings and if they do not prove good we will be greatly disappointed, and will feel that we, the untechnical part of the organization, have done our best, and have done all that we could do to get a 100 percent job.

Naming the Baby

We feel that the Caswell Training School was laid on the door of Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus in the beginning of his administration. On account of lack of funds for some little while, it really looked like a mighty sick baby. With his and the kind consideration of the Budget Bureau, we have managed to pull this baby through the depression, and now we have a right lusty baby on our hands. We believe it will grow into a baby of which we are not going to be ashamed. We have just finished eight small dormitories and a most beautiful auditorium, which will be named the Ehringhaus building. We are just waiting for a christening dress (cement driveway on each side of the building) to have our christening.

F. M. Register, M.D., Superintendent

SLEEP MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOD

ALTHOUGH people have been sleeping ever since the beginning of the world, even our most learned medical authorities still differ on the scientific definition of it. Beyond telling us that it is an unconscious state during which we relax our muscles, breathe more slowly and deeply, have a slower pulse and less pressure in the blood vessels, the physician isn't able to explain what sleep actually is.

Have you ever stopped to think that sleep is so important that we may go without food for a much longer time than without sleep? Even the loss of a single night of rest has a marked effect upon most persons, while any of us may fast for several days at a stretch without harming the body. In fact, many authorities claim that short, regular fasts are very beneficial because of the rest that they give to the overworked digestive system.

There are some persons who are able to get along on a small amount of sleep, but the great majority of people require the normal eight-hour rest to be at their best. Napoleon, Wellington, and Frederick the Great kept going with very little sleep, while Edison has spent a most strenuous life with only four or five hours of slumber each night. The few times during which Edison has varied this program were when he was concentrating upon his inventions. Then he often went without rest for two or three nights, but after the invention was perfected he would immediately retire and go into a sound sleep for twenty or more hours.

Sound sleepers require fewer hours of sleep than light sleepers, but even those who sleep soundly should get eight hours of rest. As people in good health usually sleep very soundly, and with a minimum of dreams, this indicates that persons in ill health should get all the sleep possible. Strange to say, those in poor physical condition most often suffer from nervousness and sleeplessness; so persons who really need the greatest amount of sleep get very little of it.

The different parts of the body do not sleep with the same degree of soundness. It is well known that it is much easier to awaken a person by scratching his toe than by tweaking his nose. The head sleeps more soundly than any other part; so it seems natural that parts farthest from it would be less unconscious and more able to send their sensations to the brain during sleep.

If you are in perfect health it should be easy for you to awaken at any required time without the assistance of an alarm clock. All that is necessary is to make up your mind just when you want to arise and then actually believe that you can do it. By having regular hours it should become just as easy for you to make your mind wake you at a regular time every morning. When such regularity becomes a habit you'll find it a simple matter to adjust the habit to any desired time. This may seem rather far-fetched, but it's sound psychology, just the same.

People show their strength of mind by the manner in which they arise in the morning. The indecisive person may awaken at the desired time, but prefers to loaf in bed awhile. This has a depressing and weakening effect on the human body.

SPREAD OF INDUSTRY

Industry is not confining itself to any particular section any more than farming, but shows a general growth according to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which analyzed the situation recently. According to the number of wage earners per one thousand of the population the country shows an increase of 5.4 per cent within the past 15 years.

Michigan shows a growth of 30 per cent, Indiana and California of 25 per cent, Washington 33 per cent and Oregon 60 per cent.

North Carolina had 3.8 per cent increase, South Carolina 4.6 per cent and Georgia 3 per cent.

New England leads in density of manufacturing, having 150 employees per 1,000 population, and Rhode Island showed more than 250. Michigan's record was 116, Illinois 93 and Indiana 88.

California got into the density column with 67 wage earners per 1,000 inhabitants, Washington showed 79 and Oregon 69, while the figure for the United States was 78.

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JOHNSON FOND OF BOOKS

According to that greatest of all biographers, Boswell, Doctor Johnson, upon entering a library, "ran eagerly to one side of the room, intent on poring over the backs of books." Because of this custom a contemporary once called him "od," to which accusation Johnson replied: "Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know the subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we inquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues and the backs of books in libraries." No wonder that such a man knew so well how and where to tap the sources of knowledge and give the world a great and unique dictionary.—From "Private Book Collectors."

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The underlying principle of all success is founded on drudgery, sacrifice, painstaking labor and persistent effort.—Top.

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The kind of ancestors we have had is not as important a matter as the kind of descendants our ancestors have.

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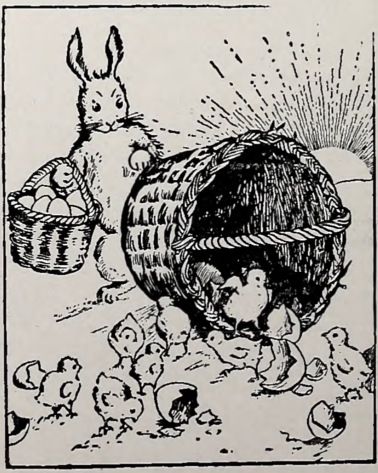
Pins and people amount to very little if they lose their heads.



WHAT DO WE EAT?

What do we eat? First of all, about $17,000 worth of groceries, fruits, meats, and things we can't raise on our farm. In addition to this, about $53,000 worth of vegetables, eggs, chickens, milk, hogs, fruit, lard, rice, grits, and other things. This is a total of $70,000 yearly for about 640 children and 80 odd employees, or over 700 in all, an average of about $100 yearly for three square meals a day for every one of the 700 members of our family.

Comparing this with an average family's budget, it doesn't seem like we get much to eat, but we do and it is wholesome, well-cooked, properly seasoned, and good. We had a guest for dinner the other day. We passed him a large platter of roast spare-ribs. "We produced this on our farm," we said. Then we passed candied sweet potatoes, collards, canned snaps. "These came from our garden, the snaps having been canned by us, too." Then the cornbread, made by our own corn and ground by us. On another day it might have been ham—fried or roasted or smoked or boiled, or sausages, or stewed or fried chicken, fish, beef, roasted or stewed, and almost any vegetables you can imagine, for our gardener believes in a great variety of vegetables in abundance and our dietitian believes in cooking and serving everything well.

As a rule, most of our food is home-produced, however, we do have to buy two barrels of flour every day for bread and pastry, besides, sugar, tea, coffee, fish, beef, syrup, preserves, rice, dried fruits, canned fruits, and other things in proportion.

Mr. W. W. Griffin, Business Manager

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ALL-STAFF GET-TOGETHER

The Caswell All-Staff organization spent a very interesting and profitable evening at the regular monthly meeting, held March 1.

During the business portion of our evening, a number of matters of general interest were discussed and decisions reached which prove that our hope for deeper understanding and co-operation with one another is becoming realized.

After the business preliminaries, Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, gave us a most enlightening talk which she opened by quoting in startling figures the number of sub-normal individuals in this state who should be receiving institutional care. After explaining the general meaning of normal and sub-normal, Miss Wladkowski proceeded to illustrate with graphic charts the fact that the various abilities of normals as well as those of sub-normals vary with different individuals. These charts cleared up a number of questions in our minds; and after the talk Miss Wladkowski answered further questions. In fact, we kept her busy all through the social hour while Mrs. Leonard and her assistants served us quite delicious coffee and home-made cookies. When we finally disbanded we all felt that we had just spent one of the most enjoyable evenings in a long time.

Leila S. Crowell,
Secretary of All-Staff Organization

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PUPPET SHOW

The Health Department of Lenoir county gave a puppet show at Caswell Training School. It was about a little boy who had the toothache. The show was very good and Jack and Joan were funny and the monkey was funny, too, and the boys and girls were very glad. I hope you can come again.

Floyd

DOINGS AMONG THE WOOTEN CHILDREN

Spring must be just around the corner, judging by the scenes around the Wooten building. Several rows of tiny green seedlings already striping the main flower bed—clumps of perennials up; and matrons and girls breaking ground to plant packages of new seeds. Our flowers are a source of joy throughout the summer, and we are hoping this year to have more and lovelier than ever before.

Recently activities of all kinds were halted and everyone gathered around the radio to listen to our glee club broadcast from Raleigh. We had all united in getting them ready and off early in the morning and had mentally followed them along every mile of their journey. As the hour of the broadcast approached we were so excited that there were tears in some eyes and when at last the program was announced, we showed our joy and relief by a storm of clapping. It was a thrilling experience to hear our friends sing and play over the air. We hope it will happen again one of these days.

The girls and the matrons of the Wooten building wish to join in thanking everyone who had a part in laying our new walks. It connects the cement tunnel with the dining room steps, and will be a great help in keeping our feet dry in bad weather. We had wanted it for a long time, and now that we have it we are mighty proud and are making plans to straighten and beautify it by bordering it with flowers and grass.

Leila Crowell, Matron Wooten B.

———o———

OUR DOLL HOUSE

The Primary classes are greatly interested in their doll house project. It is being carried out by all the pupils in both primary groups and the little pre-primary boys and girls delight in doing their part toward making it a success.

The project was introduced the first of school and will continue throughout the year. It is a pretty one-room white house with a green roof and a small porch and was made by one of the older boys. There are ecru shades hanging at the four windows and light green scrim curtains. At present the house is furnished as a dining room. The dark oak furniture, a table, four chairs, a serving table and china closet were made and painted by the primary boys. The girls hemmed the curtains and added the decorative touches with their embroidered table cloth and napkins. The table is set and the four dolls are in their places waiting to be served.

The boys are making living room furniture and painting it mahogany, which will soon take its place in our home. The girls will do their part by making pillows, draperies, upholstering the furniture and other necessary things which make a living room attractive.

Later on, the living room will give away to a bed room in which both groups will have an opportunity to do their part in making it home-like for the family of rag dolls which the girls are making and dressing, as members of our doll house family.

R. Tull, Primary Teacher

TRICKS AND STUNTS

MAGNETIZED PALMS

Hold your hands breast high in front of you, with your palms vertical and together. Request the strongest one of the crowd to grasp your wrists and, by pulling them in opposite directions towards your elbows, attempt to separate your palms. So long as he continues to pull steadily and without jerking, he will be unable to accomplish what at first appears easy.

* * *

THE TIPPING MATCH

The Effect—The performer lays a match on the table in such a position that one end extends over the edge. He holds another match a few inches below the first one. As he lowers the second match slowly, the one on the table begins to tip in response to the magnetic power of the under match and finally falls into the performer's hand.

How it is Accomplished—The match held below the end of the one on the table and the reference to the power of magnetism have nothing to do with the trick except to mislead the observers. As you lean over the match which rests on the table, you have simply to blow softly upon it to cause it to tip and finally to fall.

* * *

PUSH HAT THROUGH HOLE

Here is a good stunt to try on your friends. First, place a hat, preferably a derby or other stiff hat, on the table. Then, after making a small hole in a piece of paper about six inches square, announce that you are going to push the hat through the hole. Take the paper in the right hand and push the hat across the table with a pencil or stick through the hole in the paper. In this way you have fulfilled your promise and pushed the hat through the hole in the paper. Other objects may be substituted for the hat. You can even push a person's head through an ordinary finger ring. Place the ring over the end of the first finger, then push against the person's head with that finger.

* * *

HEARING WITH YOUR TEETH

It seems a funny thing to talk about hearing with your teeth and yet you can easily prove that it is possible to do so. Get a short length of cane, or a narrow ruler, and grip this firmly between the teeth. Now ask some one to play the piano, and rest the farther end of the length of wood against the side of the instrument. With your finger stop your ears tightly so that there is no chance of any sound getting in that way. You will be surprised to find that you can hear the music almost as well as if your ears were unstopped. You are really hearing with your teeth, and the explanation of this curious fact is this: What is known as the inner ear is firmly fixed inside one of the bones of the head. In this way there is a long bony connection between this ear and the teeth. The sounds which travel up the length of wood, are sent to the inner ear, and the music is plainly heard.

———o———

No bird can fly so fast as the swiftest airplanes.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question—How is Greenland governed?

Answer—Danish authority was formerly limited to the southern portions of Greenland. In 1917, however, the United States ceded, in part payment for the Danish West Indies, its right to any and all parts of Greenland acquired through discovery or by temporary occupation. Under this treaty Denmark now dominates all Greenland. Its royal officers control the administration of government, and the religion and education of the native population. Greenland is divided for administration into the North and South inspectorates, each being governed by a royal inspector appointed by the King of Denmark. Besides exercising magisterial powers, the inspectors supervise the agents of the Royal Greenland Trade Commission and of the Danish and Moravian missions, and they subserve the interests of the Eskimos. Home government exists among the Eskimos in the form of municipal councils, which are organized under the regulations formulated in 1872 by the Danish minister of home affairs. The local priest presides and, in the proportion of one to 120, native Eskimo members are elected from the "providers" (skilled hunters). They adjust minor offenses and relieve distress among the old and the suffering through the distribution of the Greenland Fund, which is formed by allotment of 20 per cent of all sums paid for domestic produce by the Royal Greenland Trade Commission.

* * *

Question — When the English Colonists came to Plymouth and Massachusetts did they pay the Indians for the land they took?

Answer—Yes, they did. It was customary for all the English and Dutch Colonists who made settlements in America to pay the Indians what the latter regarded a suitable price for the land. There was only one exception to this policy. When the New Englanders exterminated the Pequot village and drove the residue of the Pequots from the country they seized upon the Indian lands without pay. They regarded themselves as justified in this course because the Pequots had rashly begun a ruthless war against the settlers. Of course the prices paid for Indian lands were ridiculously low, for the Indian had no sense of value at that time, and the lands were really not worth much to the white people. It is estimated that the trinklets and other goods given by the Dutch to the Indians for Manhattan Island were worth only about $24. There is a popular and erroneous notion that Wm. Penn was the only Englishman to pay the Indians for their land.

* * *

Question—Did not two Englishmen cross the Atlantic by air from Newfoundland to Ireland about seven years ago?

Yes—On June 14 and 15, 1919, Captain John Alcock (knighted later), aviator, and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown (knighted later), navigator, made a non-stop transoceanic flight from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Clifden, Ireland, in a Vickers-Vimy biplane, with a Rolls-Royce engine. The distance covered was 1,960 miles in 16 hours, 12 minutes. The flight won the London Daily Mail prize of $50,000.

A DAY IN THE DINING ROOM

Promptly at 6:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., and 5:00 p. m., each day, 23 girls come into the children's dining room to serve meals. I say promptly because they must be there on time if three hundred and fifty boys and girls are to get their meals at the proper hour. They have learned exactly how to serve the food and whatever drinks they may have, so in exactly one-half hour they have the dining room in perfect order for the children to file in.

These girls are also well trained in the art of cleaning up and setting tables. The dining room must be well swept and every particle of dirt cleaned away. After each meal these tasks are well taken care of because every girl knows exactly what she is supposed to do.

Every morning the dining room is thoroughly scrubbed and all the table linen is changed. On Saturday mornings each girl scrubs all of her tables, stoves, and benches and the dining room is flooded with the hose. Of course, we have a lot of fun when we get all this water on the floor, but all the girls work hard in order to have the dining room clean and spotless.

Lucy Farthing, Dining Room Matron

—o—

TAPP BUILDING

With the coming of warm weather, our thoughts turn to the outdoors. After weeks of rain, cold weather and wind, we will be most happy to get out and work, play or just prowl around in the warm sunshine. Warm days mean flower planting time. Already we have several packets of seeds and arm loads of shrubs. For the past several days we have been preparing beds and now have several in readiness. There is plenty of room for improving our lawns and with seeds and shrubbery just received, combined with a bit of healthy spading, we have reason to expect most gratifying results.

The beds from Tapp A have been moved upstairs making additional room for indoor play and relaxation. They are furnished now with a few tables and benches built more for wear than attractiveness. Having been promised new curtains, paint and other material, we are anticipating a most attractive and comfortable room. It is hoped that this will promote a greater sense of responsibility in caring for property.

We take this opportunity to pay final tribute to a very good friend of ours. It had served us well day after day and was a constant source of enjoyment to everyone. But the daily demands were too great and day by day it steadily grew weaker, until one morning it could no longer respond to the twist of the dial. Our radio was dead! We will miss it very much and remember it long.

Miss Irene Smith
Mr. Hugh Fisher
Mr. Carl Higgins

—o—

SAINT VALENTINE

Saint Valentine lived a long time ago. He was so good and kind that the people loved him dearly. The king seeing how the people loved him, grew afraid they would want him for king, so he cast him into prison.

CHILDREN AT WORK

Among the children of the Caswell Training School there is an atmosphere of willingness and a desire for work which is seldom found satisfactory in institutions of different types. Rising early in the morning it is gratifying to see the children as they go and come from building to building getting started on the daily tasks given to them individually.

As a rule, if the day is begun with the tactful supervision of teachers and matrons, the children work together with skill and co-operation, and an amazingly satisfactory amount of work is accomplished. Occasionally there arises some discord which cannot be corrected because of the dissatisfaction of those concerned, when this is true and the work becomes poorly done, then is the time for the matron or teacher to solve the problem if possible. This readjustment is often accomplished by switching different persons to new responsibilities. This has proved a satisfactory method of dealing with the children to keep them happy in their work. It is seldom that a child is forced to submit to unpleasant punishment other than to have certain privileges taken, this done only when an appeal to the child's better judgment fails.

Miss Lucile Champion, Nurse

—o—

AN OPINION

I would like to have this opportunity of expressing my opinion about things in a general way concerning the work at Caswell.

I think that we who have been selected to run our respective departments should take time to consider just what we may do to make it pleasant and profitable to those working under us. When we gain the respect of others we make our work easier and more pleasant and thereby serve the state in a much more efficient way. We should realize that we belong to the job instead of the job belonging to us.

In my work of raising the vegetables I find that very often the lowest paid man in my department can have a very good idea about some things. There seems to be about as much to be learned from the bottom of the job as from the top. This can be proven by great industrial organizations, by the fact that the presidents of great industries send their sons to the shops to learn.

Let us all pull together for a greater Caswell in 1937.

Mr. J. H. Smith, Head Garden Dept.

There he lived for many years. Children would come to sing for him but the prison window was so high he could see only the sky and the birds that happened to fly by.

One day a little bird lit on the window sill and left a seed. The window sill was covered with moss. This gave the seed soil to grow in. When spring came, the plant bloomed. It was a violet. Valentine picked it, wrote a note of love and cheer to a little crippled boy and when the children came to sing for him again he dropped it to the ground. They were glad to take it to the cripple.

When Valentine died, all the good people and children were sorry. From that time people all over the world have celebrated Saint Valentine's birthday, the 14th of February, by sending tokens of love.

Gladys

Sure Thing—Something is sure to happen when the train of thought becomes derailed on a one-track mind.

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

Revised Definition — Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else have your way.

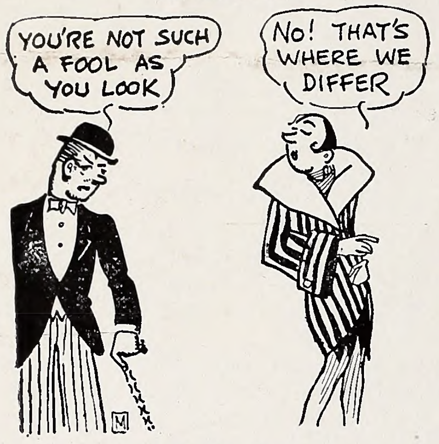
The Nerviest Guy of the Month was the hobo who inquired of the Traveler's Aid representative where he might find the freight yards.

* * *

Terpsichorean—If you wish to become proficient and graceful in the modern dancing steps it is very helpful if you've had experience as a pin-setter in a bowling alley.

* * *

"So There!"


YOU'RE NOT SUCH A FOOL AS YOU LOOK
NO! THAT'S WHERE WE DIFFER
M

* * *

Revised Definitions—Stenographer: A person who writes what she thinks the boss should have said.

Fishing: A sport devised to improve the imagination.

Music: The least objectional of noises.

Parking space: The spot where the other fellow left his car.

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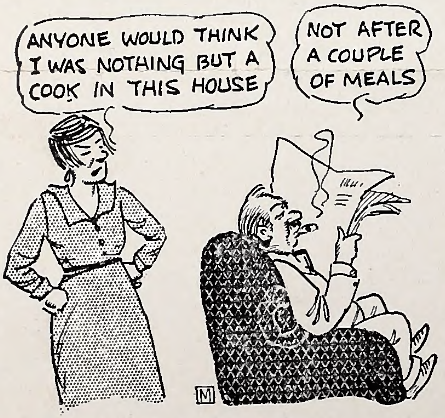
What's Wrong Here?


ANYONE WOULD THINK I WAS NOTHING BUT A COOK IN THIS HOUSE
NOT AFTER A COUPLE OF MEALS
M

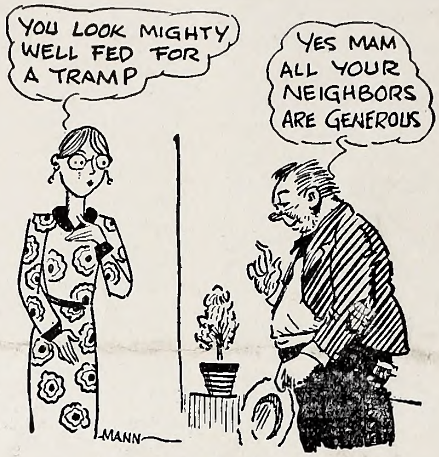
* * *

Fairy Story—Once upon a time there was a wife who believed that it was the parrot who taught her husband to swear.

* * *

This Business Era—The shop assistant in the act of proposing: "Remember, this is the last day of this astounding sale."

"Thank You, Mam!"


YOU LOOK MIGHTY WELL FED FOR A TRAMP
YES MAM ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS ARE GENEROUS
MANN

* * *

The Great Outdoors—"Have you ever been surrounded by wolves?" asked the enquiring reporter. "No," replied the old-timer, "but I know the sensation. I used to open the doors at a summer boarding house."

* * *

No, No, Maudie—Cereals are not the continued stories in the magazines. A man who makes an ashtray out of the parlor rug is not necessarily a magician.

* * *

It Does Take Time—Men live fifteen years longer than they did a generation ago in order to pay for their automobiles.

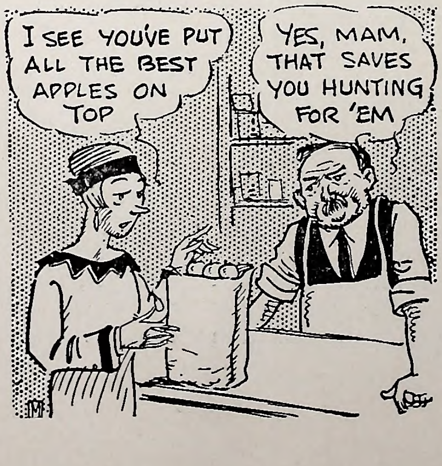
* * *

True Confessions—"Dearest Annabelle," wrote Oswald who was hopelessly in love. "I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream for a word from your lovely lips. As always, your Oswald.

P. S.—I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain.

* * *

"Very Thoughtful, Kind Sir"


I SEE YOU'VE PUT ALL THE BEST APPLES ON TOP
YES, MAM, THAT SAVES YOU HUNTING FOR 'EM
M

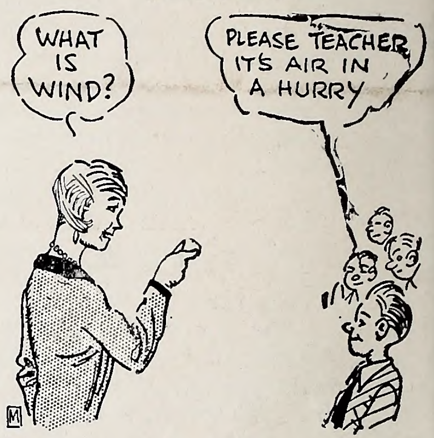
Sure Thing—The man who says there is no such thing as silence has never asked a bank manager for a loan.

* * *

Toonerville—"Is this train ever on time?" growled the passenger. "We never worry about it being on time," said the porter. "We're satisfied if it's on the track."

* * *

Educational


WHAT IS WIND?
PLEASE TEACHER IT'S AIR IN A HURRY
M

* * *

Confidential

"Is it possible to confide a secret in you, Jim?"

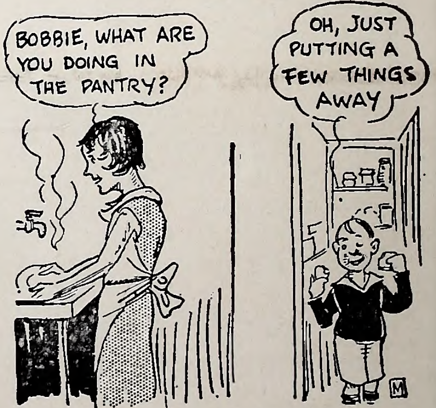
"Certainly, Bill. I will be as silent as the grave."

"Well, then, I have pressing needs for two bucks."

"Worry not, my friend. It is as if I had heard nothing."

* * *

Truthful Boy


BOBBIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE PANTRY?
OH, JUST PUTTING A FEW THINGS AWAY
M

* * *

Cicero the Cynic Says: "Marriage is the art of quarreling cheerfully. The trouble with love at first sight is second sight."

* * *

It's a Pretty Big Shop when it takes about two weeks for a good joke to get from the superintendent back to the superintendent.

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The Caswell News

Soliloquies of a Business Man

Good habits are as hard to break as bad ones.

To the minds of thinking people each tomorrow is worth providing for.

The wise make of every sunrise of life an inspiration and of every sunset a benediction.

Each finished brick of accomplishment can be used by one and all to build our castles of the morrow.

Providing for the future is always profitable. It is youth's only way of building up a good foundation for mature life.

Students have it within themselves to help build up their own destinies. The wise know that a finished education always creates greater opportunities.

It is the thoughts that are worth while that we store away in memory's chamber that will help one to have poise and mental equilibrium in the coming business and social life.

By J. C. GLASSFORD,
Grand Junction, Colo.

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MAY, 1937

OUR CHILDREN

THE LITTLE BUILDERS

JIMMY BROWN and Jimmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere, they were together, and when one learned anything new it was not long before the other knew it also. Now, they had been watching the masons, who were building a fine store on Main street.

"Did you know that we are builders, John?" said Jimmy, who had watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall.

"No, we aren't; we're only boys," said John.

"But we are; we are building a house which is to last forever and ever," said Jimmy, earnestly.

"Pooh! now you are fooling," said John. "Nothing in the world lasts forever and ever. That old Morgan house is only a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred more, I'm quite certain."

"I can't help that," said Jimmy. "Mother told me our souls would live forever," and we were building houses, not made with hands, for them to live in."

"How is that?" said John, soberly.

"Well, she said that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build right we shall be glad forever and ever."

"That's queer. We ought to be pretty careful, then," said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she ought to know."

"I think it jolly nice to be builders, don't you?" said Jimmy.

"Yes, if we build right. But let's see what kind of bricks had we better use?"

"Always tell the truth; that's a big sill. Be honest; that's another," said Jimmy.

"Good!" cried John. "Mind your mother; that is another."

"Yes, and fathers and teachers, too," said Jimmy. "There's a big beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that keeps the frame steady."

"Be courteous; there's a brick," said John. "And don't swear; there's another."

"And don't speak against anybody," interrupted Jimmy. "And we shall go on building as long as we live, mother says; every single day we add something to our house, and it is necessary that we build right."

The gentleman who owned the new building on which the bricklayers were working stood close beside the boys. He was hidden from their sight by a high wall which stood between them and the boys. He listened, and then stepped around beside them and said: "Pretty good work, my boys; only build on a sure foundation. Many buildings have collapsed because of a wrong start."

The boys looked a bit frightened, but he smiled and they soon felt at ease and listened to what he had to say:

"Give your hearts to God, my boys; He is the great Master Builder. He will teach you to build so that He will say, 'Well done.' 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else shall be added unto you.'" Then he added: "I wish everybody would build as wisely as you plan, dear boys. May God help you to keep your resolution."

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR GOOD TURN TODAY?

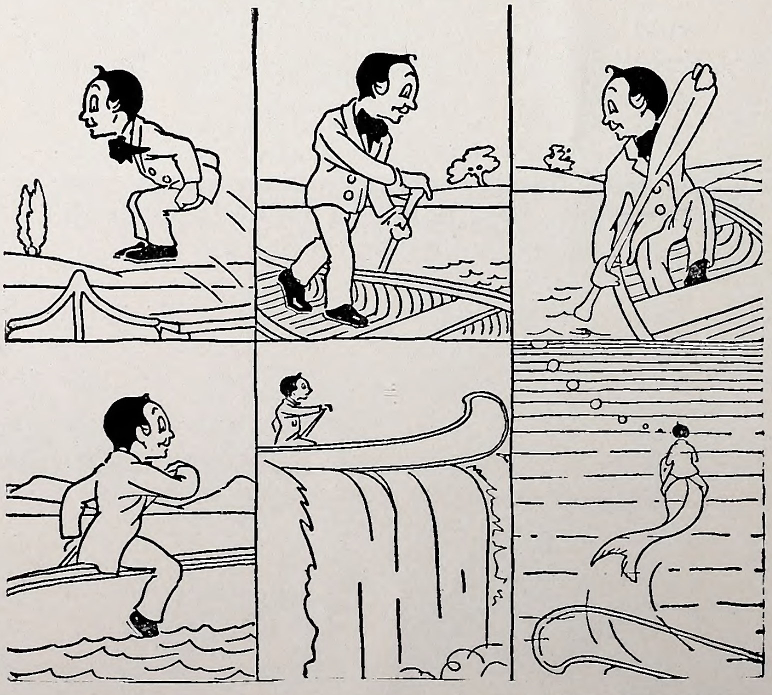
A little song, a little lift,
A little word of cheer,
A little prayer, a little gift,
Will bring the angels near.

A little talk, a little smile,
A little spray of flowers,
A little sitting in awhile,
Will brighten up the hours.

A little bit of brotherhood
Will go a long, long way
To make us feel that life is good,
And better every day.

BILL WILLEY GOES CANOEING

(He's making five grave mistakes; what are they?)



The Caswell News

Vol. 2 - No. 3 KINSTON, N. C., MAY, 1937 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

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SCHOOL NEWS

The middle of March, Mrs. L. K. Wooten, head of our Music Department for the past four years, had to be relieved of her duties temporarily on account of her health. We were very fortunate in getting Mrs. Raymond Askew to substitute for Mrs. Wooten. The change was made with the least possible interruption with the work. The children have co-operated beautifully with Mrs. Askew and the work has proceeded splendidly under her direction.

We are pleased to believe that with her treatment, and a well-earned rest, Mrs. Wooten, whose work with the children has attracted rather wide attention and most favorable comment, will soon be with us again.

The first of April arrangement was made to provide instruction in folk dancing for certain of our classes. Miss Doris Whitfield of Kinston was secured to take charge of this work. Nothing we have attempted in a long time has been received with such enthusiasm by the children. So far, Miss Whitfield has tried out five groups. She says she has never met with more responsive classes. Individually and collectively the children seem eager to learn, and their progress has been very satisfactory indeed.

On April 13, the glee club and harmonica band gave the following program at the Grainger High School:

1. Our School Band
   "Listen to the Mocking Bird"—Harmonica Band.
2. Girls' Quartet: "Oloha Oe"—Louise, Emily, Virginia and Madge.
3. Negro Spirituals: "Heaven," "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"—Glee Club.
4. Vocal Duet: "Rockabye"—Katie and Annie Ruth.
5. (a) Swanee River Blues" (b) "When My Dream Boat Comes Home"—Harmonica Band.
6. Sextet from Lucia in quartet form—Glee Club.
7. Harmonica Duet: "Silver Threads Among the Gold"—Eddie and Walter.
8. Vocal Duet: "Go Lovely Flower."
9. (a) "Echo Song"—Glee Club.
   (b) "Whispering Hope"—Louise, Emily, Madge, Virginia, Eddie and Roy.
10. I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter.

—Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal.

OUR REAL SITUATION

It seems difficult to put across to citizens of the state the fact that it is impossible to care for all the children of the state that need institutional care. This cannot be done with one small school that can care for only 850 children. On the outside lots of people seem to think that it takes a lot of influence or money to get a child in. We are requested by those who have charge of our expenditures to see that all who are able to pay, pay something. There are less than ten percent who pay. It is our business to take children just as long as we have room. It is also our business to treat every county alike as far as possible, this has not always been done in the past, but shall be done in the future.

We can only take so many children of the class that are completely helpless, so many of each that cannot help themselves, so many that can not only help themselves and help others, but can help the school as well. We can take only so many boys and so many girls. We cannot take insane or sick children, pregnant girls or children that have to be confined in jails, as we have no facilities for taking care of those who are incorrigible or untrainable. We can take care of only so many per 100,000 of the population. We figure the population of a county and base the number of children from each county on this basis to a great extent. All other things being equal. For an instance, a certain county might be entitled to entering a child but the entering of the child would all depend on what kind of a child. If we take children in proportion to our desire to help, we would soon put our school completely out of business, for our desire is to help every helpless person in the state that could be helped by us.

Counties, commissioners and county welfare officers might just as well look the facts squarely in the face. If the state does not provide space then the counties had just as well get busy and provide for the children in their counties that cannot possibly be cared for in our school. Four or five counties could go in together and provide suitable quarters for children and each county pay their just proportion. Each county has a welfare officer who could see that things were done in a proper manner.

In employing people we try to get people from different counties, if possible to get them. We feel that our school is a state school, not a local school.—F. M. Register, M.D., Superintendent.

Mother's Day—Origin and Purpose

MISS ANNA JARVIS of Philadelphia was the founder of Mother's Day. The exact date of the origin does not seem to be known. About the nearest we can get is to know that in 1912 congress passed a bill ordering the flag to be displayed on this day. This bill was passed on Saturday preceding Mother's Day, and immediately cablegrams were sent to all American consuls in foreign countries asking them to display the flag the following day. This has been observed every year since.

When Miss Jarvis' own mother died her daughter felt that she wanted to carry on in some way her "mother spirit." She thought this could best be done by having a day set apart to honor all mothers, and, through them, all womanhood.

"When I thought," says Miss Jarvis, "of the daily work that countless millions of mothers are performing every day, quietly, unobtrusively, unheralded, I felt that a day set apart in their honor would be the most inspiring and expressive recognition that could be afforded them."

The second Sunday in May was designated as the day to be observed, and the white carnation was chosen as an emblem. Of the latter Miss Jarvis says, "Around the white carnation I wove a sentiment. Its whiteness is to symbolize the truth, purity, and broad charity of mother love; its fragrance, her memory and her prayers. The carnation does not drop its petals, but hugs them to its heart as it dies, and so, too. mothers hug their children to their hearts, their mother love never dying."

Miss Jarvis was determined to succeed in helping people to take her suggestion seriously. She kept her plan very simple, confining it to the three points: Firstly, that the possessive singular should be used, "Mother's Day," not "Mothers' Day," in order to make it personal to each family. Secondly, that the second Sunday in May be the day observed. Thirdly, the white or red carnation should be the emblem.

Then she spoke of her plan to all her friends, called on or wrote to prominent men in public life, to leaders of education, and to heads of organizations. Newspapers began to give the idea publicity, and gradually the movement won favor and became more widespread. Now the day is observed in Australia, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, in all the foreign possessions of the United States and in by far the majority of the states of the Union.

There are, however, some people who are not in favor of a special day being set apart in this way. One lady urges that she considers it a privilege to be a mother, and because every day she is brought face to face with her shortcomings she is thereby benefited by the experience. She feels she has undertaken the responsibility of motherhood, and it is her pleasure and duty, with all that that implies, to fulfill it. She says, "What I have profited from my lessons in patience, my sacrifice for the children's best good, and my love for them, I cannot measure. My recompense for my labor and my thought on their behalf comes many times a day in the pleasure of their presence with me, and their thanks expressed in their own childlike way. I do not feel the need of a special day thank offering." A further objection is voiced here. The idea that mothers are so tremendously important as to need a day set apart in their honor, when children know such days only in terms of national or religious heroes, removes the mother from the intimate home companion to a person of such attributes that they stand in awe of her.

Does Mother's Day place too great a stress on mother and omit father altogether? This, too, is urged as an objection. A suggestion is offered that inasmuch as the honoring of mother is the particular objective of this day, that this could be achieved quite as successfully on her birthday as on any other specially designated day. Of course the objection that the commercialization of this day has robbed it of its real beauty is heard more or less frequently.

It would seem, however, that these arguments are at least open to question. While it is true that real motherhood is a high privilege, yet it carries along with it much routine work that all too often becomes a drudgery. The young mother, laboring with children, needs appreciation. The mother grappling with the problems of her older boys and girls needs, even more, an understanding and sympathetic appreciation.

When reverence seems to be fast disappearing from the earth, is it not desirable that we make greater uses of our opportunities to implant and develop this worth-while attitude? Not that blind, slavish, fulsome admiration is in any degree acceptable; rather a reverence that is based on an appreciation of the brave endeavor made and the high degree of success attained even though there be some few times when even mother did not quite understand.

To the suggestion that paying tribute to mother on her birthday would be quite as efficacious as setting apart a certain day in her honor, we would remind people that "in unity there is strength." It seems to us to be good to remember that throughout all the land people are honoring womanhood with us. Suggestions for suitable celebrations flow from one community to another, while mass sympathy helps the idea to carry over.

Perhaps it is a wholesome curb on the children's sense of their own self-importance to experience this one celebration which has not themselves as its central figure. On Mother's Day they must give her happiness and then remain in the background. Here they may possibly make the important discovery that mother is a separate entity, capable of gratification aside from them. The young mother especially is so closely identified with the physical existence of her small children that there is a grave possibility of their coming to think of her only in terms of themselves. If Mother's Day can teach them to think of her as an individual rather than as a convenience, it will strengthen her influence for the reasoning age just ahead of them.

Therefore, it seems good, on the whole, to dedicate this day to the honoring of mother. She it was who nursed us and stroked our fever brow through the long hours of the night and never complained of being tired; who went without many things she was really in need of that her children might not go without. The world owes a great tribute to mothers.

A COMMON MISCONCEPTION

A very frequent occurrence in Caswell Training School is to have parents or other relatives of children inquire how long it will take before this or that child will be cured. Many come with the idea in mind that in about six months' time the child will be well enough to go back home and be able to carry on all activities in which their more normal children are engaged. In many cases this misconception—that mental deficiency is curable—is so strong that no amount of explanation is sufficient to change this belief. Thus in the case of one woman, whose boy of thirteen with a mentality of about a four-year-old child was admitted to this institution, insisted, after being given a long and as simple an explanation as possible concerning the nature of her child's defect and the purpose of placing him in this institution, that she was nevertheless "convinced that R. will grow up to be a sensible man."

As stated in previous numbers of this magazine, mentally defective individuals cannot be changed to become perfectly normal people. With the exception of a small percentage of feeble-minded whose condition is the result of illness or accident in childhood, subnormal individuals develop more slowly intellectually than normal people from birth on, and so, when the limit of development is reached they are still inferior to the majority of people in the general population.

To reiterate what was said in previous articles, subnormal children are not capable of learning as much and as rapidly as normal children in the community. This, plus other factors, may produce grave problems for the individual, family and community. Consequently, such children should be institutionalized for their own good, for the good of their families and for the benefit of society. In an institution like Caswell Training School attempts are made to **train** (not cure, as this is not possible) these children along those lines in which they are capable of being trained and according to their capacities. After such thorough training many should be able to leave the institution to become self-sufficient or at least partially self-sufficient in outside communities without creating serious problems. Even then, these children need to be under supervision for the rest of their lives as they remain inferior mentally to normal people.

It is worthless and in many instances very discouraging for parents to harbor the belief that their mentally defective children will in a period of time be cured. It is essential that parents be educated to understand the nature of their mentally defective children and to know what to expect of them as time goes on. This can best be done by those who come individually in contact with the families like the family physician, the public health man and nurse, the superintendent of public welfare and teacher.—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

———o———

AMUSEMENT FOR OUR WORKING CHILDREN

We feel proud of the children who assist us in our responsibilities. It is our desire that they have enough recreation and play to prevent the work from growing tiresome and monotonous. When they carry their responsibilities well they are allowed to attend the theater for an occasional movie which proves to be a weekly anticipation and goes to make the work of each week more an appreciated responsibiltiy than a burdensome task.

We feel grateful to the Beech Nut Chewing Gum Company a short while ago for driving out to our school to give the children a few hours of amusement. Every child who could be present seemed to radiate an atmosphere of happiness as they looked on at the little circus, listening to the music and popular songs. As they returned to their respective places, the noise and excitement became a hushed lull of quietness and contentment for everyone was well supplied with chewing gum for a day. Such a gratifying pleasure would be if we could afford a regular routine of amusement for these children who exist in a world of their own.—Betty Blanton, Nurse.

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WASH DAYS AT CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

Yes! Monday is wash day at Caswell, so is Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Our little wash room is a very busy place. It has two electrical washers, two extractors, four hand tubs, and one dryer room. With the help of seven girls and boys we wash for 650 children and around 90 employees. To carry this responsibility it requires strength and ability. Annie and Docia are very happy when they are washing for someone they love and they love mostly everybody. Elizabeth helps with the dryer, while Earl helps with the extractors. Annie Mae and Bessie load and unload the washers. Mary is the soap queen. So you see we lose no time in doing excellent laundry work.

We are hoping to get a new extractor and other necessary equipment to help us in our work. We wish to thank Mrs. Leonard (our supervisor) and others, for their kindness and fine co-operation.—Sally Fisher, Laundry Washroom Matron.

———o———

GARDEN DEPARTMENT

Last fall we planted a big supply of vegetables for winter and spring use. We had collards, tender greens, cabbage, mustard, turnip and kale.

All through January the weather was like summer and spring. This caused the collards and mustard to run up and make blooms. We found that our Siberian kale came through the abnormal season better than anything else. We also had some savoy cabbage that did not run up so easily. These vegetables are helping us to go over to the spring crops very nicely. In a few days our spring vegetables will be ready. Our May peas are in full bloom and we hope to have May peas by the last week in April. Our other spring crops of tendergreens, cabbage and turnips will be ready by the fifteenth of this month.

Albert Stevens and I, with the help of six boys, have done practically all the garden planting and gathering since early last fall. Albert does nearly all the cultivating, which requires patience and skill to produce a sufficient supply of vegetables to feed our children and employees.

At this time the garden boys are John, Joe, Eugene, George, Lester and Harlee.—J. H. Smith, Manager, Garden Department.

PREPARATION FOR EASTER

Everyone fully appreciated the interest in which Miss Bryant took in the preparation for Easter.

Saturday all the kitchen folks entered enthusiastically into the task of dyeing yellow, pink and purple eggs.

Monday afternoon boxes were filled with sandwiches, apples and eggs and sent to each building for a picnic.

The day was enjoyed by all.—Miss Louise Holcombe, Dishroom Matron.

o

A GREAT DEMAND FOR BOOKS

During the past month two of our new buildings have been occupied. One by a group of small girls and the other by a group of small boys. These buildings are arranged to be the constant homes of the children. It is very desirable to have a library in each building to be used by them. We would welcome and greatly appreciate any discarded books—story and picture books, suitable for children between the ages of three to nine. Our children take great delight in mending them and rebinding them, and so they would be thankful for any books not needed by your children any longer. Please send such contribution directly to Caswell Training School or merely write or phone where we could come to get them.—Mrs. B. S. Barnes.

o

THE SEWING DEPARTMENT

The sewing department has been doing very nicely. The girls have been taking up binding button holes. They seem very interested in this. We have been making dresses also, the material for which they received for Christmas. Some of the girls plan their own patterns and they have very good ideas in how they want the dresses made. We have two new girls in the sewing room, Inez and Neomi. They are getting along very nicely. They have learned to make sheets, pillow cases and other things. We try to keep the machines in time with the broadcasting station WFTC. The girls like to listen to the radio. They seem to work better when I have the radio on.—Mrs. B. H. Stokes, Sewing Room Matron.

o

NEWS IN THE BUILDINGS

DEWEY BUILDING

We wish to thank Mrs. Harlan and Mr. Griffin for our little flower garden. We have planted it and soon we'll be ready to set the flowers out.

The children have been busy sewing and knitting rugs. Some work on embroidery. They are happy with their work, but now spring is here and they are glad to be out of doors more.—Mrs. Emma Carter, Matron—Dewey Building.

* * *

WOOTEN A BUILDING

Spring is here! We are rejoicing. We enjoy being out doors. It seems so good after spending a long winter inside. Everything brightens up. We feel better and we have the right spirit to begin work.

Our flowers are the most interesting thing we do now. We just enjoy filling our sun parlor with snap dragons, perenial phlox, pansies, verbenea and other different kinds of flowers. Our potatoes have been a help to us beside eating. Most of the buildings have buried them in buckets and watched for the results, and guess what happened—a very pretty pot plant for our sun parlor was produced.

All of our little girls have gone to the new building except nine. We hated to give them up, but we are hoping it will not be very long before we are going to have some more little girls to live with us. We hope each one of them will enjoy their new home and put forth every effort possible to keep it pretty and make it a happy home to live in. We intend to greet a happy welcome to every little friend that comes to live with us, and try our very best to make them happy.

We wish to thank Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Griffin for the flowers (both plants and cut flowers) they have given us. We hope ours will be a success so we will have some to give in return.—Mrs. Lovick, Matron.

* * *

AUSTIN BUILDING

My month for the month of March was with the Austin girls, which I enjoyed very much. The girls were unusually good, doing their work willingly and efficiently. With the coming of warmer weather we enjoyed spending much time out doors, after weeks of rain. We took a number of walks and one big walk which was enjoyed by all, especially Myrtle. She talked and laughed about it for several days afterwards.

During the week before Easter, new dresses were made and sent over from the sewing room. They were pressed and put in their right places for Easter Sunday. Easter Monday was a holiday for the girls, they didn't have to work unless they wanted to. Some worked, some rested, while others went walking and played games. Late in the afternoon, pretty colored Easter eggs, nice red apples, sandwiches and lemonade was served picnic style, which they greatly enjoyed. They wish to express their thanks to Miss Bryant and all who helped to prepare these good things for them.—Mrs. Nancy Holloman, Matron—Austin Building.

* * *

CARTWRIGHT BUILDING

We have been very busy resetting and arranging for our flowers. With six boys who are always ready to do their part, especially Banks and Harry, we always get our work done in time. They enjoy working on the flowers and are thrilled to get through with the scrubbing and cleaning in the morning so they could work in the garden in the afternoon. We hope to have lots of beautiful flowers to enjoy this summer.—Mrs. E. M. Murphy, Matron —Cartwright Building.

o

NOTE OF APPRECIATION

I wish to thank Dr. Register for the kindness and sympathy shown me during my recent illness and for the interesting books and magazines he sent, which I enjoyed reading so much.

I also extend to Miss Bryant, my supervisor, my hearty appreciation for her interest in seeing that my diet was properly prepared and served and that I received regular medical attention.

I thank my many friends that visited me and offered their assistance in any way possible and expressions of hope for my immediate recovery.—S. E. Frazier.

A FEW SMILES

"Tommy, can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?"

"Er, yessir. It keeps the cow together."

* * *

Earnest New Student: "Excuse me, could you tell me the way to the lecture hall?"

Old Hand: "'Fraid I can't; I'm a student myself!"

* * *

Fond Uncle: "Well, that was nice, wasn't it? You like having a ride on uncle's knee, eh?"

Small Nephew: "Not so bad—but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."

* * *

"This is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know."

"Ah! That explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

* * *

Maid: "The furniture man is here."

Mistress: "I'll see him in a minute. Tell him to take a chair."

Maid: "I did, but he said he would start with the piano and radio!"

* * *

First Stranger (at the party): "Very dull, isn't it?"

Second: "Yes, very."

First: "Let's go home."

Second: "I can't. I'm the host."

* * *

Policeman (to motorist who nearly collided): "Don't you know that you should always give half of the road to a woman driver?"

Motorist: "I always do when I find out which half of the road she wants."

* * *

A small boy at the zoo asked why the giraffe had such a long neck.

"Well, you see," answered the keeper gravely, "the giraffe's head is so far from his body that a long neck is absolutely necessary."

* * *

A farmer received a crate containing some fowls. He wrote to the sender, informing him that the crate was so badly made that it had come to pieces when he was taking the hens home with him and they had all escaped, and, after much searching, he had only succeeded in finding eleven of them. In due course he received the following reply:

"You were lucky to find eleven hens, because I only sent you six!"

* * *

The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important, and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking, standing with his back to the fire, when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted: "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. Your coat's on fire, sir!"

ORATORICAL TRIUMPH

There is hardly any public speaker of great celebrity who will not confess that he feels more or less tremor when he rises to speak on a great occasion, though it be for the hundredth time. It is well known that Erskine, the great forensic advocate, was at first painfully unready of speech. So embarrassed was he in one of his maiden efforts that he would have abandoned the attempt to harangue juries, had he not felt, as he tells us, "the children tugging at his gown and urging him on." Sheridan and Disraeli, as all the world knows, hung fire in their first speeches and Curran was almost knocked down by the sound of his own voice when he first addressed his "gentlemen" in a little room of a tavern. The first speech of Cobden, who became one of the most powerful champions of the Anti-Corn Law League, was a humiliating failure.

It is said that Canning was sure of speaking his best if he rose in a great fright. To feel his heart beating rapidly, to wish the floor would open up and swallow him, were signs of an oratorical triumph. At a mayor's dinner in Liverpool he was so nervous before he was called on to speak that he twice left the room to collect his thoughts. Dr. Storrs of New York, one of the most accomplished preachers in America, states that when he delivered his first sermon after his installation in Brooklyn, he made almost a dead failure. He staggered along and floundered for 20 minutes and then came to a dead stop. "I sank back on the chair, almost wishing that I had been with Pharaoh and his hosts when the Red Sea went over them."

"My lords," said the earl of Rochester on a certain occasion, I—I—I—rise this time—my lords, I—I—I—I divide my course into four branches." Here he came to a halt, and then added: "My lords, if ever I rise again in this house, I give you leave to cut me off, root and branch, forever." When Tristam Burgess of Rhode Island was making a speech in congress once, he directed his eagle eye and pointed his forefinger toward his opponent on the floor and, in this threatening attitude made a long and dramatic pause. "That pause was terrible," said a member to Burgess after the debate had closed, complimenting him on its dramatic affect. "To no one so terrible as to me," said Burgess, "for I couldn't think of anything to say."—From "Orators and Oratory," by William Matthews.

FIRST IRON BRIDGE

The first iron bridge in the world was Iron bridge, in Shropshire, England, which spans the River Severn. The work was put in by hand and the various parts cast in 1778 at the Coalbrookdale iron works, the proprietor of which, Abraham Darby, was the designer of the structure. Approximately 500 tons of iron were used in the construction of the bridge. All the castings are keyed together, no welding or screws having been used. The roadway, which is 24 feet wide, has an iron foundation, upon which is laid a few inches of clay, which in its turn is covered by the usual road metaling forming the surface. The main arch has a span of 100 feet.

Ten per cent of everything raised in the United States is destroyed by insect pests.

FOR JUVENILE ENJOYMENT

A PAGE OF HUMOR FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

The little girl had done unusually good work in the second grade, and was promoted to the third. On meeting her former teacher, whom she loved dearly, her first words were: "I wish you knew enough to teach me next year."

* * *

Little Edith: "I'm going to marry a Dutchman when I grow up."

Mother: "But why a Dutchman?"

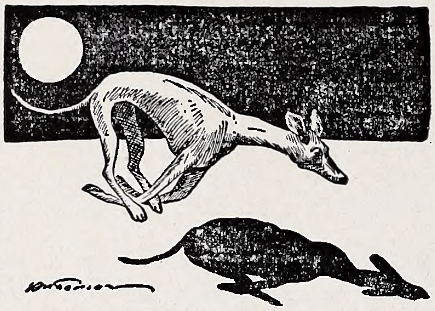
Little Edith: "Oh, I so want to be a duchess."

* * *

Mother: "Now, Johnny, hold the towel by the fire to dry."

Johnny (quietly) after a few minutes: "Is it done when it is brown, mother?"

* * *



Greyhound: "This is the first time I ever saw anything keep ahead of me in a sprint."

* * *

Three-year-old Johnny saw his first snake as he played in the yard one day.

"Oh, mamma, it's got a tail," he cried breathlessly as he reached the door.

"What's got a tail, Johnny?" inquired mamma in surprise.

"It's got a tail and dat's all," said Johnny.

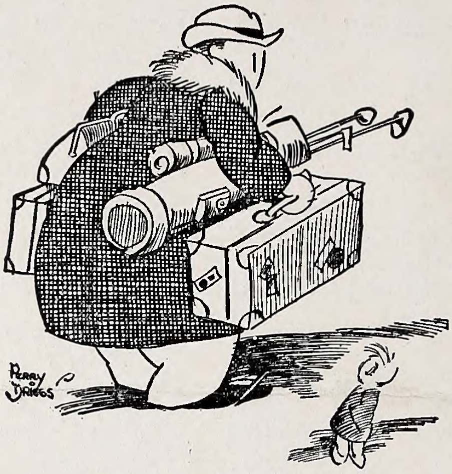
* * *

When Peggy, returned from her first day at school she was asked how she enjoyed it.

"I liked it all right," said Peggy, "but I didn't get any present."

"What made you think you would get a present, dear?"

"Teacher said 'Sit there for the present'; and I sat there all morning, and never got one."


Perry Driggs

"Carry your bags, mister?"
—*N. Y. Medley.*

* * *

Old Lady: "Son, can you direct me to the Peoples Savings Bank?"

Boy: "Yessum, for a quarter."

Old Lady: "Isn't that a mighty high pay, my boy?"

Boy: "No, ma'am; not for a bank director."

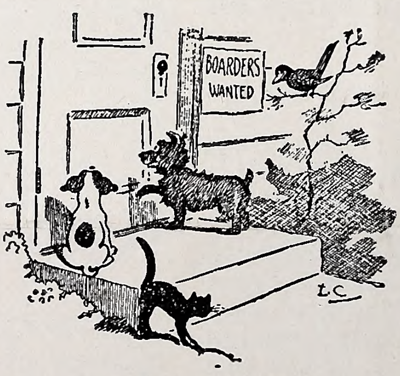
* * *

Little Dorothy came running into the house crying bitterly.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "Teddy broke my dolly!"

"How did he do it?" inquired her mother.

"I hit him on the head with it."


BOARDERS WANTED
LC

It Pays to Advertise
—Farm Journal.

Father had company for dinner that night and everything was going along fine until his daughter, Virginia, said: "Isn't this meat roast beef, Dad?"

Dad: "Yes. Why?"

Virginia: "I thought you said you were going to bring home an old muttonhead for dinner."

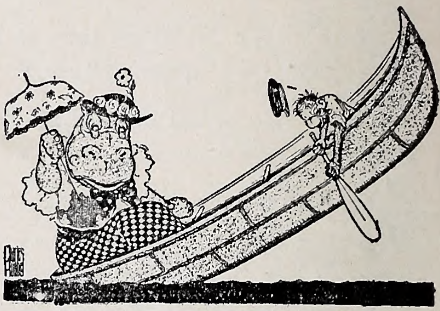
* * *

A teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand waving frantically.

"Well, Tommy, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's a sausage."

* * *



Engine Trouble on Lake Tanganyika.

* * *

Little Willie had gone to bring the kittens in. His father hearing a shrill meowing, called out:

"Don't hurt the kittens, Willie!"

"Oh, no," said Willie, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems!"

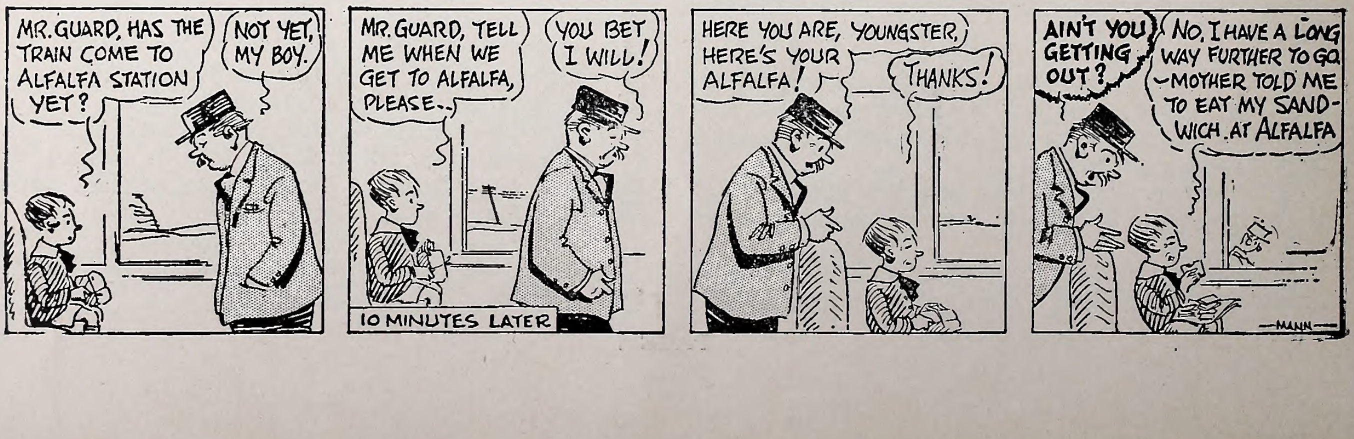
* * *

John had become the proud owner of a pig, and insisted on caring for it himself.

After a few weeks, his father noticed that the animal did not appear to thrive, and remarked:—

"John, you are not feeding your pig enough. It doesn't seem to be fattening at all."

"I don't want to fatten him yet," answered John. "I'm waiting until he gets as long as I want him, then I'll begin to widen him out."


MR. GUARD, HAS THE TRAIN COME TO ALFALFA STATION YET?
NOT YET, MY BOY.
MR. GUARD, TELL ME WHEN WE GET TO ALFALFA, PLEASE..
YOU BET I WILL!
10 MINUTES LATER
HERE YOU ARE, YOUNGSTER, HERE'S YOUR ALFALFA!
THANKS!
AIN'T YOU GETTING OUT?
NO, I HAVE A LONG WAY FURTHER TO GO —MOTHER TOLD ME TO EAT MY SANDWICH AT ALFALFA
—MANN

'37

The Caswell News

Volume 2

Number 4

The Songs My Mother Sang

I hear them in the whispering winds,
  The forest's rhythmic strain,
The chime of bells, that sinks and swells
  The patter of the rain.
I hear them in the vesper call
  Of birds from copse and tree;
Each note prolongs the dear old songs
  That mother sang to me.

I hear them in the ocean's voice,
  The prattle of a child,
The dashing rill, the fountain's trill,
  The tempest fierce and wild.
I hear them through the silent night,
  In dreams they echo free,
Since memory throngs with tender songs
  That mother sang to me.

I heard them when a babe I lay
  Upon her loving breast,
And when a child their charms beguiled
  My eager brain to rest.
I hear them now, and some last hour
  Across death's swelling sea
My soul shall wing, while angels sing
  The songs she sang to me.

—*Laila Mitchell*

JUNE, 1937

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

WHY JERRY WAS LATE

IT WAS the last week of school. Jerry had not missed a day nor had he been late during the whole term. Indeed, he had not been absent or late since he started going to school, and this was his fourth year. His name was on the Roll of Honor on the blackboard. The roll had been growing smaller and smaller from month to month, and his name was one of the nine who had a perfect attendance. He expected to finish the term as he had the other three, and it never came to his mind that his name might not be there when the last day came. He had good health, and was not needed to help at home. Why should he not be present every day, and on time?

As he left the house, he called, "Good-bye, mother," and ran whistling down the street. On a corner two blocks away from the school he saw a little boy about two or three years old, who was crying. There were a number of people standing around, but no one knew the little lad, and he would not answer their questions, only cried as if his little heart would break. Jerry knew his name. It was Jimmy Stewart, and he lived across the street from Jerry's Aunt Isabel.

Jimmy must have wandered away from home, and was lost. A policeman came up, and tried to get Jimmy to tell his name, but he only cried the harder. Jerry said, "Hello, Jimmy," and Jimmy for a moment stopped crying and ran over to Jerry.

The policeman said, "Do you know where this chap lives?"

"Yes," answered Jerry.

"Will you take him home?"

"I could, but I am afraid I will be late for school, and I have not been late this term."

"What is his father's name?"

"I do not know," answered Jerry; "but I can tell you where he lives," and he gave the policeman Jimmy's address.

"Then," said the policeman, "I must take him to the station and call his people to the nearest telephone." When they started off, Jimmy cried hard, and tried to pull himself away because he was afraid.

Now what could Jerry do? He thought, "I must take Jimmy home; and maybe, if I hurry, I can get to school on time."

He called, "Come with me, Jimmy." Jimmy stopped crying, ran over and took his hand, and they started off. But Jimmy could not walk as fast as Jerry; so Jerry tried to carry him, but had to walk more slowly. However, he got Jimmy home, and his mother, who was running around the neighborhood trying to find him, was on the street and ran to meet them.

She thanked Jerry and said, "You are going to be late for school, I am afraid. What is your name, little man?"

Jerry told her, and added, "I am going to run as fast as I can; maybe I can get there on time."

The school bell had rung, and the teacher had started the opening exercises when Jerry walked in, his face flushed from running, and took his seat.

After the opening exercises the teacher said, "I am sorry, Jerry, but I shall have to take your name from the Honor Roll. It is too bad, in the last week of school!"

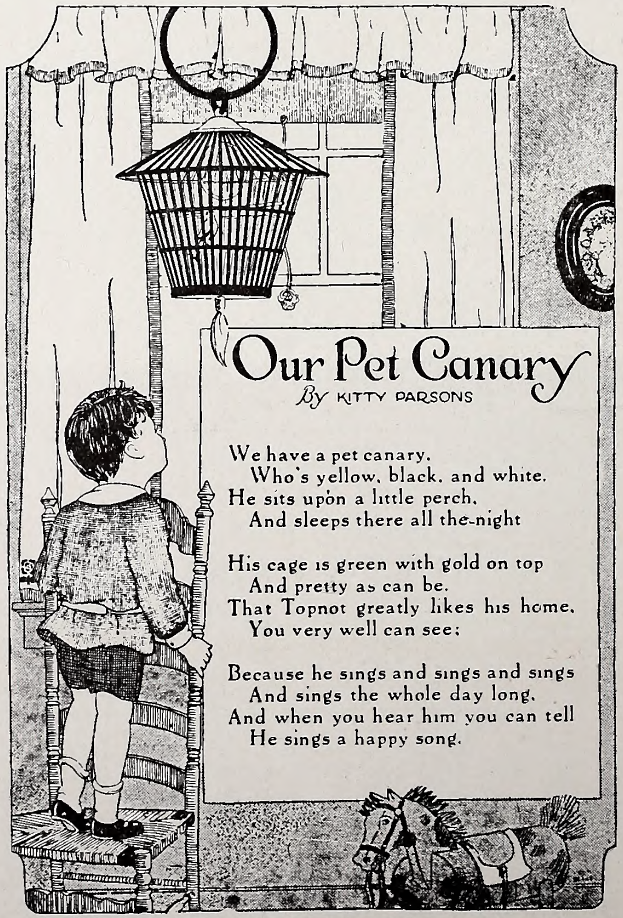
Jerry hung his head, but did not answer. He felt too bad about it, and thought it would be of no use to try to explain.

Shortly after Jimmy's mother stepped into the room and explained why Jerry had been late. The teacher explained to the children the reason for the tardiness and asked: "How many think I should take Jerry's name from the Roll of Honor?" and not one hand was raised.

"How many think I should let it stay on the roll?"

All hands went up. One little girl raised her hand. "What is it, Peggy?" said the teacher."

"I think Jerry's name should be first on the roll," to which all the children agreed, and the teacher erased Jerry's name from where it had been written and wrote it on top.



Our Pet Canary

By KITTY PARSONS

We have a pet canary.
  Who's yellow, black, and white.
He sits upon a little perch,
  And sleeps there all the night

His cage is green with gold on top
  And pretty as can be.
That Topnot greatly likes his home,
  You very well can see;

Because he sings and sings and sings
  And sings the whole day long,
And when you hear him you can tell
  He sings a happy song.

The Caswell News

Vol. 2 - No. 4 KINSTON, N. C., JUNE, 1937 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

EDITORIAL NOTES

Salt of the Earth

Our friend, Dr. John B. Robinson, of Wallace, has again opened that big old heart of his and made our children happy with a gift of strawberries. This is the third season he has made our children happy with his generous gift. He also gave us 7,500 strawberry plants three seasons ago from which we have had strawberries for two years.

It is well that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt chose Dr. and Mrs. Robinson's home for her short visit to Eastern North Carolina because they would give her a true idea of the great people we have in the Eastern section of the Old North State. The Robinsons are the salt of the earth.

New Members On Our Staff

We have a number of new staff-members among whom are, Miss Amy Muse, of Beaufort: Mr. Hill, of Dover; Mr. Morce, Mr. Turleyfield, Miss Potter, of Duplin county; Mr. Caviness and Mr. Barefoot.

On and Off the Sick List

Those who are not well enough to work at the present are Miss Mabel Truitt, Mrs. Victorian, Mr. Caviness, and Mr. Barefoot. Miss Edith Wladkowski the psychologist, has returned from the hospital, where she was ill for several weeks. She is feeling fine and looking like a million dollars.

Visitors to the Institution

Dr. Harry W. Crane paid us a visit last week. We are always glad to see him. Dr. Faulhaber from State College was also a visitor to our institution last week. Reverend Clifton Rice preached for us one Thursday night. The children were delighted.

Other visitors were Rev. D. M. Caviness and Mrs. Caviness, of Florida; Rev. Mr. Wilson and editor, Mr. H. B. Hardy, of Norlina. Mr. and Mrs. Stedman, of Louisville, Florida, were also here.

Our Dewberries

Our dewberries are coming in fine. In fact, they are so plentiful that some of the children say they are not sweet enough.

Irish potatoes on our farm and garden vegetables are in abundance. All the crops are looking well. Our cantaloupes and watermelons are growing nicely. The cows are increasing their supply of milk daily.

Board Members

Our new Board members were appointed by Governor Hoey to serve from May 1, 1937, to May 1, 1941. It is an up-to-date first class Board.

Our Own Movies

The children and employees are now enjoying the moving pictures which are being shown every Friday evening in our new auditorium. These weekly events are looked forward to with great delight by our children.

A Sad Situation

A few weeks ago a lady from a distant part of the state came to my home and said she wanted to take her little child home for a few weeks' vacation. She said, "This child is no kin to me by blood or marriage, but I adopted her when she was a baby and later found out that the child was mentally deficient, but I dearly love this child." She is a big-hearted woman, but how disappointed she must be! People who have no such burden should not complain, but be anxious and willing to help those less fortunate.

o

THE KINDERGARTEN

The kindergarten is on its tiptoes now to know when we are going in the new school building. Gilbert wanted to know how long it would be after tomorrow. Some of the little girls are beaming because they have already moved into their new home. Odessa is thrilled because she is in a dancing class.

The girls have an attractive array of doll dresses. Sara and Annie Belle made lovely aprons that could compare favorably with some of the work in the higher grades. Indeed, one of the teachers said her girls could not hem so well. Little Alma can make the tiniest stitches.

The boys are getting a big kick out of the brace and bit Mrs. Hughes let us have to make a door in our bird house. It's a great satisfaction to make a pretty round hole or to drive a nail or make a table, even if the legs are uneven.

We thank Mrs. Duncum, for sending us some beautiful pictures she saved. Benjamin is going to make a farm book, he knows a Guernsey from a Holstein. Virginia has made a beautiful book of colored vegetables. The favorite activity still is mounting pictures especially of the five babies. The children love to sing. Milton, age six, doesn't know the name of the songs, but he hums the tune, and if you don't recognize it and play it soon, he isn't averse to raising up his voice to weep.

Mrs. Dawson, Kindergarten Teacher

LINE UP FOR INSPECTION

I TALKED the other day with a man who was despondent because he had just been refused life insurance.

Never in all his life had he been to a doctor for an examination.

As a boy he had played football—as a man he had played golf.

He was temperate in his habits, careful in all his ways of living.

Yet at 50 experts in longevity had declined to bet that he would live for a period of ten years.

In a few days he had an examination by a private physician.

"It is a good thing you were refused," said this man, "or you might not have lived out the year.

"You have a perfectly curable ailment, but if you had left it alone it would have finished you.

"Now that you know about it we can get rid of it and then you'll probably live for another 30 years. You have an iron constitution, but one little trouble with any constitution will break it down if neglected."

The case of this man was typical.

We pay little attention to the complicated machinery of our interiors—far less than the ordinary car owner does to his car.

The car gets an overlooking now and then as a rule from the agency that sells it and the nearby garage man often sticks his head under the hood and listens intently for indications of trouble.

But we, who are more delicate machines than any gasoline motor and just as subject to derangement, forget that anything can happen to us, as long as we do not feel pain and never think of getting ourselves looked over.

The result is that we are often astonished to find that sight is failing, that food once easily digested lies like a log in our stomachs or that mysterious pains make themselves felt in various parts of our anatomies and rob us of all the joy of living.

Most of these things could be prevented if we lined up annually for inspection—or even oftener.

If you will line up for inspection once or twice a year and abide by the instructions you receive you may extend your life many years.

And that is more worth while than ever. for today men at 60 and past are just as good physically if they take care of themselves as they were at 40 and capable of doing more work and getting more enjoyment out of their lives.

———o———

Candy is very fattening. In one medium sized chocolate cream there are 100 calories, also in one medium bonbon and a chocolate caramel. So you see by eating a dozen or more chocolates you have used up the total number of calories allowed per day for those who are on a reducing diet.

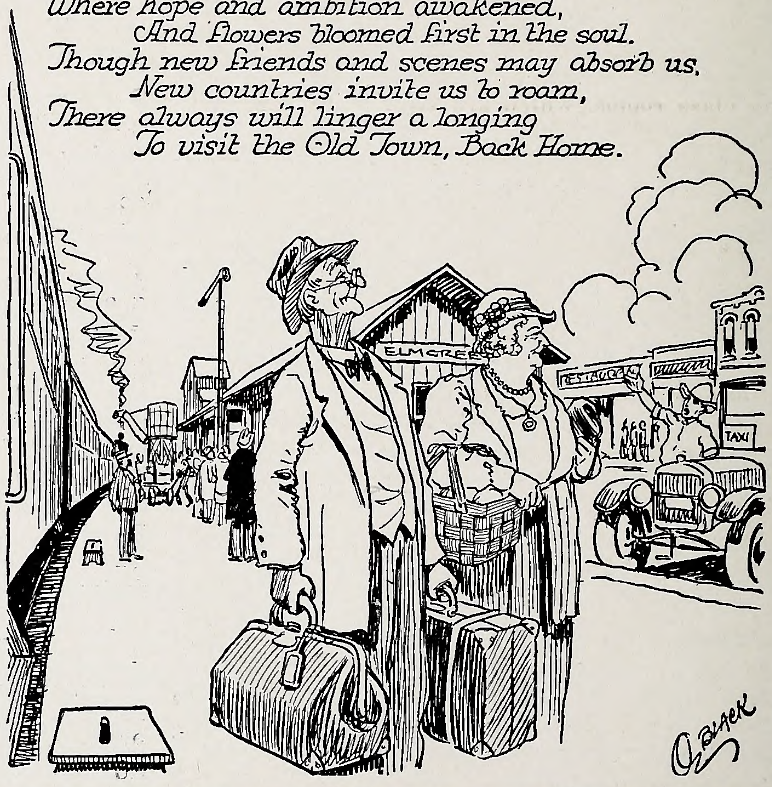
———o———

A person who has lost 30 per cent of hearing can still understand ordinary conversation at close range without serious difficulty.

Back Home

by A. J. Dunlap

Back Home is a wonderful country,
Where somehow the valleys and streams
Are tangled with friendships and faces
That live in our fancies and dreams.
Back Home is the country of childhood
Where life opened wide like a scroll,
Where hope and ambition awakened,
And flowers bloomed first in the soul.
Though new friends and scenes may absorb us,
New countries invite us to roam,
There always will linger a longing
To visit the Old Town, Back Home.



NATURE STUDY

There are high mountains in the Sahara desert.

* * *

The raccoon has the peculiar habit of dipping its food in water before eating it.

* * *

Experiments with butterflies indicate that some of these insects taste with their feet.

* * *

The number of species of birds and butterflies in the United States is just about the same.

* * *

Mt. McKinley, in Alaska, rises higher above its own base than any other known peak in the world.

NORTH CAROLINA

DEMONSTRATION CLINIC OF MENTALLLY DEFECTIVE TYPES

In response to the request of county doctors, as well as local citizens, Miss Edith Wladkowski, our Psychologist, some time ago conducted a demonstration clinic on different types of mental defectives in the auditorium of the new school building at Caswell Training School. As the lecture was arranged for the first Monday of the month, it coincided with the monthly "All-Staff" meeting, so the two events were combined and employees of Caswell also profited by the demonstration.

This was the first program to be held in the new building, and those of the audience who had not had opportunity before to view the new structure took advantage of the time before and after the lecture to examine and admire the auditorium, halls, and adjoining class rooms, which are soon to be occupied by the school department.

In an introductory explanation to her demonstration, Miss Wladkowski pointed out that there are several major types of mental defectives classed according to differences in physical bases. It was her purpose to show actual examples of these types and to give as much as possible the causes and treatment of each type.

The first type shown—the Mongolian imbecile or idiot, depending on the level of development, comprised about five per cent of all mental defectives. In the cases shown, the peculiarities marking this type are easily recognized, in the slanting eyes, small stature, short, chubby fingers, rough skin and squat nose and marked fissures on the tongue. These cases are much more susceptible to pulmonary diseases than normal individuals. This type may be due to intra-uterine exhaustion, they are usually the last child of a large family and the age of the mother may influence their development. It was believed that these patients could be treated with glandular extract, especially thyroid and pituitary, but cases thus treated have shown no marked improvement. Hence the most recent theory is that if there is a glandular disfunction it is multi-glandular and therefore the introduction of one or two extracts is futile.

The second type discussed—The Cretin, is the only type directly due to deficiency of thyroid. This group is characterized by obesity, short limbs and fingers, dry, scanty hair, rough skin and in many cases bowed legs. When these cases are given thyroid early and for a long period, they show physical improvement but their mentality usually remains unchanged. Cretins occur more frequently in females and make up about five per cent of all mental defectives.

Hydrocephalus or "water-heads" were the next type shown. These form from two to three percent of all mental defectives. They are characterized by the large head ranging from 25 to well over 30 inches in diameter, while the features remain normal in size and proportion. It is thought by some that congenital syphilis or birth injury may cause some obstruction which inhibits the cerebro-spinal fluid from being absorbed, leading to an increase or intra-cranial pressure, stretching the brain. This increased pressure may in some cases bring about sensory defects.

In contrast to the last type is the Micro-cephalic, making up from one to two percent of all mental defectives. These cases have noticeably small heads varying from 13 to 17 inches. The foreheads are receding, and the brain no bigger in many instances than that of a larger anthropoid ape. The cause for this type is unknown, but for some reason the frontal bones may prematurely close leaving the brain no space to grow. There is no sure treatment at the present for the two latter types.

The fifth type mentioned, that of post encephalitis (sleeping sickness) forms about two percent of all mental defectives. In some of these cases with Parkinsonian symptoms, a part of the body is usually paralyzed; and there is drooling. Recently stromonium has been administered to this type with some benefit. These patients are usually very sensitive and introverted.

In the last class—birth injuries two types were illustrated. The first, spastic paralysis, is due to lesions of the pyramidal tract. In this type, the lower extremities are paralyzed, and usually the upper also to some extent. The treatment is merely a matter of training in motor co-ordination.

The second example, congenital athetosis, is mainly characterized by squirming movements of facial and various bodily muscles, accompanying voluntary movements. The cause is a lesion in the mid-brain. This type is usually higher mentally than the spastic paralytic.

Following the demonstration of the afore-mentioned types, Miss Wladkowski showed a number of children who belong to no special type. This was simply to show the difference in appearance and attitude as portrayed by different levels of mental defectives, namely, idiots, imbeciles and morons. While the sub-normality of low grades is usually very noticeable, in the case of higher grades, the appearance is often so favorable that they cannot be distinguished from normals. In fact, some of them have given such a good impression that visitors could not believe that they actually belonged in an institution.

Leila S. Crowell,
Secretary "All-Staff"

SCHOOL NEWS

School is out and many were sorry. Many were glad because it meant going home for vacation. All the pupils had a treat in their various rooms. Mrs. Hill took her Intermediate grade to her home for a party. Others had tea, cakes and candy. Some had strawberry ice cream made in the new Frigidaire in the Domestic Science room. And wasn't it good! Others had a picnic and cakes. Mrs. Askew treated all those in the program to a delicious chocolate coated popcicle. We are so happy to have such a beautiful, comfortable school and are looking forward to next year and better equipment.

POWER OF SIGHT IN ANIMALS

THE TWO familiar expressions, "an eagle's eye" and "blind as a bat," just about sum up the average person's knowledge of the sense of sight in animals. The popular impression is that all large, dangerous animals of the jungle have powerful eyes; but, in fact, many are decidedly weak in sight.

The elephant has poor eyes, and relies on his other senses, mostly on smell, to compensate for this. Also the rhinoceros sees but a short distance, and depends on his sense of smell, even in charging an enemy. The buffalo has good eyes, but those of the bear are so poor that when a little confused he will run directly over the hunter he is trying to avoid. Bears' eyes are dramatically described as "red rimmed and savage," but bears, ordinarily, are not quarrelsome and prefer to use their eyes in retreat.

The power of the eagle's eyes is proverbial, but the hawk's are nearly as remarkable. All birds that are speedy travelers have fine sight—a provision of nature to prevent their collision with objects. Even night fliers, such as thrushes, warblers, vireos, etc., see well, as is proved by their going to any place they choose. The fact that they often fly against lighthouses and are killed is no proof that they do not see, but indicates that the light confuses them, and as they near it, blinds them to the house itself. You and I can see an automobile several yards away, even on a dark night, but if the headlights are on and extremely bright we may see only the light as the machine bears down on us. Moths fly into a candle flame because of confusion; their sight is strong enough to avoid the collision, but when the flame blinds them to everything else they become panic-stricken and dash straight for it. Even game birds sometimes act as though blind; a covey of partridges, if flushed near the sea, will sometimes fly out and alight on the waves. They can swim but little and are generally drowned by this act, which ordinarily they would assiduously avoid. The gun's report excites them beyond self-control.

I think we would be safe in saying that, on an average, birds see one hundred times better than man. By watching each other's actions birds will go a hundred miles to a carcass; and under favorable atmospheric conditions a bird can see a worm on freshly plowed ground at a distance of three hundred feet.

The bee, though the strength of its sight is not remarkable, has a wonderful ocular equipment—five eyes, a cluster of three on top of its head, and one on each side. Zoologists say that the compound eye on top is so made as to be specially adapted for detecting moving objects; and this seems reasonable, as the bee has many enemies that fly above it.

———o———

SOLVING THE MYSTERY

A widow was left with a hill farm and she tried to get a living by raising chickens for the market.

One day she wrote the following letter to the Department of Agriculture:

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning when I come out I find two or three lying on the ground cold and stiff with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a little while she received the following letter from the department:

"Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."

CHILD MANAGEMENT

By Dr. D. A. Thom.

The "Finicky" Appetite.

DAINTY serving of food goes a long way in arousing appetite. A small table and china "all his own" or being allowed to sit in mother's place at the table may have a great appeal. Let the child know that when he learns to feed himself in a quiet, efficient manner he may then come to the table with the "grown-ups." This may give him incentive to strive for perfection. Occasionally consult the child's preference about his food, but never let him feel he is free to dictate as to what he will and will not eat. Teach him that certain foods are required if he is to grow big and strong and rugged like the "Daddy" he adores. Do not insist on pushing him; lead him once in a while. Little harm will result from his missing a meal now and then. There are times when food is repulsive to children for no apparent reason. There are other occasions when their mood is such that they enjoy arousing anxiety, worry, and solicitude in the parent. You will find this is the case and the child says he does not want any lunch that it is wise to reply that it is quite all right and if he is not hungry he may run out to play. You have thus removed every resistance which he hoped to battle against, and if this is just an emotional attitude it is unlikely that he will take any chances on missing a meal in the future.

Remember that children are quick to copy and if, for instance, grandma is on a limited diet and cannot eat this or that, or if father frankly emphasizes his likes and dislikes, the child is apt to become finicky and notional in his eating. The child who early learns to eat with a good appetite whatever is set before him will be saved much discomfort and embarrassment in later life.

Of course, the child should have plain, nourishing, easily digested food that is well cooked and served in small quantities. Regularity in serving meals is of great importance, not only for physiological reasons, such as keeping the intake of food evenly regulated in order that the digestive apparatus may work smoothly, but for other reasons as well. Obviously, if a child learns that food is available at any hour of the day he will not be greatly concerned in eating at any definite time. It should be understood by the children and strictly adhered to by the parent that if the youngster does not eat at the allotted hour he gets nothing until the following meal. Care must be taken, however, that he is not fed between meals by other members of the family or supplied with pennies with which he can buy sweets to appease his hunger during the interval. The child should not be hurried during the meal, nor should he be given sufficient time to play and dabble with his food. The ordinary meal for a child should not require over 30 minutes at the most. If by that time he has not finished, remove the food without any comment.

———o———

The production of perfect human beings, and not the production of riches for luxury, should be the aim of all worthy endeavor.

———o———

He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he who has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement at Caswell cutshone itself this year. The beautiful new auditorium was full both nights. At the back of the stage were trellises covered with Dorothy Perkins roses. On the wall was a lovely hanging embroidered by Minnie Mahaffey in the Craft room.

The music was very lovely, directed by Mrs. Ramon Askew. The band gave several enjoyable numbers. The four part singing was remarkably good.

A new feature this year was the dancing directed by Miss Doris Whitfield. James Strickland and Eddie Helms were especially good in their dance. The girls wore long evening dresses in lovely shades of glazed chintz designed and directed by Mrs. J. T. Hughes, and made by the girls in the Craft room. The boys were black faced comedians and wore the conventional black coat and white trousers. Roy Smith and Eddie Helms had solo parts. Lander and Eddie Helms told the jokes, which received much applause.

The whole program was a radio broadcast which moved along beautifully, under the able direction of Mr. Carl Higgins.

Mrs. K. P. Dawson

THE OYSTER STEW

We want to take this space to thank Dr. and Mrs. Register for our very nice oyster stew. For once we all had all the oysters we cared for.

The employees' tables were moved from their dining rooms into the children's dining room and everybody ate together. I believe the children enjoyed the fact that Dr. Register ate with them as they did the oysters.

Our dining room was served as usual at the usual hour and when the children came marching in they each found a generous helping of oyster stew at their place. Then there was just all the stew they could possibly eat waiting to be served.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Register didn't stop with oysters. They remembered that there would be some who wouldn't like oysters. For those there were weiners with all the dressings that accompany them.

We all had a lovely time and we want Dr. and Mrs. Register to know that we appreciate it.

Lucy Farthing, Dining Room Matron

THE IRONING DEPARTMENT

The Laundry Department of our school is essentially a busy place because we believe in the maxim, "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

The five girls at the mangle who do all the flat work—sheets, pillow cases, blankets and towels, should be proud of their work. Also Graham and Gladys who do all pressing of boys' overalls and shirts should be proud.

Our average output is two thousand pieces a day. The institution is growing so fast that we are quite crowded in our laundry work, but we are expecting the Ironing depratment to be moved upstairs, which will give more room for washing. We also operate 20 ironing boards instead of 18 and I hope to have more time to teach the girls to do really first class ironing.

Mrs. Annie Taylor, Laundry Matron

THE HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT

The hospital at Caswell Training School is one of the most important units of the institution. The hospital staff comes in contact with all of the children. Here the sick and ailing are brought for medical treatment. A clinic is held each morning, where the every-day little cuts, and bruises, are treated. The new child is received in the hospital and given a medical examination and small defects remedied. The few days required for stay in the hospital help the child become adjusted to a new environment.

R. Carter, R.N.

WORK IN THE VEGETABLE ROOM

At six o'clock each morning, Ruth, Ethel, Helen, and Lela walk in with happy faces and a cheery good morning. They are ready and willing to do their work.

Miss Farthing, Miss Holcombe, and some of the dining room girls come in after their work is complete to help prepare the large loads of vegetables brought in daily from the garden.

We prepare vegetables for the entire institution under the supervision of Miss Mamie Bryant, the dietitian.

It takes long hours of tedious work to do this, as we have large quantities of various kinds of vegetables to prepare. We also have ten bushels of sweet potatoes to wash and place in pans to be baked daily.

Last of all comes the cleaning. Doors are washed, tables scrubbed, the floor is thoroughly scrubbed and rinsed with the hose, then dried with mops.

We all enjoy our work as we are doing things to help others.

Mrs. J. F. Freeman

ADDITIONS TO C. T. S.

With our new expansion, we are adding new members to the staff right along. Four cottages are now occupied—two for boys and two for girls. From all reports the boys and girls are very happy in their new quarters. Mrs. Happer, Miss Holcombe, Miss Dhue, Mrs. Potter, Mr. Carr, Mrs. Hill, and Mrs. McGee are among our new staff members.

Mrs. Harlan, Supervisor

EVENTS OF A DAY IN COTTAGE I

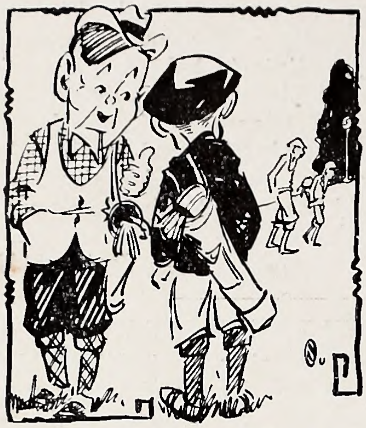
There are 15 girls in Cottage I. We get up at 5:30 in the morning and make 15 beds. After we get back from breakfast, each girl goes to work on her assignment of house work and then all join together and go to the bean field or berry patch.

In the afternoons we take an hour's rest and then work in our flower garden. After supper we go for a walk to the summer house and there we play games with the girls from Cottage III.

At 7:45 p. m. we have bedtime stories and at 8:00 o'clock we are tucked into bed.

Mrs. Happer, Matron

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS

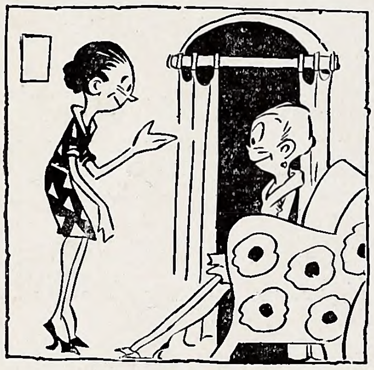


AN ANALYSIS

"That man surely has been a success in life."

"Well, as a golfer he certainly has plenty of lie abilities."

* * *



FULL OF RUNS

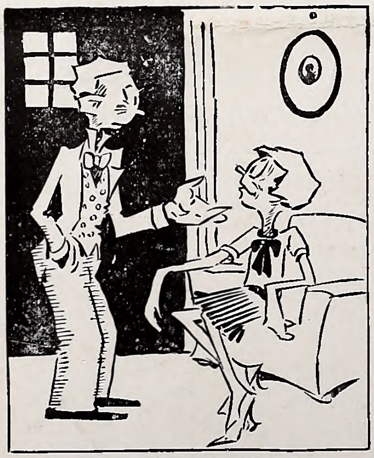
"I think these stockings I have on are like a bit of art."

"Viewed from the back they're like opera music."

"How's that?"

"Full of runs."

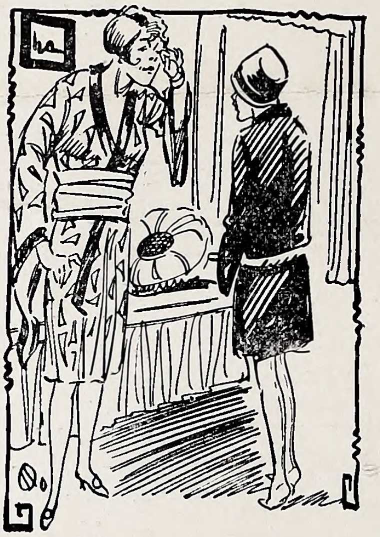
* * *



BET HE MEANT HORSES

He: "I've made up my mind to know all about the races."

She: "Horses or men?"

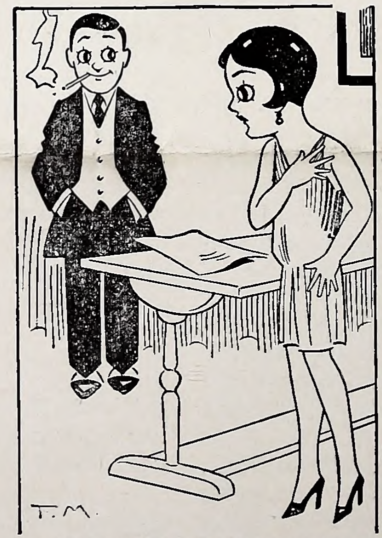


SYMPATHETIC

"I was just taking a little beauty nap."

"Oh! It's too bad I disturbed you."

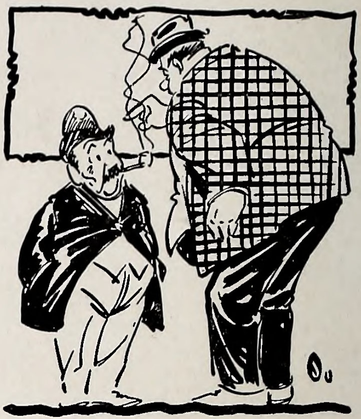
* * *



KNOCKS EXPLAINED

Wifie: "Did you hear those knocks on the table? What could have caused them?"

Hubby: "There's a piece of wrapping paper lying on it, I see."

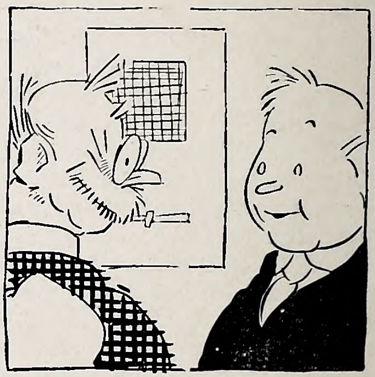


THEY DON'T WEAR ANY

"Are you opposed to petticoat government?"

"Absolutely! Keep all women out of politics but the flappers."

* * *



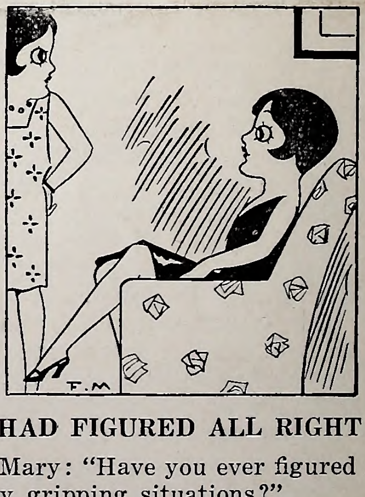
THE GREAT DANE

"Did you know Shakespeare devoted one of his plays to a dog?"

"No, which one?"

"His play about Hamlet, the great Dane."

* * *



HAD FIGURED ALL RIGHT

Mary: "Have you ever figured in any gripping situations?"

May: "Oh, been hugged a few times."

The Caswell News

Volume 2

Number 5

Four-Leaf Clovers

I know a place where the sun is like gold
And the cherry blooms burst forth with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

One leaf is for Hope, and one is for Faith,
And one is for Love, you know,
And God put another one in for Luck—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have Hope, and you must have Faith,
You must love and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson*

JULY, 1937

TOLERATION

Toleration is a universal virtue. It is limited neither by time, race nor creed. Understood by few, it is an ideal for the present and the hope of the future. Where practiced, peace and harmony result; where disregarded, strife and contention prevail.

Toleration means being lenient with other people. It is acknowledgment of the rights of others. It recognizes divergence of viewpoint, disparity of opinion, different estimates of values. It admits that there may be something to be said on the other side of the question. It is ready to give the benefit of the doubt.

It overlooks injuries, slights, insults. It avoids squabbling, quarreling, fighting.

Usually applied to the stronger, more privileged and dominant majorities, it may be displayed by minorities, even by the oppressed and conquered.

The realm of the exercise of toleration is wide, as wide as life. Its range truly is unlimited—religion, science, politics, economics. It may be individual, national, racial.

The bounds of toleration are hard to define, but there are limits.

One may be tolerant of another's boorishness until the bounds of propriety are continually overstepped. Then there must be an accounting.

Racial pride may flaunt itself until the arrogance becomes intolerable and a conflict results.

Religious opinions and claims may be propagated as to foster fanaticism and bigotry. Error usually claims toleration, yet never grants it.

When Trust and Error meet, the boundary line of Toleration has been reached.

———o———

OPPORTUNITY SPEAKS

I am close to you, you may overlook me. You may pursue me to the end of the road, only to find that I was beside you all the journey. To find me, look close at hand. I am the wide open eye that sees the first ray of morning. I am in the sober thought that plans the day's work wisely. I am in the drops of sweat that ooze from pores of labor. Those golden chambers, secret though they may seem, are within you. Their windows look out over the mountain peaks of achievement. My name, chiseled by the master hand of destiny, is over the door of every chamber.

———o———

A GEM FROM ELBERT HUBBARD

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—to say, "I do not know," if it be so, and to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid.

I wish others to live their lives, too, up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion rather than by injunction and dictation.

———o———

Fear not that thy life shall come to an end, but ier fear that it shall never have a beginning.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

LIFE is not measured by years, but by deeds. Youth is not a period of life; it is a condition of mind, the quality of imagination, a vigor of heart, a strength of will, the very freshness and sweetness of life.

Some never grow old as we count years, for courage and adventure, enthusiasm, cheerfulness, the spirit of hopefulness and the lure of the wonderful keeps life young and fresh and vigorous. You do not grow old by living through the years. You grow old and wrinkled when you lose the ideals, or give up hope, or look through darkened glasses.

The things that age men and make their hair white and the skin wrinkled are worry, doubt, fear, despair, lost hope and inability to smile. These bow the back, and make one aware of the creeping things we call years.

If you can keep alive in your heart the spirit of cheerfulness, the love of life, the sweet amazement of happy thoughts, the challenge of service, the lure of tomorrow and the joy of today, you will never grow old. Life will be young and fresh, sweet and winsome, and sunshine will play around your feet and rainbows will circle your horizon. The solemn truth is that "you are just as young as your faith, and as old as your doubts." Self-determination and self-confidence are the twin helps to perpetual youth, and likewise fear and despair are the parallel roads leading to old age and gray years.

If I could, I would plant in every man's garden a flower more fragrant than the rose, more beautiful than the lily, and call it "Love," and let its sweet fragrance and its charming beauty radiate through all life the evergreen fruits of youth. Just so long as it lives you are young and life will be rare and happy, but when it dies and its memory is gone, you are old with the weight of years, whether you are sixteen or ninety.

Whatever you do, do not lose the love of the beautiful, the good cheer that hope brings, the courage that gives power to life, and the eagerness to share your joy with others. When you lose this you are old, but not until.

"If men only understood
How love conquers; how prevailing
Is its might, grim hate assailing;
How compassion endeth sorrow,
Maketh wise and doth not borrow
Pain of passion; they would ever
Live in love, in hatred never—
If they only understood."

———o———

HER LAST MESSAGE

While Mary, Queen of Scots, was in prison awaiting execution, she wrote a wonderful message, of which the following is the last line: "and O Lord God, let us not forget to be kind."

When your avowed enemy begins to try to injure you by word or deed, the most glorious victory you can gain over this enemy or his eager listeners is immediately to begin to be kind to that man.

Unkindness cannot long survive such treatment.

———o———

The world cannot make you glad; you must gladden the world. You must hear the wretched when they cry, be a lamp for those who need a lamp, and a bed for those who need a bed. That is the only road to happiness. Otherwise you will ever be seeking rest and never finding it.—Annie Keil.

The Caswell News

Vol. 2 - No. 5 KINSTON, N. C., JULY, 1937 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor .... F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor .... Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor .... Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor .... Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager .... Miss Mary L. Utley

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE BASIS ON WHICH WE RECEIVE CHILDREN AT CASWELL

To begin with, we try to keep a proper balance between those who have to be cared for completely, those that can care for themselves partially and also help care for the first class mentioned and those who can take care of themselves more completely and care for others of the first two classes. If this equilibrium is not maintained, the school slumps down financially and everything begins to go wrong. After four years of piloting the good ship, Caswell, we know something of the rocks and sand bars that beset our course.

There is another basis for taking children to Caswell, namely: by the population of each county. Four years ago we found this not to be true. We find that in a school like ours with such a small turn-over during its twenty-two years of existence, that when some counties have too few or too many children in proportion to their population, it takes a long time to change this unfair condition. We have been working on this for four years, but have yet made little headway. But we try to look at this proposition in as impartial a way as it is humanely possible.

Before admitting a child, we try to make as complete a survey of the case as possible. By this we do not mean a political survey or a survey of influence of personal friends. Let us name some of the main things which enter into our minds for the survey. Firstly, we consider what we can do for the child. Can we make his life richer by admitting him to our school? How much can we help the other members of the family by taking the child in? We also have to take into consideration what effect the incoming child will have on children already here. One absolute misfit could probably undo everything we had accomplished for a group of a dozen children. Of course, if we had enough room and money to care for all children who are knocking at our door right now (over 900 in number) we could then care for a greater number of different types than we are able at the present.

TELEPHONE CALLS

We are always delighted to hear the voices of our friends over long distances. These calls usually cost our friends from fifty to ninety cents. As far as taking a child in, a good description letter with explanations will help us much more in making a decision than a long distance call. Write us, and better drop the cost of the telephone call in the children's fund.

* * *

A CHAPEL

A chapel for use of the children and employees and also for our good neighbors near the school, is something worth while which my wife and I have wanted so much. We have a beautiful site on the banks of the Neuse River which would be just the place for such a structure. While we have a beautiful auditorium where we have all kinds of plays, parties and moving pictures, there is not the same feeling of worship in a building used for everything that there is in worshipping the God of the universe in a building erected for Him alone. Rev. David Dodd of Creedmore, one of our directors, is greatly interested in this work. Write him and offer suggestions on how to raise the $4,000 or $5,000 needed to build such a structure.

CASWELL BRIEFS

The Caswell "All-Staff" met July 7 at 7:30 for its regular monthly meeting, held usually on the first Monday, but postponed this month on account of the fourth of July holiday. Attendance was not as large as usual, due to the absence of a number on their vacations.

Those present enjoyed an interesting talk by Miss Edith Wladkowski, our psychologist, who reviewed for the benefit of our new employees several topics she had previously discussed. Pointing out the necessity for an institution like ours, she told us that by segregating the sub-normal individual from normal society we are serving a dual purpose.

First, we make the child happier by placing him in a group of his own kind where he can be trained along lines best suited to his limited capacities.

Second, we remove him from a complex society to which he can not adjust himself, and where he may become resentful, unhappy and a danger to the community.

Miss Wladkowski also emphasized the importance of taking into consideration the mentality of the various children with whom we are dealing in order to understand them better. She stressed the fact that though many of our children are physically

(Concluded on page 5)

The Schools *and* Child Health *and* Protection

A PRINCIPAL task of the modern school is to lay the foundation for physical resistance to the increasing health and safety hazards of an industrial age. Crowded cities make precautions against disease epidemics more necessary each decade. The fast-moving machinery of manufacture and transportation, the widespread industrial use of inflammable chemicals, explosive gases, and poisonous drugs take a heavy toll of the ignorant and careless. The feverish haste of the modern world is a wearing strain upon physical and mental fiber which our pioneer forebears did not have to undergo. Indoor living, improper foods, irregular habits of eating and sleeping are frequently inescapable demands.

That men live longer and better is due to increasing knowledge of the science of health and the co-operative services of medicine and education in preventing and curing disease. The schools teach hygienic habits of living. They instruct youth in the dangers of narcotics, alcohol and other poisons. More healthful clothes, more comfortable and better ventilated homes, cleaner streets and better planned cities are the results of education in sanitation.

The schools provide corrective exercises for physical defects. Many schools are equipped with medical and dental clinics to minister to needs as soon as they are discovered. Trained nurses detect disease before it reaches an advanced stage. Special type buildings are provided for crippled children, open air classes are organized for the anemic and tubercular, programs of mental hygiene promote the development of sound minds. Undernourished children are aided in maintaining a balanced diet. School lunchrooms furnish wholesome foods. Home economics classes teach the proper preparation of food for the home and the care of the sick. Courses in civics emphasize community sanitation and health. For superstition and neglect the schools have substituted a demand for skilled medical attention in the care and prevention of illness.

Modern school buildings provide healthful housing. They safeguard against accident. They protect children from fire. They afford abundant light and air. They are kept clean and sanitary. They are equipped with facilities which promote personal cleanliness. They have gymnasiums and playfields for systematic play and exercise. Through the age of most rapid physical development the schools, at every turn, provide a healthful environment, maintain healthful habits, keep children well in the present and lay the basis for healthy minds and bodies throughout life.

The schools protect not only against the ravages of disease, but against the dangers to sound health from commercial exploitation. The American child is kept in school until he is mature enough to take his place in wage-earning ranks. He is aided in the selection of an occupation to which he is fitted because of his ability and interest. He is taught the fundamental skills of a trade or is introduced to the lengthy process of preparation for a profession.

The schools protect childhood from dependency and delinquency. They encourage high ideals of personal achievement and public service, training skillful hands and alert minds for economic success and financial independence. They provide morally clean surroundings for children who otherwise might find associations among the idle and vicious. The schools promote high ideals of home life and fortify childhood against the high-power impact of new forces which are developing in our present civilization.

One of the most significant contributions of the present day schools toward the protection of childhood from delinquency may be found in improved training for leisure. A revolution in domestic economy has removed from the management of the home many of the chores which occupied the free time of the sons and daughters of our forefathers. It is easy to spend these extra hours in commercialized amusements or recreations of doubtful value. As a substitute for entertainment in which participation is merely passive, the schools develop interest and skill in creative tasks. They inspire appreciation for the world's best literature, painting and the other arts.

> *The passion of American fathers and mothers is to lift children to higher opportunities than they have themselves enjoyed. It burns like a flame in us as a people. Kindled in our country by its first pioneers, who came here to better the opportunities for their children rather than themselves, passed on from one generation to the next, it has never dimmed nor died. Indeed, human progress marches only when children excel their parents. In democracy our progress is the sum of progress of the individuals—that they each individually achieve to the full capacity of their abilities and character. Their varied personalities and abilities must be brought fully to bloom; they must not be mentally regimented to a single mold or the qualities of many will be stifled; the door of opportunity must be opened to each of them.—Herbert Hoover.*

CASWELL BRIEFS

(Concluded from page 3)

very well developed, enabling them to do quite a bit of manual work, they are mentally not capable of much reasoning ability. Furthermore, subnormal people, like normal individuals, differ from each other not only in general intelligence but also in specific capacities. It is important to know along which lines the child is most capable in order to affect the best training. Finally, Miss Wladkowski said that sub-normal individuals are both sensitive and suggestible, which again is important for us to know when dealing with them. She gave some concrete illustrations.

* * *

Vacation time is here for children and employees alike. Some of us have already had our holiday and are getting back to work. Some are still away; others are planning to leave soon. Among the children, almost every day sees some excited youngster packing up to go home to visit relatives for a week or two.

* * *

The largest flower beds around the various buildings are now beautiful rewards for all the care given them this spring by matrons and attendants with the help of the children. Everyone enjoys the loveliness of the big flower bed in front of the hospital. We surely are grateful to Mrs. Register, who so artistically supervised the arranging and working; and to Mr. Turbyfield and his boys who worked so faithfully to produce the present lovely effect.

* * *

Everyone is enjoying the ice supplied by our new refrigerating system, not only in the dining rooms, but also in the buildings. It is a great source of joy and comfort during these hot days and nights.

* * *

Both children and employees enjoy the moving pictures which are shown for our pleasure each Friday night in our new auditorium. "Thank you" everyone who has helped bring them.

* * *

A few weeks ago we were all made happy by the Rev. Clifton Ren, who visited with us and gave us a very splendid talk. We hope he will come again soon.

* * *

Do you have a child at Caswell? Or do you know of one who is here? If so, send him a card or a letter once in a while. You can not imagine how proud and happy it makes the children to have the evidence that someone has thought enough of them to write even a few words.

Leila Crowell.

VACATION TIME

The months of June, July and August are mostly for the boys and girls to visit home or some other near relative. Also starting in July one day a week is set aside for the children to take a trip to Morehead City. This continues until all who are able take these trips. The children are always well chaperoned by their matrons and attendants.—M. Ingram, Nurse.

POWER PLANT IMPROVEMENTS

Our new refrigerating equipment is now finished and in operation. Installed by the Richmond Ice Company, using baker compressors; the equipment is in three units.

The store being equipped with ammonia unit, consisting of one large and one small refrigerated room, an ice storage room and an ice making tank of one ton capacity. The large room and store hallway has monorail meat track system with scales for handling and storing fresh meat. The meat track was installed by Kaeslin Bros. of Baltimore, Md.

The kitchen refrigeration system consists of a Methyl-Chloride unit, cooling five rooms for storage of current needs of kitchen. This is a very efficient layout, permitting separate storage of milk and dairy products, vegetables, fruits, meats and also cooling drinking water.

Then we have a forty gallon Taylor ice cream machine which is of more interest to the children than all the rest. Miss Bryant is promising us all kinds of different flavors.

Mr. A. G. Marks, erector for the general contractor of the Richmond Ice Company, Mr. C. C. Foreman, who put in the insulation for the United Cork Company, Mr. W. R. Gurley, who handled the masonry and wood work, Mr. George Carter, the tile contractor and all their employees took special interest in the work and succeeded in giving us what everybody agrees is an excellent job in both appearance and efficiency.

The work on the heating system, which is the largest part of the present improvements, is progressing satisfactorily, but rather slowly; therefore, it would be well for us not to interfere with the regular operation of the plant unless it is absolutely necessary.

This job is nearing completion. It consists of many new hot water tanks totaling a capacity of 2,500 gallons. It also consists of new copper hot water mains to connections of all buildings. New steam piping from boilers to engines and heating mains with control mechanism both manual and automatic take care of our heating needs in any kind of weather.

Lastly, the McBuruey Company has obtained the contract for mechanical stokers under the two large boilers, and have started to work. This job will be finished by the end of the month, and we are sure that along with the other equipment mentioned, it will give us an adequate and modern heating system.—M. Harlan, Plant Engineer.

THE JUNIOR WARD

It is most gratifying to know we have a happy little family enjoying these lovely days in the open. Not a single child is in the hospital, due, in measure, to the sun's rays penetrating their little bodies from morning until evening. They are happy and contented—what more can we ask of them?

Mrs. B. M. Justice left the first of July for her annual vacation period.

We are glad to have Miss Surls from near Hyden to help us out during vacation period. Hope she will become a permanent fixture.—Mrs. Edith Reid, Matron.

Lowly EARTHWORM NECESSARY *to Life on Earth*

IN DIGGING among the more insignificant appearing creatures of the earth, which, as a rule, escape notice and fail to collect their share of praise, we come upon the earthworm. He is, admittedly, a handy and effective bit of bait for the angler, an ideal elicitor of screams when in the hands of a mischievous boy, and a delicious morsel for the robin and his ilk. But aside from that he is usually dismissed as a more or less unimportant creature. As an individual, of course, he is not capable of any great amount of work, but nature has taken care of that and what he lacks in size is made up for by force of numbers. In each acre of fertile ground there are 50,000 or more of the little fellows toiling ceaselessly to improve conditions on the earth. The name "earthworm" is so appropriate no one would dare question its fitness.

Just how important earthworms are can be seen when it is known that without them all the fertile acres of land which now produce our food would become cold, hard and sterile. Rainwaters could not be absorbed, floods would be common, and plant life would degenerate. In short, all animal life would be in a pretty bad spot.

These primitive bits of life, however, do not perform this great service because they are the willing slaves of all higher forms of animal life. Again nature has stepped in and "fixed" things. They are spurred on by a desire to live and preserve themselves, and their service to the world is only incidental. The chief food on their menu happens to be soil, and this they eat continuously. They burrow through the ground, eating as they go, and the simple but effective digestive organs extract all the animal and vegetable matter. When the digestive process has been completed, the worm moves up his burrow and evacuates the soil on the surface of the ground. In this manner, it is estimated, about 20 tons of soil to the acre are brought from below the surface and deposited on the top of the ground each year in a pulverized and fertilized condition.

The burrows are probably the most important of the earthworms' contributions. They allow the air and water to circulate freely through the soil and simplify the growth of plant roots. Occasionally the worms tire of their steady diet of soil and drag leaves, scraps of meat and vegetable debris down into their runways. Parts of these are eaten and the rest are left to decay and enrich the soil. Some of our mightiest trees owe their existence to the fact that the seeds from which they grew were seized upon by earthworms and dragged into burrows as food, where instead of decaying they sprouted and grew.

When it comes to leveling fields and covering outcropping stones, the earthworm is more efficient than all the steam shovels in the world would be. Of course, he takes a little more time, but that element is of little importance to him. Each 10 years, rocks, ancient roads and buildings, and debris of all kinds are covered with two inches of rich, pulverized soil by earthworm castings. Archeology owes much of its knowledge of the peoples of past ages to the fact that ancient cities have been covered and preserved with the aid of the earthworm.

This family is not a small one. There are now 1,000 known species scattered over the world and more are being discovered each year. Most of them stick pretty close to home due to the slowness of their burrowing, but others have become extensive travelers. All their wandering, however, is done during the time of their embryo stage and so they are deprived of its pleasures. The most foot-loose of the lot are those which make their homes in the muddy banks of rivers. They, like practically all the rest, reproduce by laying eggs. These eggs are, of necessity, very small and can easily cling to the mud on the feet of wading birds and be carried from one lake or river to another. Other species are accidentally transported from one country to another by man's commercial activities. But the various species differ even more in size than they do in habits. From a minute creature not more than a millimeter in length they stretch out and include the fearsome six-foot worm found in Australia and parts of Asia.

While hardly a recent model insofar as its anatomy is concerned, the earthworm gets along very nicely in its way. Spending most of its time under the ground, it has little use for eyes and so these organs have never been developed. There are, however, light-sensitive cells in the body which enable the worm to tell daylight from darkness. The heart is very much less complex than the human organ, consisting merely of a tube through which the blood is forced to the various parts of the body by a series of ripples. Its effect is very much the same as that produced when one seeks to empty a rubber tube of its contents by pulling it between the thumb and forefinger. The kidneys and respiratory organs are even more simple, functioning through openings in the body wall. A form of brain and a simple nervous system are also found in the body of this strange creature. While he gets along, the earthworm is prepared to withstand neither extreme heat nor extreme cold and during any severe weather burrows deep into the ground where the temperature is constant. Strange as it may seem, the earthworm was at one time eaten by humans in different parts of the world, and is thought to have a medicinal value in fever cases in parts of China.

VACATION TRIPS TO MOREHEAD

The month of July ushers in a period of special joy for the children of Caswell Training School because every week, sometimes twice a week, all through July and August, the school bus makes trips to Morehead until each child physically and mentally capable of enjoying it, has spent a day at the beach.

And such a day! It really begins several days before the actual trip orgy of making and borrowing something to wear in the water. And when the big day dawns there is hardly a child who does not have a presentable bathing suit, either homemade from old overalls and rompers or borrowed from some of the employees, who are just as interested in the trips as the children.

The day of the trip is rather like Christmas in that there is no difference about prying reluctant sleepers out of bed. With the dawn, they are all awake and up dressing in their clothes laid out in readiness the night before. Then as nobody goes out to work this day, all hands turn to getting the building in order in the shortest possible time, and when the breakfast bell rings they line up like magic. No waiting for stragglers this morning!

Breakfast over, there is a hasty checking over of belongings, and last minute preparations. They climb into the bus with their matrons or attendants. The lunch packed in several big boxes is locked in front and they are off! The big day has begun. The long drive seems surprisingly short. There are so many things to see and talk about. Before they realize it the beach has been reached. Then there is a joyous scramble to get into bathing suits, and soon everyone is packing as much enjoyment as possible into a few short hours. Playing in the sand, jumping the waves, chasing little fish in shallow pools and then healthy appetites herald the arrival of lunch time. All sit in a shady place while matrons pass around sandwiches, eggs, pickles and other food and cooling drinks.

After the scraps are cleared away, the fun begins all over again. Some go back in the waves and others go shell hunting up the beach, gathering the prettiest to carry home as souvenirs. A few of the more adventurous dig for crabs in the sand, and several watch with interest the antics of little shell fish digging into the sand after the receding tide. One little girl, after gazing long and thoughtfully out across the water, said to her matron, "This is a mighty big river. How far does it go?"

The matron tried to explain the vastness of it, telling her that it was the ocean and went all along one side of the country and down to South America and all the way across to other countries.

The child was silent for a moment, then inquired, "Well, then, why don't those people ever come over and visit with us? We couldn't go see them because those waves would push our boats back. But the waves are coming from over there and they could easily ride over here on them."

And so a happy day passes. It is time to dress and reluctantly leave the sea and sand behind. In the bus conversation gradually dies down, and before many miles, there are sleepy children dozing on each other's shoulders. Back at the school in time for supper, they all agree that it was a beautiful and happy day. Of course, there is an aftermath of blistered backs and sunburn lotion, but one red-faced young lady remarked rather sagely, "I guess we always have to pay for our good time, and the only real regrets seem to be that the trips only come once a year instead of once a week."—Leila S. Crowell, Matron.

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THE BAKERY

The bakery at Caswell Training School is a wonderful place. Here all the bread and cakes are made for the entire school. Mr. Overby and I go down to work at 4 o'clock in the morning. The first thing is to make biscuits. This is not such a task except on Mondays and Thursdays when we bake biscuits for the entire school. Then we run around like chickens with our heads cut off. When we get our biscuits in the oven, we mix the dough for the light bread. When it has risen enough, we take it out of the mixer and in a few minutes it is ready to roll. Then we make it while the light bread finishes rising. On Tuesdays and Saturdays, we bake cake. When we have the last oven of bread in, we start scrubbing the tables and the floor. After this, we spray and clean up again, and this finishes the work in the bakery for that day.—W. D. Caviness.

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POLLOCK BUILDING

With the opening up of the new cottages for the boys, there has been a great many changes in the Pollock Building. Several of the boys have been transferred to the cottages and a good many are on their vacation. Although we miss those who left us, we are having a good time getting readjusted.

Since the bean season has gotten in full swing, most activities around the building, except the house work, has ceased to a great extent for the Pollock boys are never forgotten when bean pickers are needed. They have helped pick and can several hundred bushels of beans to be used next winter.

It is gratifying to see how willing every boy gets started on his individual work each morning. Promptly after breakfast they go directly to their assigned task. Some work in the laundry and mattress factory, while others go to the barn, farm, or the garden, leaving the house boys to clean the building. We are hoping to have the building painted and with other new materials we are looking forward to a most attractive and comfortable building as the boys are taking more pride in caring for the property. Also, they all work with a greater amount of interest during the week, looking forward to Friday night to see the picture show.—Mrs. Hill, Matron.

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Have you ever noticed that people will try harder to be worthy of praise bestowed upon them than they will to correct a fault pointed out? Praise is a greater incentive to self-improvement than criticism. If you are trying to make the world better by finding fault with everything that might be improved, you are working with the wrong tool.

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"He who has conferred a kindness should be silent; he who has received one should speak of it."

ACCEPTING RESPONSIBILITY

PROBABLY the most common excuse given to calls for service is, "I have no time." The strange thing about this is that it is given quite sincerely. It is easy to be so fussy and unsystematic that we are just loaded down with work, when as a matter of fact we are doing very little. Everyone has twenty-four hours in the day and these hours ought to be used wisely. Time can be organized. The unnoticed time that many of us waste each week would suffice for performing many kinds of needed church and community service.

Lack of confidence is another reason for not accepting responsibility. One who continually avoids tasks and obligations soon comes to doubt his ability, and, never giving his ability a chance to operate and increase, he comes to have little ability. Thus he shuts himself out of one of the finest pleasures of life—that of employing his powers in worth-while occupation.

Simple indifference is a third excuse. We are slow to admit that we are not interested in the needs of other people. And yet the very fact that we do not make any effort to relieve suffering and extend a helping hand indicates our attitude. The real reason for not helping is the fact that we are so self-centered that the matter of what we might do for others is not strong enough to overcome our indifference.

A fourth favorite excuse for not accepting responsibility is that we do not like to be tied down to things. That certainly is a weak excuse. It reminds us of the butterflies who are free to flit whenever the desire takes them. They have the feeling that this excuse sounds big and important and busy. The betterment of the world has been brought about in the past and must be brought about in the future by those who are willing to be tied down in order that through their sacrifice others may have a more abundant life.

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LOOK TO OURSELVES

Instead of keeping our eye ever on others, looking for faults and mistakes in them, we are to look to our own example, lest something we do may hurt others' lives, or cause them to do wrong. If everyone would do this, it would go far toward making a paradise of this world of thorns and briers. We easily get into the habit of overlooking our own faults or imagining that we are well nigh perfect, while in reality our life is full of inconsistencies.

The habit of judging and condemning others is usually a great deal more serious blemish than are the things we so lightly point out as flaws or faults. Our first duty is to make sure that we lay no stumbling block in others' way.

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Trials, temptations, disappointments — all these are helps instead of hindrances, if one uses them rightly. They not only test the fiber of character, but strengthen it. Every conquered temptation represents a new fund of moral energy. Every trial endured and weathered in the right spirit makes a soul nobler and stronger than it was before.—James Buckham.

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The only successful substitute for brains is silence.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

ONE of the most popular—and threadbare—of all excuses in current favor as an alibi for failure to do practically anything under the sun is, "I simply didn't have time!"

And 'tis more than passing strange how perfectly comfortable and excused we can feel under the protection of this innocent-appearing four-word phrase, for long, long before your time or mine it was shot full of holes, and proved to be no good at all Because —now listen carefully—because anybody, anywhere, can find time for anything he really wants to do.

Take special note of that 'really wants to do'. Therein is hidden the secret. Ten chances to one you won't find time for what you feel you ought to do, or for distasteful tasks which are urged upon you under the guise of duty, or for this, that, or the other thing that you hope to do, mean to do, or even, mayhap, have promised to do. But the things you really, truly want to do—ah, that's another matter! Honestly, now, isn't it?

Men and women of large accomplishment do not have more time at their disposal than do other folk, who lay their failures to achieve to lack of time. Each human being has just exactly the same number of hours in a day, and there are twenty-four of them—no more, no less. An extra allowance cannot be borrowed or bought at any price. And young people who hope to get the most out of life, and to put the most into the world in the way of service, must learn how to use every hour, every minute, to the best advantage.

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OPPORTUNITIES

Some one said that a grapefruit is a lemon which had a chance and took advantage of it. This incidentally recalls the very patent fact that the difference between some of our best and some of our worst men is simply that the former took advantage of their opportunities and the latter did not. The same opportunity comes to a thousand men, only one or two care to take hold of it.

One young girl has a chance to take a university course, and she deliberately turns her back upon it; another has to support her family, and yet she thinks so much of a college course that, by dint of great and superhuman toil, she gains the opportunity which the other passed by.

As a rule, opportunity does not mean immediate advantage, but only the chance to get ready for something better. It may offer a man only a pick and shovel, but back of them lies the presidency of the railway. It comes to most of us in garb of grey and with little to recommend it; but the clear-visioned man can see the crown on the brow, and the sceptre held in the hand which looks not at all like the hand of a king. Opportunities are heaven's ladders and they are everywhere around us; but only the climber can use them or will even attempt to use them.

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Because a man does not take my advice he is not necessarily either stubborn or foolish.

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Life has many compromises; but the compromise with evil is never either right or necessary. There is only one side to right.

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The Caswell News

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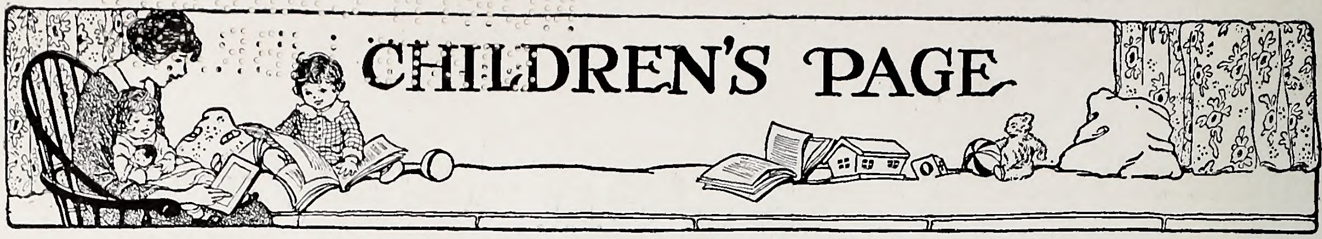
Smiling Through

A cheerful smile, a friendly nod,
  A gentle "how de do"
Costs so little, means so much
  When one's feeling blue.
Sorrows fly, sunshine comes,
  A soul forgets despair.
Becoming brave to try again
  When they know you care.

Life's a garden, human souls
  Live, and sprout, and bloom,
In proportion to the joys
  That chase away their gloom.
Aged folks, discouraged youth,
  Even a lonely child,
Finds the world a brighter place
  Just because you smiled.

—*J. C. Glassford*

AUGUST, 1937


CHILDREN'S PAGE

FROSHKIND

FROSHKIND lived in a lovely pool surrounded by woods. The pool was full of water lilies. Every evening when the frogs came out to sit on the lily pads and sing, Froshkind sat and sulked.

"Why was I born to live in a mere pool?" he said. "Nothing but flies and bugs to eat; nothing but lily pads to sit upon; no one to see but tiresome frogs and stupid turtles sitting on their everlasting logs. It must be so much more beautiful and interesting out in the woods." So Froshkind sighed while all about him sang.

"Come, Froshkind," said they. "Come, sing with us." But Froshkind turned his back and would not look at them. Day by day he grew glummer and gloomier and finally would not come out at all.

One day, Mannikin, a queer little fellow, came down to the edge of the pool.

At once he asked, "where is Froshkind?"

"In the pool," answered the turtles on the log.

"He doesn't like our company," said the frogs.

Then Mannikin leaped from pad to pad until he reached the center of the pool. Here he bent down and called in a shrill voice:

"Froshkind, Froshkind, come up here! I've a message for your ear."

Froshkind pulled his toes out of the mud and swam lazily to the surface of the pool.

Mannikin skipped merrily over the lily pads back to the shore of the pool. Froshkind, his eyes bulging widely, eagerly leaped after him. "Now I'll hear something new," said he. The turtles on the log called sadly after him: "You are missing something, Froshkind." And the frogs on the lily pads grunted: "Too bad, too bad." But Froshkind did not heed them.

Mannikin skipped from the edge of the pool to a path through the woods and on, and on, and on. Froshkind clumsily leaped after him and on, and on, and on.

At last Mannikin stopped. They were in the deep woods still, but there was no cooling pool nearby. Froshkind was tired. He panted wearily.

"Wouldst like supper, Froshkind?" asked Mannikin.

"What shall I eat?" asked Froshkind, bewildered. "I don't see anything but flies and bugs."

"Oh, yes," said Froshkind, "but here in the big woods, I thought—"

"No matter what you thought," said Mannikin, "Flies and bugs will have to be your meat."

"I am glad, anyway, I don't have to sit on a tiresome lily pad," said Froshkind, snatching at an unwary mosquito.

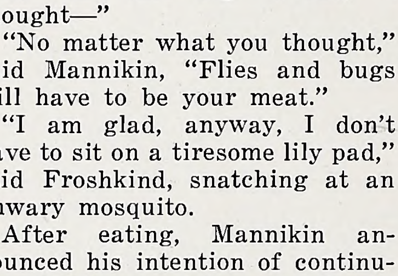
After eating, Mannikin announced his intention of continuing the journey at once. Froshkind's sore legs made him unwilling, and wistfully said: "This moss would make quite a soft mattress."

"We have to hurry," Mr. Mannikin replied.

And he skipped away very fast.

AN EGG SHELL PUZZLE

These pieces of egg shell are parts of a very large egg that was found on the banks of a river in Africa. If you guess the correct letter represented in each piece, you should be able to spell with them the name of a large animal which was in the egg before it was broken.


The first letter of the largest kind of man
The second letter of the color of grass in the summertime
The letter which appears three times in something long yellow and good to eat
The second letter of something all children like to eat but shouldn't
The last letter of the way rain feels on peoples faces
The middle letter of a boy's name five letters long beginning with A
The last letter of something tall and three legged upon which people sit
The second letter of something on your feet.
The letter which sounds the same as the word meaning the thing you see with.

Froshkind limped on. At last the wood was left behind and Froshkind for the first time in his life saw a long, dusty road. Again Mannikin stopped.

"Here we will spend the night," he said.

"But is there no water to quench our thirst," exclaimed Froshkind, gasping.

All night long, poor Froshkind panted by the roadside. In the morning Mannikin was up bright and early.

"Hurry," he said, "we must get to the city."

But Froshkind could not move his stiff legs; his dry tongue, too, refused to catch the little flies and bugs about him. "I can't follow you any longer," he said. At this Mannikin ran away laughing.

Poor Froshkind! He thought of the smooth water lily pads at home, so convenient for catching his supper; he thought of the patient turtles on their logs; the coolness of the pool water. If he could feel a drop of it on his burning tongue! Ah, the pool was not a bad place after all.

"Humph," said a strange voice suddenly, "I wonder how this little frog came here! A dusty road's no place for him. I'll put him over in the brook across the lot. He'll like that better."

And ten minutes later the cooling water of the brook soothed Froshkind's parched tongue, and limbered his tired legs.

For days and days Froshkind drank of the brook and was thankful, growing steadily stronger all the time. Each day, too, he thought more and more kindly of the beautiful pool far, far away in the wood. Try as hard as he could, however, he was never able to find his way back

Far away the turtles on the log would say: "Froshkind missed much when he was here."

And every night the frogs on their lily pads would sit and mourn for Froshkind.

"The wide world is no place for small frogs," they said. "A pool is better."

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CHILDREN'S CHAPEL

The directors and management of Caswell Training School hope the time is not far distant when Caswell Training School will have a nice chapel for religious worship. It is true we have a nice auditorium on our grounds for all kinds of gatherings, but there is an intangible something missing when we try to have religious worship in the building. We also know there is something missing on our Sunday when we do not go to church, and I believe the children in our school miss this great privilege more than we grown-ups.

Our plan is to ask for monetary help from 5 cents up from everyone interested in children and especially in those children who are helpless to carry out a single plan without our help. Send this money with your name and address to Mr. W. W. Griffin, Business Manager, Caswell Training School, Kinston, N. C. This money will be deposited in a Kinston bank until we have $4,000 or $5,000 with which to build the chapel. When our plans were mentioned to Mrs. Thornton of Kinston, she gave $5, saying she wanted to be the first contributor. Another party told me they would give $50 in sixty days, and more later.

The chapel will be a plain attractive wooden building with a seating capacity for 600 people. It will be built three-fourths of a mile from our school buildings on our property, in a setting of green trees, near the banks of the Neuse river.

This chapel will be non-denominational. We have in our school children of all denominations, Catholic, Hebrew and Protestant; therefore, all should be welcome.

Should the state build a chapel? The superintendent of the school thinks not. As to this particular question the board of the school has not been consulted. It has always seemed to me that buildings for religious purposes should be erected by "FREE WILL OFFERINGS."

For the past four years the superintendent of Caswell Training School has been making a study of exceptional children and has come to the conclusion that we are all children in many of our thoughts and actions. We pick a statesman, business or professional man as being grown up and who has put away childish things; then we see or hear of his doing the most childish things imaginable. We know then that older people are only grown up children. We find from our four years' observation that our children really want to be good and are easily "led by the still waters" and love to go to church and love to sing songs of Faith and Hope and Charity; and when we find one of our little "lambs" has gone on the wrong track, most often we find the cause has been the carelessness of the shepherds who were supposed to lead them the right way.

Our aim is to make this school a home for every child, and not an institution; to give home training in morals, manners and faith; to make every child feel that someone cares for him; to make him feel that the greatest punishment for lack of good behavior is the pain of sorrow that the one that cares feels about his conduct. Our aim is also to make every child feel that he will be treated fairly and squarely and in turn he must tell the truth, be it for or against him, and that children are always welcome in the superintendent's and supervisor's office.

Nothing could be more helpful in carrying out our objective than to build the children's chapel. They will get there something that can be gotten nowhere else. We all know "that it is only noble to be good." We also know "that kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith more than Norman blood."

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INTERESTED VISITORS AT CASWELL

On Monday, July 12, Caswell Training School was pleased to have as guests Prof. J. E. Wallace Wallin, an authority in the field of mental deficiency, and a large group of graduate students from Duke University. In the auditorium, Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, conducted for their benefit a very instructive and interesting demonstration clinic of the various clinical types under our care. She also explained the setup of the institution and answered numerous questions.

Before leaving, the visitors inspected the new school department, hospital, a few of the dormitories, the kitchen, dining rooms, sewing room, laundry and other departments.

Prof. Wallin and his group felt they had spent a very interesting and most instructive day in Caswell Training School. — Mrs. Idabelle Taylor, Assistant Supervisor.

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Do the duty that lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty! The second duty will already become clearer.—Carlyle.

Good Health

WATCH YOUR EYES.

Do you know very much about your eyes? I mean do you know how they work and how to care for them?

Do you know why your eyes are healthier if you live in the country or at the seashore rather than in the city? Because when you look over far distances the muscles are almost wholly relaxed. When you look constantly at things near at hand the eyes must make a greater effort to focus upon the object. Practically no effort is involved in looking across a mountain range or at the horizon of the sea.

The eye is like the camera. The theory is that every object reflects rays of light. The lens of the eye focuses these rays when you look at the object, upon the retina, which corresponds to the sensitized plate of the camera. The optic nerve carries this impression to the brain, and the result is sight.

To focus these light rays properly, the eye has what is called a "focal length." If this is too long or too short, imperfect vision results. The lens of the eye or the transparent outer surface may not be curved properly. The muscles that control the focusing of the eye may not be strong enough. So the eye may not be able to focus properly on near objects, or on distant ones. Glasses that are properly made, correct this—and if worn early enough, may be needed only for a short time. Avoid using eye-drops unless prescribed by an oculist.

Never strain the eyes; close and rest them every little while when at work, and do not read on jerky trains, nor with the light dim or badly placed.

An eye-wash or lotion which can safely be used consists of ten grains of boracic acid and one ounce of camphor water. Drop this lotion into each eye with an eye-dropper, night and morning, or when the eyes are irritated by dust. Luxuriant eyelashes not only add to the beauty of the eyes, but they protect them, preventing the entrance of dust and other foreign matter. The growth of the eyelashes can be promoted by application of petroleum jelly. Use but a small amount on the edge of the lids, being careful not to let it enter the eye.

A hatter's hobby helped to isolate the long-sought cancer germ, "sarcoma virus." Dr. J. E. Barnard, member of a London hatter firm, constructed special microscopes with powerful lenses, through which he and Dr. W. E. Gye saw and photographed the cancer virus. Dr. Barnard adopted microscopy as a hobby some 30 years ago and soon became an eminent microscopist, unsurpassed by the keenest professional. According to the Lancet, British medical journal, these physicians have progressed to such an extent that "the existence of the living cancer virus would appear to be established." Biologists say the discovery may represent the solution to the central cancer problem, but at present no hope for a cure is held out for this dreaded of all diseases.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question—What are the provisions regarding the delinquent taxes of Indians?

Answer—In cases of taxes legally assessed, the Indians are advised to pay assessments and where they have funds under government control, authority is given by the Office of Indian Affairs for payment; but where there are no such funds, and Indians neglect to pay, or cannot do so, that office cannot afford them relief. This applies to taxable Indian lands generally. Congress has, however, provided that assessments may be levied against allotments of Omaha and Winnebago Indians in Nebraska, where the restrictive period has been extended, and that the Secretary of the Interior may pay assessments from any funds under his control belonging to the Indian owner of the land; but that if there are no such funds the secretary shall so certify, whereupon the tax shall be canceled by the county and shall not be a lien upon the land. Where assessments are made against what the department considers tax-exempt land the Indians are advised to pay under protest and are assisted in so doing, whenever possible. This is to avoid a tax sale, with the expectation of recovery provided certain suits in the name of the United States now pending in the Federal courts are decided in favor of the government and the Indians.

* * *

Question—Is New York City planning on building another large bridge across the Hudson River? If so, what type, what cost of construction, and so forth.

Answer—The Port of New York Authority is the agency that is constructing the first bridge to be built between Manhattan and New Jersey. When completed this will be the longest suspension bridge in the world, having a distance between towers of 3,500 feet. It will cost $50,000,000 to open it to initial traffic. It will be completed in 1932. The first contract was awarded several weeks ago for the tower foundation upon the New Jersey side. The bridge will cross the Hudson between Fort Lee, New Jersey, and a point in Fort Washington Park, Manhattan, between 178th and 179th streets.

* * *

Question—What is the population of the world?

Answer—The population of the world is estimated at 1,906,000,000 by the World Peace Foundation on the basis of figures prepared by the League of Nations. Former estimates usually placed the total population of the earth as between 1,600,000,000 and 1,700,000,000. Such estimates are naturally conflicting inasmuch as in many parts of the world, such as in the interior of China, no census is ever taken. However, these figures probably represent the population of the world in a general way.

* * *

Question—Is there a reward offered by the United States Government for the process of hardening copper?

Answer—There is no reward offered. The Bureau of Standards recently issued a report on this subject, which may be obtained by writing direct to the Bureau for it.

SO-CALLED "NERVOUSNESS" IN CHILDREN

Very frequently parents, upon bringing their children to me for examination, complain of their being "nervous" and having "fits." Usually the family of such children attribute this so-called nervousness to subnormal or abnormal mentality. However, further interview often discloses the fact that the "fits" are really temper tantrums displayed when the slightest wish on their part is not gratified.

Temper tantrums could easily be adopted by any child, whether normal or subnormal in intelligence, as a means to dominate adults and thus to attain the desired end. The above is the result of what is commonly known as "spoiling" the child.

For the past several months, a number of subnormal children came under my observation, who, according to the parents, were highly "nervous" and constantly in need of attention, placing too much burden on the parents to care for them adequately at home. Some of these children have since been admitted to Caswell Training School, and though they failed to make an immediate adequate adjustment, these youngsters gradually lost their "nervousness" and their disposition in general improved markedly. This, of course, is due to the fact that here those factors which are responsible for bringing forth temper tantrums are eliminated in the program of training children.

It happens that retarded children are often thought by parents to be physically ill. Since sickly children are likely to get too much attention (though they should not for a number of reasons which we cannot discuss here), in the same way are these mentally-retarded children apt to receive entirely too much attention.

One case is of a little girl of ten who, though physically well developed and strong, was thought by her parents to be ill since she was late commencing to walk and talk and was unable later on to profit from her schooling. Her mentality was only that of a five-year-old normal child, but her parents harbored the belief that with good care and much attention she would "outgrow the illness." Consequently every conceivable wish made by this child was instantly granted. She was constantly watched and everything was done for her. As a result this child became entirely too dependent upon her parents and failed to learn to do those things which even an average five-year-old child is capable of doing. If it occasionally happened the child's wish was not granted, a temper tantrum was the result, thereby succeeding in getting immediate attention.

A number of other cases could be cited. Suffice it to say, however, that no matter what the mental development of the child is, parents should refrain from spoiling their child for their own good and for the good of the youngster. The same attitude toward the child should be maintained by both parents and other members of the family, and this should be consistent.—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

FAMILY GARDENS

Not so very long ago we were showing a very interested group of people through our school. They were admiring the happy faces of the children and the lovely flowers. "Do you let the children grow and cut the flowers?"

"Oh, yes," we replied, "only we do not have enough to go around. They like to have flowers for their buildings and for their dining rooms, and to take bouquets to the people they love."

"That gives me an idea," our friend resumed. "Why don't you have Friendship Gardens for all your new cottages? I am sure every person who has a plant would be delighted, yes, even eager, to send you one."

"That's fine! Thank you for the suggestion. We'll even go one step further and call it a Family Garden, asking all mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers for a donation."

What a grand tie that will be with the folks back home, for what boy or girl would not put an extra bucket of water or do some extra digging to make the plant from home bloom!

Can't you see little John showing off our garden and running over to a certain bush and saying, "Isn't this pretty? You know I love this bush. My mamma sent it!"

Bring them when you come to see us or send them by friends. You'll help us make our school a more beautiful home and you'll give your child a daily reminder of your love and interest.—Mrs. M. V. Harlan, Supervisor of Boys and Girls.

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THE GARDEN DEPARTMENT

I would like to give a brief account of my experience with the Caswell garden.

In beginning a successful garden, there are a few staple things one should have to begin with. These are plenty of greens like cabbage, tendergreen, mustard and kale. To feed people who have appetites like we have here there must be an abundance to take care of everybody in all seasons. In season we have squash, cucumbers, tomatoes, eggplant, beets, carrots, lettuce, okra and pepper.

In the fall we all get tired of collards and turnips, so we must plan to have a variety of other things. Our savory cabbage, mustard and Siberian kale fit in well to give us a change.

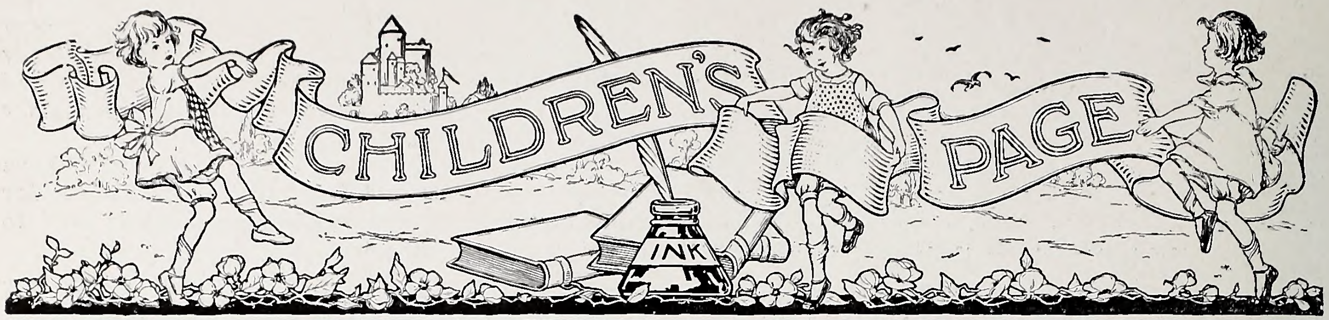
During the summer we harvest over 12,000 pounds of onions, putting around 10,000 pounds in storage for the winter. We have about two and one-half acres in pumpkins and winter squash to supply us with pies through the winter.

Besides the things I have mentioned we plant around fifty other things during the season. We have raised all our cabbage, pepper, eggplant, tomatoes and collard plants, having a surplus of each during the last two years.—J. H. Smith.

o

CLEANING A BUILDING

We have such a good time every morning—Nancy, Jean, Juanita, Nettie and myself. We are the building girls. Each one has a certain task assigned to us. We like this, although if one is finished first we are glad to help the others. We try to clean our building the very best way.—Myrtle.



BLACKIE'S QUEER ADOPTION

BLACKIE was a big, glossy black hen and the beloved pet of little Betty Lynn. And now for over three weeks, old Blackie had been mothering a setting of eggs, with the result that she had only two baby chicks to show for her trouble, so Mrs. Lynn, Betty's mother, decided to give the baby chicks to another hen with a brood of ten children, making twelve in all. Some mother hens have as many as fifteen and eighteen to look after.

Somehow old Blackie couldn't get over the loss of her babies. Perhaps she was to blame herself that she did not get more chicks from the setting of eggs which Mrs. Lynn had placed under her. If a mother hen does not keep the eggs warm and turn them often they will not hatch.

However, Blackie was despondent and would sit outside the other mother hen's coop and coax the baby chicks under her own wings. So Mrs. Lynn shut Blackie up in the big barn, hoping there she would soon forget about her babies.

Now it happened that Betty and her twin brother Billy were playing outside the barn when suddenly they heard a queer noise which seemed to come from inside the barn and they became very frightened. They decided to see what was taking place so they opened the barn door and peeped in.

"Oh—oh—!" they gasped, and then they ran to the house as fast as their feet would carry them, and went in search of their mother, who was busy in the milk room separating the cream so she could make the butter for father to take to town the next day.

"Oh, mother—mother—come quick!" Betty called excitedly and at the same time jumping up and down and frantically waving their arms. Rover, the dog, was also barking loudly and seemed much interested Betty and Billy could run much faster than their mother, so they were in the lead.

"What ever is the matter?" asked the mother anxiously as she followed the children to the barn.

"Look and see for yourself, mother," said Billy as he ran towards the barn door. Upon opening the door, Mrs. Lynn, too, was astonished at what she saw. Old Blackie was occupying Tabby's bed, and was looking very cross and determined, pecking savagely at the mother cat who stood close by with her back humped up and trying her very best to drive the hen from her place. Old Blackie was just as determined to stay on the nest, and she showed it by the ruffled condition of her feathers.

"What's all this fuss of fur and feathers about, I wonder," laughed Mrs. Lynn as she tried to remove the hen, but old Blackie pecked Mrs. Lynn just as furiously as she had the cat. Finally, however, Mrs. Lynn succeeded in lifting the hen from the nest of straw, and then the children gave a scream of surprise and laughter, for there were three soft furry kittens in the bed. Tabby's babies were only one week old and their eyes had not yet been opened. They were black and white in color. The little kittens seemed to know their mother because they cried, "Mew! Mew! Mew!" They did not want a mother who wore feathers.

"You poor wronged mother," said Mrs. Lynn as she gently smoothed old Blackie's ruffled feathers, "since you miss your babies so much that you have to adopt old Tabby's kittens in their stead, you surely deserve to have your own babies back, even if they are only two in number."

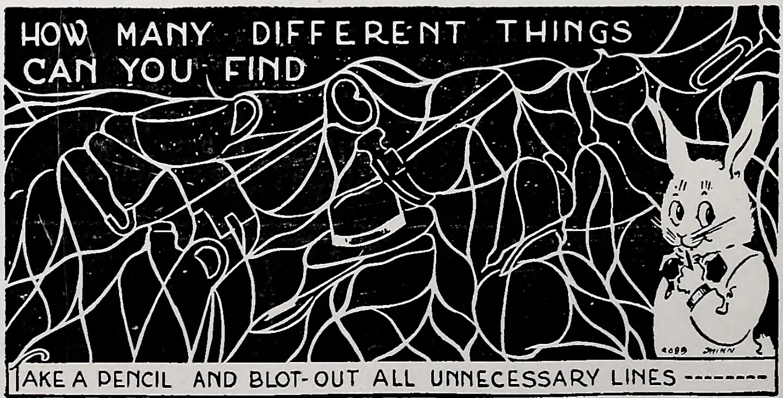
"Mother," said Billy thoughtfully, "what do you s'pose made old Blackie take Tabby's babies?"

"I think," replied Mother Lynn, "that it is just the strong mother instinct or love in the old hen. See, even animals and birds have this mother love—but old Blackie is an exception to the regular rule."

"Anyway," said Betty a short time after, when Blackie had her own baby chicks back, "old mother Blackie is about the proudest and happiest mother there ever was."

Then mother went back to her work in the milk room, packing and arranging the crocks of fresh butter and Betty and Billy went about their play.

Before the summer was over the kittens and chicks had grown to be as large as their mothers. Tabby and her babies were a great help on the farm where they kept the barn free from rats and mice. These pests do much damage each year.


HOW MANY DIFFERENT THINGS CAN YOU FIND
TAKE A PENCIL AND BLOT-OUT ALL UNNECESSARY LINES --------
SHINN

OUR WORK IN THE DINING ROOM

At 6 o'clock each morning we start working in our dining room for we are trying to put into effect the slogan, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," but for the most part our health, as it is the most important factor contained therein. We serve breakfast and ring the bell for the children to march in, as we try to carry things out in order. They never sit down without returning thanks for the food placed before them. When all are seated the bell is again tapped for them to begin eating. Immediately after the children are dismissed and they march out there is a clatter of dishes as we rush for our trucks, load our dishes, and send them to the dishroom to be washed and sent back. While the girls in the dishroom are washing dishes the other girls in the dining room are removing the tablecloths, sweeping, scrubbing and mopping. After this is thoroughly done, the tables are reset for our next meal. Next, we see flit guns zooming around the dining, serving and dish rooms. We are putting forth every effort to destroy them.

At 11:30 o'clock we start serving dinner and the children march in just as they do at breakfast. When they go out we wash the dishes and reset the tables for supper after the floors have been swept and mopped.

For the third time each and every day we meet again at 5:30 o'clock and serve supper. This time after the children are gone our dishroom and dining room squad wash dishes and sweep floors and when the dining room is again dressed in white with our dishes all placed again, we retire until the next morning. This is our daily routine and we serve the meals for about 360 girls and boys under the supervision of our dietician, Miss Mamie Bryant.

We can all say that we enjoy our work, for together with our work we have loads of fun and there is nobody who will not agree that it is a pleasure to stay in the eating place.

I wish to say that everyone is very co-operative, doing their work willingly and efficiently.—Miss Mary Potter, Dining Room and Dishroom Matron.

MRS. HARLAN, HOSTESS

On Saturday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock Mrs. M. V. Harlan was hostess at a lovely party in compliment to Miss Leila Crowell, bride-to-be, and Mrs. Hutson McLeod, a recent bride. On arrival, guests were met by Mrs. Harlan, who directed them to a beautifully decorated lawn where ten tables were set for hearts-dice to be played. High score was received by Miss Marguerite Thomas, secretary to the superintendent, Dr. F. M. Register, of Caswell Training School. Following the game, the most delicious ice cream and cake was served as refreshments. During the course, music was furnished by the well known Bradshaw string band. Among those recipient to the hospitality of the hostess were Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Harlan, Miss Phebie Harlan, Miss Edith Wladkowski, Mr. and Mrs. Troy Taylor, Mr. W. W. Griffin, Mrs. Emma Carter, Mrs. Florence Leonard, Miss Leila Crowell, Mr. Carl Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Brown, Misses Sally Oridgen of Warsaw, Elizabeth Rogers of Jacksonville and Agnes Smith of Smithfield, Mr. and Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Hollowan, Mrs. Gray, Mr. Broome, Miss Marguerite Thomas and Miss Edith Phillips.—Edith A. Phillips.

COTTAGE I

We like our new cottage. It is like a big happy family. Everything is new and we want to keep the place pretty.

There are fifteen little girls in this cottage. They are real smart. They clean house and they like to pick beans. They like to pick berries, especially since they can eat and pick at the same time. They also like to race and see who can pick the most.

We have started a flower garden and the children take great delight in watering and caring for the flowers. We also got two pretty red wagons, and they have a grand time pulling each other in them. —Mrs. Happer, Matron.

COTTAGES V AND VI

Every one of us are proud of our cottage. The sun parlor is our first entrance. We have four nice tables and thirty chairs that the children enjoy very much. On each side of our sun parlor is our dormitories which consist of fifteen beds each and sixteen lockers. On the back we have a nice matron's room, a kitchen and a nice linen closet.

There are twenty-two children in Cottage V and twenty-three in Cottage VI. Everyone seems to be very interested in trying to keep the building clean. They finish their work every morning early so they can have the privilege of getting to the field to pick beans. They say very little about picking dewberries, but they enjoy picking the beans. Some of the children are too small to mop and pick beans, so they enjoy picking the paper off the lawn. We would be lost without them because all of our working boys are away and there has been no one to keep our lawns clean.

Cottage V has a very pretty lawn and we hope Cottage VI will soon have one, too. This will make a great improvement from the outside view of the cottage.—Mrs. Lovick, Mrs. Dickerson, Mrs. Parker, Matrons.

THE DEWEY BUILDING

We of the Dewey building are usually busy and happy these days. Most every day we find something to do in our flower garden. We dig, pull weeds or grass and cut the flowers for our sun parlor. We thank everyone who has helped us to have the flowers. Dr. Register and Mrs. Harlan very generously gave us seed and plants, and Mr. Brown plowed and fertilized the ground for us.

Mrs. Carter, one of our matrons, is away on vacation. We miss her, but wish her a very pleasant rest. Also Ruby went home on vacation. We hope she enjoys herself.—Mrs. Jones, Matron.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Our hospital is well equipped to care for our children and employees. When sick, they are admitted and given the best of medical attention.

Our number in the hospital is limited during the summer months. Children at their respective building spend many hours out in the sun, which helps them to keep well and happy.

A sun parlor recently added to the hospital is a delightful place for the convalescent children.

We are always very glad to have the parents or any relatives visit the children while under medical care.—Mrs. C. A. Lehman, R. N.

Garage Giggle: "It is very hard to drive a bargain," quoth the fellow who bought an old flivver for ten bucks.

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

Speaking of Autos: Have you heard about the man who got 20 miles out of a gallon and six months out of a quart?

Hardly! Never break your bread or roll in your soup.—Etiquette hint in an English paper.

* * *

No, No, Maudie: A man is not called "Colonel" just because he parts his hair with military brushes.

* * *

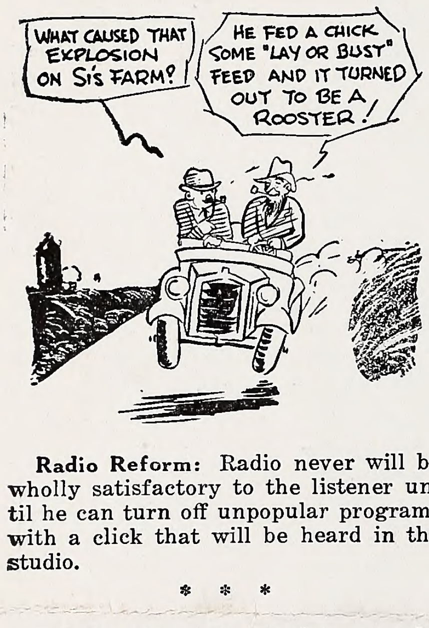
And Down! The elevator and the alarm clock have done more than any other inventions to help men up in the world.

* * *

Health Note: All work and no play makes jack for the nerve specialists.

* * *

Poultry News


WHAT CAUSED THAT EXPLOSION ON SI'S FARM?
HE FED A CHICK SOME "LAY OR BUST" FEED AND IT TURNED OUT TO BE A ROOSTER!

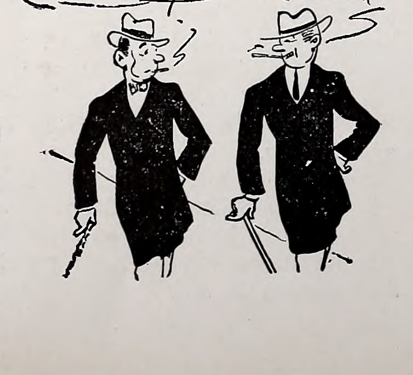
Radio Reform: Radio never will be wholly satisfactory to the listener until he can turn off unpopular programs with a click that will be heard in the studio.

* * *

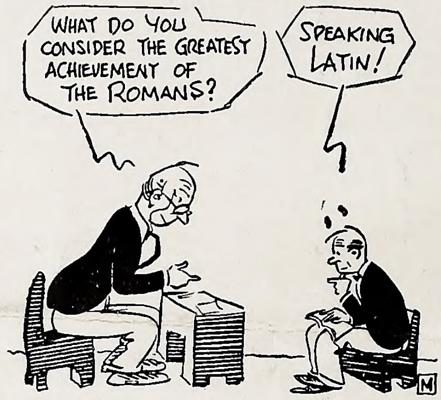
Did You Hear About the man who reckoned his credit was good because, when he returned from his vacation, he found thirty bottles of cream on the porch?

* * *

Another Problem Solved


WHAT'S MORE PLEASANT THAN A COLD BATH BEFORE BREAKFAST?
NO COLD BATH BEFORE BREAKFAST

A Matter of Language


WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE ROMANS?
SPEAKING LATIN!

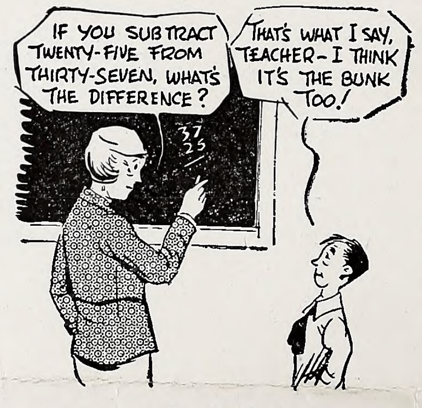
Cicero the Cynic Says: "Nothing but troubles ever seem to hatch out of a love nest."

* * *

Outdoor Note: Ants, we read, can lift weights which are tremendous as compared with their own. Wasps and bees also can raise quite good-sized lumps.

* * *

Educational


IF YOU SUBTRACT TWENTY-FIVE FROM THIRTY-SEVEN, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
THAT'S WHAT I SAY, TEACHER- I THINK IT'S THE BUNK TOO!
37
25

* * *

Aviation Note: We will believe that aviation has really arrived when we see a two-passenger airplane go by with seven or eight high school students seated in it.

* * *

Among the Book-fellows: Old gentleman, browsing in book store, " 'Last Days of Pompeii'—h'm! What did he die of?"

Clerk: "I'm not sure. Some sort of eruption, I believe."

* * *

Romance and Realism: Romantic Archibald, on bended knee: "Won't you ever look with favor upon my suit?"

"I don't want to appear rude," admitted Annabelle, "but I think it needs cleaning and pressing."

Revised Definition: A high school is an institution in which children play and rest until they become hopeless, when they are committed to a college.

* * *

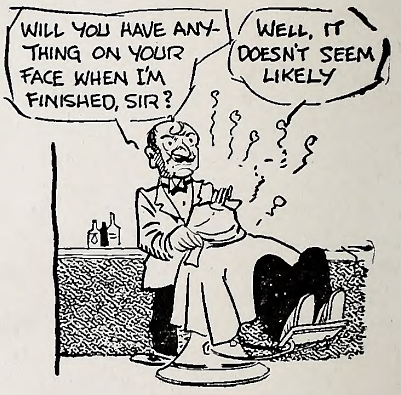
Meritorious Act: "Once I saved a man's life, but I never got a medal for it."

"How so?"

"A gentleman, considerably intoxicated, came home to his apartment and turned on only the hot water to take a bath in—and he would have been scalded to death, only I happened to be janitor of the building and there was no hot water."

* * *

Tonsorial

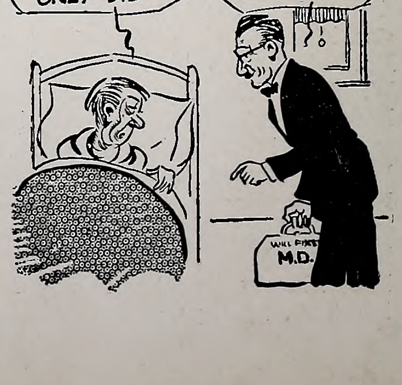

WILL YOU HAVE ANYTHING ON YOUR FACE WHEN I'M FINISHED, SIR?
WELL, IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKELY

Hey! Hey!! The foreman reported that the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict. The judge reproved them, saying that the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury roo mfor further deliberation. "And if you do not reach an agreement before evening," the judge added, "I will have twelve suppers sent in to you."

"May it please Your Honor," spoke up the foreman, "you had better make it eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."

* * *

Obliging


OH, DOCTOR, I'M SO SICK- IF I COULD ONLY DIE
I'LL DO THE VERY BEST I CAN FOR YOU
M.D.

The Caswell News

Volume 2

Number 7

Carolina Our Pride

Carolina, the pride of my bosom,
  Carolina, the land of the free,
Carolina, the land of my fathers,
  Carolina, my song is of thee.

From Mitchell, the pride of the mountains,
  To Hatteras, the dread of the sea,
The sunshine of liberty gladdens
  And tyranny trembles at thee.

Her honor is high as the summit
  Of Mitchell, her loftiest peak,
Her vigor is that of the Roman,
  Her spirit is that of the Greek.
Her daughters are bright as the sunshine
  That lightens the hills of the west,
And fair as the rose of the valley
  That blushes and blooms on her breast.

On her vine-clad sands of the ocean,
  Where Manteo greeted the whites,
Were laid the first aches of empire
  And freedom looked down from its heights.
She felt the first tread of the Anglo
  And Saxon to people this land,
Tho' rude was the welcome she gave them,
  And rough the fierce gale on her strand.

What tho' the grim hand of disaster
  Swept over the island and sea;

(Poem concluded on page 3)

SEPTEMBER, 1937

CHILDREN'S PAGE

WHAT HAPPENED TO SALLY

EVERY one was busy that morning. Daddy was tinkering with his new car, mother was baking cookies, and Nancy Ellen was dressing her dollies. Early that morning daddy had said, "Let's go and visit grandmother today." Nancy Ellen had clapped her hands joyfully. There would be a long ride in the car, and then a happy time at the dear old farm. Nancy Ellen glanced at her two dolls lovingly. "I will take both of my children," she said softly. "The dears will enjoy the ride, I am sure."

Mother had thought one doll enough to hold on so long a trip, but Nancy Ellen would not listen to such a thing.

"Patricia is my new dolly, and I could not leave Sally at home; she would be broken-hearted, mother."

Patricia was ready for the trip. How beautiful she looked in her blue satin gown! It just matched her pretty blue eyes. Nancy Ellen was proud of her. Turning to Sally, she said, "Now it is time to dress you, my dear."

Sally was just a little, plain doll. She was a rag baby, with shoe-button eyes and yarn hair. But Nancy Ellen loved her dearly. From babyhood days Sally had been her little pal. As Nancy Ellen dressed her in a crisp pink gingham apron, she said, "You aren't very pretty, dear, but I do love you."

At an early hour daddy, mother, Nancy Ellen, and the dollies were on their way to the farm. The back seat was filled with things for grandmother and grandfather. So Nancy Ellen and her children sat on the front seat with daddy and mother.

It was such a lovely ride that morning. Nancy Ellen chattered happily as the big car flew over the roads. Then daddy was obliged to turn off the main road. He drove slowly over the rough country road leading to grandmother's.

My, my, but the road was rough! Nancy Ellen clutched at the side of the car with one hand; in the other she held on tight to her children. She was glad when mother suggested, "Suppose you place Sally on the back seat, my dear; it will be so much easier for you." So Sally was placed in the back seat on the bundles.

Bumpity, bump, bumpity bump, went the car. Nancy Ellen squealed. She was certain the car would tip over. She held her breath as daddy guided it over one bad place.

Grandmother's house was finally reached. And how glad the grandparents were to see their visitors! Nancy Ellen climbed out of the car and turned to the back seat in order to get Sally.

But Sally was gone. The little rag baby had vanished. Nancy Ellen remembered the bad place in the road. Tears began to roll down her cheeks. "Oh, mother," she cried, "Sally must have fallen out of the car!"

Mother tried to comfort her. She was certain they would find Sally on the way home; for, as grandmother said, that bit of road was not often traveled over.

Nancy Ellen dried her tears and tried to be cheerful, but the day was spoiled for the little girl. She was glad when daddy said in the afternoon, "We must be returning home now."

Nancy Ellen and mother looked here and there for the lost dolly, as daddy drove along slowly. But Sally was not to be found. Nancy Ellen was sad at heart.

"If it had only been Patricia," she said. "If any little girl was to find so beautiful a doll, she would be happy, and take good care of her; but Sally is not a bit pretty, and I am afraid she will be treated badly."

Just then Nancy Ellen sat up straight in the seat. She stared at something ahead of them. It was a little little girl driving a flock of fat geese down the road.

"Stop, daddy, please," cried Nancy Ellen; "I must talk to that little girl."

Mother smiled at the child, and said kindly, "What nice geese you have!"

"Yes, ma'am," came the low answer.

Nancy Ellen glanced at Sally. She longed to snatch the doll from the little girl's arms. But of course that would not do. Holding Patricia up, she said, "Do you not think my dolly is pretty?"

How the little girl's eyes shone as she gazed on the beautiful Patricia!

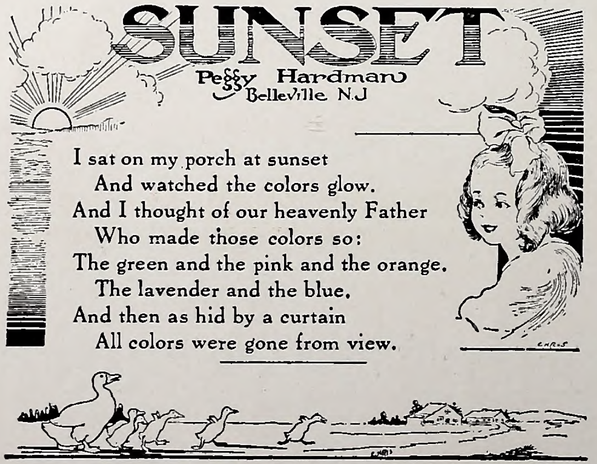
The exchange was made and then Nancy asked, "Would you like to trade dollies with me?"

"Trade my homely dolly for this beautiful doll?" cried the little country girl in astonishment. "Do you really and truly mean it?"

"Yes, indeed!" Nancy Ellen held plain little Sally closer. "I love rag dollies."

After the transaction had been completed, daddy started the big car again. As it rolled down the road, Nancy Ellen leaned back in the seat. Happily she said, "Patricia will be taken care of, I know; and oh, how I do love Sally!"

Whenever Nancy went for a ride with her parents she saw to it that her Sally was not thrown out.



SUNSET

Peggy Hardman
Belleville N.J

I sat on my porch at sunset
And watched the colors glow.
And I thought of our heavenly Father
Who made those colors so:
The green and the pink and the orange.
The lavender and the blue.
And then as hid by a curtain
All colors were gone from view.

The Caswell News

Vol. 2 - No. 7 KINSTON, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 1937 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

Carolina, Our Pride

(Concluded from cover)

There's ever a charm in the story
That tells of a Raleigh for me.
In mystery deep and unfathomed
And dark as the depths of the sea,
More mute than the symbols of Egypt
Is "Croatan" carved on a tree.

On her shore by the sweep of the billow,
Where the seagulls mingle their cries,
The babe of the Anglo and Saxon
First opened her innocent eyes,
And saw the foundations of empire,
Surpassing the grandeur of Rome,
Now spanned by arches of glory,
A wonder for ages to come.

Away with the ruthless insulter
Her honor would sully and stain;
The stone that the builders rejected
Is the beauty and strength of her fame.
She was first in the battle for freedom,
First to close tyranny's gates,
First in the heart of her children,
A pillar of cloud in the States.

From the lakes of the North she has battled
Wherever her captains have led;
To the gates of the Montezumas,
She numbers by thousands her dead.
Sublime as her martial glory
She asks an unending release,
That the shouts of her soldiers forever
Be hushed in the anthems of peace.

The east and the west are united
By bands of iron and steel,
And doctors of progress, excited,
Her pulse are beginning to feel.
Hamlets are springing like magic,
The deserts beginning to bloom,
The "strip of land south of Virginia"
Is humming with spindle and loom.

Then forward and upward our motto,
And never look backward or stop,
The base of the summit tho' crowded
Is never so full at the top.

Hurrah! Carolina, forever,
A glorious destiny waits
Carolina, the cradle of freedom,
The noblest of all the great States.

The above poem was written by Thomas Watts Harrington, who was born September 5, 1849, in a portion of Cumberland County that is now Harnett, and has spent all his life on the farm. He is of English and Scotch ancestry.

"Carolina, Our Pride," was composed and spoken in a warm political campaign to offset the effect of Scott's "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," with which Mr. Harrington's opponent was wont to close his speeches. Mr. Harrington won in the election.

CHILDREN'S CHAPEL

We hope that every person who has read about the children's chapel at Caswell Training School or any one who reads this will tell five other people. We want to build a children's chapel at Caswell Training School. We want a place devoted exclusively to religious services. We want people who are interested in children and their religious welfare to contribute a small or large amount, as they see fit, to this worthy cause. Send contributions to Mr. W. W. Griffin, Kinston, North Carolina, Bonded Business Manager of Caswell Training School. One of the best architects in the state has offered to give his services free of charge. By giving something to this worthy cause, you will make many children happy. The sun will shine brighter; the birds will sing more sweetly. In fact, the world will take on a new aspect. Think it over.

LECTURE AND DEMONSTRATION CLINIC

The demonstration clinic held at the end of August with Miss Wladkowski, the psychologist, in charge, was very interesting and instructive. Miss Wladkowski's lecture was especially interesting to the new matrons who have not had the privilege of hearing her talk before.

Miss Wladkowski's lecture brought forth the different phases of our work with our different groups of children. It gave us an insight to the problems that confront us daily, and better knowledge of how we can deal with them.

At the close of the meeting we felt we all had derived a special benefit that will be an inspiration to us in our work.

Aside from the new matrons and other employees in Caswell Training School there was present a large group of people from Duke Hospital and other places to enjoy the lecture and demonstration clinic.—Miss Stroud, Matron, Cottage I.

SALT AND PEPPER—*A Page of Variety and Interest*

WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO

By M. K. Thomson, Ph. D.

WHY SOME PEOPLE TALK IN THEIR SLEEP

Some people talk in their sleep because more of their brain is active than is usually the case. When a person retires not all of his brain goes to sleep at the same time, nor does it all awake at the same time. Although the brain acts as a unit because of the innumerable neural connections, yet there are distinct portions that control various activities. These have been definitely located through experiments. The thinking process is the only important brain activity that has no special location. It is believed that the whole brain is involved in thinking.

When a person falls asleep his muscles become relaxed, the sensory portions are among the first to cease activity. This cuts him off from the outside world sufficiently to give him a chance to rest. The other portions of his brain may, however, be fairly active although they, too, are likely to fall asleep or become very quiet. In the case of an ordinary dream a few of the thought centers alone are active. Sometimes enough of these centers are acting together to form a connected story, resembling a reverie in the waking state. Frequently the thought activity of the brain is sufficiently strong to awaken the sleeper.

You might compare the brain to a large family, not all of whom ever go to bed at the same time or get up at the same hour. If late at night all the members of the household are asleep except one who is up playing solitaire you might liken the situation or that home to a person who is dreaming.

Some people talk in their sleep because the thought centers happen to get in touch with the speech centers. But enough of the brain is out of commission to permit sleep.

MT. LASSEN BREAKS LOOSE

International

Mt. Lassen, in California, for many years inactive, is again belching black smoke. Early one morning a white steam was seen rising from the crater and later this steam changed to a heavy black smoke which is hanging like a pall over the vicinity.

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. Irving King

ONIONS

The superstition of "folk-medicine" all over the United States assigns medical virtues to onions which, therapeutically, they do not possess. The superstitions vary in different sections but all ascribe great power over disease to the onion.

In some parts of New England it is said that if you hang a row of onions over a door the house will be guarded against the entry of any disease which might be brought into it by a visitor. As the visitor crosses the threshold the onions over the door "draw" any infectious or contagious disease which he may have out of him into themselves. Therefore you must on no account eat onions which have been hung over a door.

The onion superstition comes down to us from the Egyptians by way of the Latins. The Italians sometimes carry an onion in their pockets as a protection against the evil eye which, according to an old Neapolitan writer, is very effective because "the devil respects the onion, the ancients having adored it equally with himself." By "the ancients" he evidently means the Egyptians with whom the onion was a sacred plant—a sort of vegetable god, powerful to protect if properly propitiated. The string of onions over the New England doorway would make a citizen of Thebes in the reign of Rameses feel quite at home.

o

PHILIPPINE COINAGE

Money coined for the Philippine Islands first arrived in the Philippines from the Philadelphia and San Francisco mints in June, 1903. On June 23, 1906, an act was passed to establish the standard value and to provide for a coining system in the Philippine Islands. From that time on the San Francisco mint, when requested to do so, has coined money for the Philippines. For the past few years the United States has not struck coins for the Philippines. The old dies are still in use.

Psychological Clinics in Caswell Training School

Almost on each Monday and Thursday the psychologist at Caswell Training School has been holding clinics for the benefit of the communities in the eastern part of this state. For the past year a great many children were examined in the Kinston Public Schools, resulting in the formation of a special class. During the same year many children were examined for orphanage placement, more accurate class-room placement, and for various other reasons. In compliance with our new requirement, many children were examined pending admission to Caswell Training School.

On the average it takes an hour to examine one individual. To this should be added some time for interviewing and giving explanation at the close of the examination, depending in nature on the problem or problems of the case. In many instances from one and a half to two hours should be allowed for a complete examination. As stated in a previous number of the Caswell News, we are glad to give as much needed psychological service to different communities as we possibly can, but we expect outside agencies to cooperate with us in this respect, which we do not always get.

Sometimes great displeasure is expressed when it is impossible to give an appointment for a week or two. When this happens it simply means that previous appointments have been made. In some instances appointments are made for one or two children and additional ones are brought unexpectedly, making it impossible for the examiner to examine all of them during the office hours. In many instances (this happening much too frequently) individuals to be examined are not brought out at the time arranged. Coming an hour or so late naturally disrupts the entire schedule, as activities are planned for every hour during these clinics. For individuals travelling long distances, unavoidable occurrences on the way may sometimes account for delay of arrival. However, in most instances we find that late coming can easily be avoided. Recently an appointment was made to examine two individuals from a certain county. Over an hour late only one was brought to me with the explanation that the other disappeared and that unsuccessful attempts were made to locate him for an hour after they were to begin the journey, in order to arrive at the appointed time. Had the other individual been finally located, it would have made it impossible for the psychologist to examine him, as she had other appointments for the same afternoon. Worst of all, people are frequently brought or sent for examination for whom no previous appointments have been made. These individuals cannot be examined without creating great inconvenience to the psychologist and this institution in general and without causing the work in Caswell Training School to suffer.

It is sincerely hoped that in the future all community agencies wishing psychological service from this institution will cooperate with us. Cooperation means **always** writing to us for appointments, notifying us beforehand when appointments cannot be kept, coming on time, and not bringing additional individuals for examination for whom appointments have not been made.—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

School News

SCHOOL MEETING

School opened September 1! The teachers had a meeting August 25 in the psychologist's office. Miss Wladkowski presided. Dr. Register and Mrs. Harlan were present for a while during the session. Plans were made for the school year. A dozen or more new pupils have come in this summer.

There are to be extended playground activities, the kindergarten teacher will direct the afternoon play activities. Mrs. Hill will have charge of the older boys and plans are being formed for an enthusiastic ball club. A much needed workshop is being planned and the new playgrounds around each building are being put in shape. Dr. Register and the teachers are as enthusiastic as the pupils.

The kindergarten is looking forward to some new equipment; Lincoln logs, several peg boards and a work table. We are very proud of our new school with its clean walls and many windows. The girls are planning a calendar quilt. On rainy days the playground teacher and matrons will play indoors with the children or teach some craft-work, or have a story hour.

The children have had a wonderful summer with trips to Morehead, more delicious melons than they could eat, picture shows, and love and kindness all around them, but there were glad smiles when they saw the teachers, as if to say, "We are ready for school."—Mrs. Dawson, Kindergarten Teacher.

PLAN OF STUDY FOR ADVANCED GROUP

LEARNING ABOUT CLOTH

The average person, even though he gives thought to his dress, seldom considers that the supplying of that clothing requires a series of interrelated industries employing people of all nations. In order to give our children a knowledge of the source from which cloth is obtained and to help them realize the interdependence between sections of our own country, as well as the interdependence between the nations of the world, we will study cloth and clothing this year. This study will include the history of cotton, wool, silk, rubber, leather, linen, rayon, silk stockings, etc. We hope to study the hygiene of clothing this year, the history of spinning and weaving, and to have the pupils express their ideas through handiwork.

* * *

SOME HISTORICAL FACTS ON MAKING CLOTH

Columbus and the early explorers in America found cotton growing, and the Indians wearing clothing made from it. In 1650, the colonists in Virginia began to cultivate cotton. Later the southern states began to raise great quantities of cotton. Machines were invented. Factories took the place of the home in garment making. Today

(Concluded on page 7)

EDUCATING FOR TOMORROW

THE opening of the school year will bring relief to some of the young people who find prolonged leisure burdensome and tedious. To others it will mean the added joy of the school atmosphere and environment. To some parents it will bring relief from the distraction of keeping the children occupied and entertained. To others it will mean heavy hearts when they see for the first time the school sharing with the home in the training of the child. To some young people it will mean a struggle to give up a remunerative position for what may seem to them less profitable work. Others will have a consciousness that no matter how lucrative the position, it will be more profitable to resume schooling. These view education in terms of the future returns. Financial needs may dictate that others continue their earnings to permit resumption of the schooling later on. This training will be profitable, as a year of any work should produce, in addition to the disciplinarian value, a more wholesome regard for the advantages of education. The danger to this group is the "cooling process" that takes place during such intervals, with a resultant diminishing interest.

As a rule, parents are more concerned about adequate schooling than the child — this because of the fact that if they have been educated they appreciate its value, and if they have not, they are conscious of their loss.

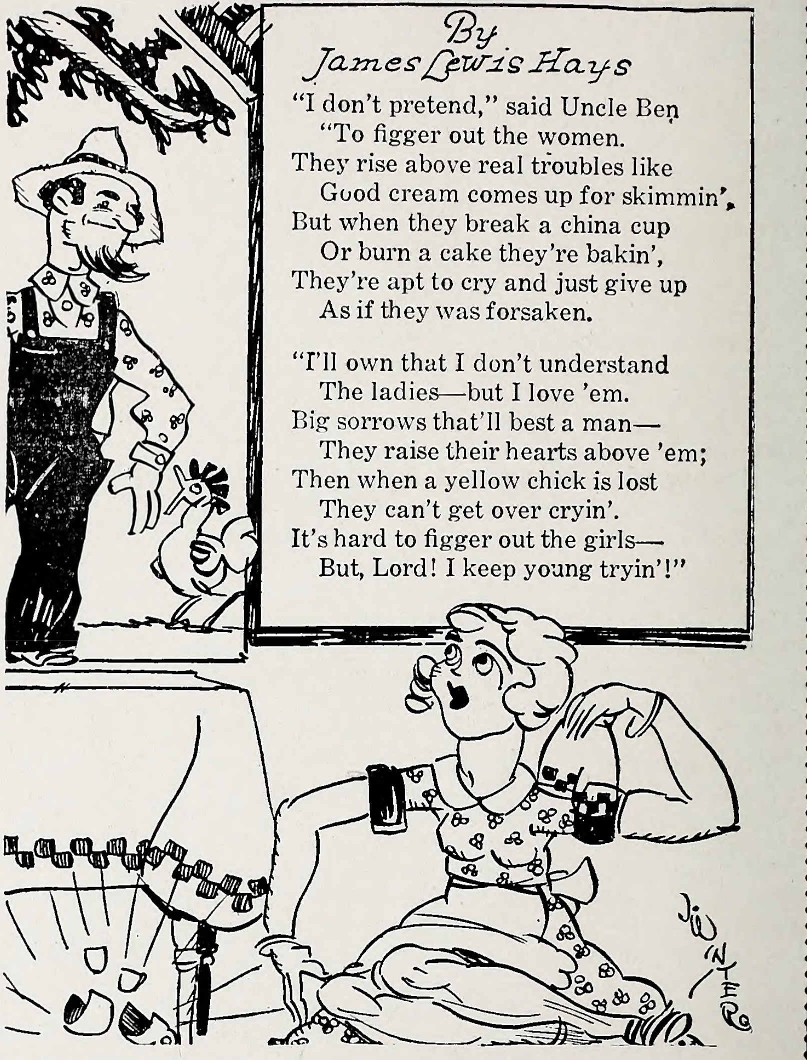
Young people may argue that they have sufficient training to meet future requirements. It is difficult to foresee what these requirements may be. Because of rapidly changing standards, people are ever confronted with situations they could not have foreseen a decade ago. In farming, in industry, and in business, as well as the professions, we find more exacting demands. It is reasonable to predict that requirements in all such lines will continue to be raised.

A like situation exists in adult life in that there are many who ten years ago decided they had sufficient training to meet future requirements. In later years they found it necessary to raise the standards to meet increasing opportunities. It has meant the passing of these opportunities or the resumption of educational pursuits. Our colleges, universities, correspondence schools, part time schools and night schools bear testimony to this situation. In them we find many adults who have returned to build up the foundation neglected in youth.

It is hard to say when a boy or girl has had sufficient training. Such training usually increases opportunities as well as incomes. It would seem a wise policy to be liberal in estimating the amount of educational training required rather than be forced to acquire it an an age when they are less susceptible to it. The fact that young people in increasing numbers are today taking this precaution makes the situation more emphatic and the demand more imperative. Boards of education and school officials, appreciating this situation, have made adequate provisions for every demand. It rests with the young people and their parents to do the rest. They should at least consult with school officials before deciding to terminate schooling.

Womenfolk

By
James Lewis Hays



"I don't pretend," said Uncle Ben
"To figger out the women.
They rise above real troubles like
Good cream comes up for skimmin',
But when they break a china cup
Or burn a cake they're bakin',
They're apt to cry and just give up
As if they was forsaken.

"I'll own that I don't understand
The ladies—but I love 'em.
Big sorrows that'll best a man—
They raise their hearts above 'em;
Then when a yellow chick is lost
They can't get over cryin'.
It's hard to figger out the girls—
But, Lord! I keep young tryin'!"

—o—

Teacher: "How is it you were not at school yesterday, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Please, sir, when I was coming to school I saw a steam roller."

Teacher: "Well, what about it?"

Johnny: "A man tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Mind that steam roller, boy.' And I stood minding it all afternoon."

SCHOOL NEWS

(Concluded from page 5)

cotton is used more than any other material. Silk is also commonly used today. Its demand became so great that a process for making an artificial silk called rayon was worked out. In 1889 the first rayon factory was opened in France. To make rayon, wood pulp and linters of cotton are used.

The United States cannot furnish all the raw materials that it needs for clothing. Silk was once a luxury; now it is considered a necessity. But the raising of the silk worm has never been found successful here and most of our raw silk is imported. Rubber for raincoats and rubbers cannot be obtained here. We must send to South America or to the far East.

England cannot supply herself with all the raw wool and cotton necessary for her factories. Therefore, she must import most of the raw material. The United States furnishes some of the wool and much of the cotton.

The use of machinery has changed the life of mankind. Now machines make thread, weave cloth and make clothes. One of the biggest industries in the United States is the ready-made clothing industry. It started in the northeastern states, because of the presence of water power to run the machines.

Cotton for New England factories comes from the southern states, but now much cotton is manufactured in the south. Much of the wool used here comes from the western states. Each part of the country is dependent upon the other parts for its seeds.

Civilization has grown by leaps and bounds through trade. In the earliest days the people of one country, seeing how another country was progressing, would try out, upon their return home, the new idea they acquired.

China and India had cloth which all the world sought. China had gorgeous silk; India had beautiful fine cotton. The desire for these beautiful garments caused great trade routes to grow up. Columbus discovered America in trying to find a short trade route to India and her riches.—Mrs. Barnes, Principal.

VACATION OVER

Vacations are about over at Caswell and it stands to reason that each employee has had a most pleasant one.

The work is going along very nicely and I am sure every one is looking forward to the approaching autumn months. Our school department opens September 1. We gladly welcome our teachers back as they have been greatly missed during the summer months.—Mrs. C. A. Lehman, R. N.

VACATION'S OVER

Vacation time is nearly over. Our thoughts have now turned toward school and our school teachers! So many lovely trips have been taken until we feel satisfied to settle down and study awhile. Many of our boys and girls are returning from their visits home, and seem eager to begin school. We want to again thank Dr. Register and all who helped to make this summer one of the nicest vacation times we have ever known.

CASWELL BRIEFS

MOREHEAD

The word is sheer magic to Caswell for have not over 400 children gone to Atlantic Beach, bathed in the ocean, ridden 80 miles there and back; eaten delightful picnic dinners; drunk long cold pop drinks, been welcomed and entertained by the management of the beach; given free access to the bath houses and used their bathing suits? What more could mortals want in the way of a day's outing? Not only have the children received all that, but Dr. Register and Mr. Griffin arranged to send two bus loads of employees to spend the day at Atlantic Beach. They, too, returned red and radiant, singing the praises of the glorious resort and their enjoyment of the concerts given by Jimmie Livingston and his orchestra.

A treatise on Morehead would not be complete unless thanks was extended to Mr. Wheatley, who added so much to the enjoyment of the children on their trips to the beach. He has driven bus load after bus load down there, and taken group after group in the ocean, opened pop bottle upon pop bottle and kept all in a good humor! All the children and employees extend a great big "thank you, Mr. Wheatley!"

* * *

BAND

Twice during August we have had the pleasure of having the band from Goldsboro come up and give us a concert. It was out in the open where the children could sit and listen. The band rendered lovely selections which were enjoyed by the children and employees.

HIGGINS-CROWELL

A pretty wedding took place Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, when Miss Leila Crowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Crowell of Avondale was united in marriage to Carl Higgins, instructor at Caswell Training School, Kinston, N. C.

Rev. Vincent Townsley, pastor of the Avondale Methodist Church, performed the ceremony. The bride wore white net over white silk, a wedding veil caught with pink rosebuds, and carried a bouquet of pink roses and delphinium. The bridegroom wore white linen. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Benita Crowell, who was gowned in pink voile. Eugene Crowell, brother of the bride, was best man.

The ceremony took place on the beautiful lawn surrounding the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. William Crowell, and was attended by members of the family only. The bride was given away by her brother, Benjamin Crowell, owing to the sudden illness of her father. A light collation was served at the grandmother's home after the ceremony.

The bride is a graduate of Flora McDonald College, N. C., and has been instructor for the past two years at the same school where the bridegroom is employed. After a short trip, they will make their home in Kinston, N. C.—(Taken from a newspaper in Pennsylvania.)

TOO EXPENSIVE FOR HIM

"Why didn't you get yourself a cheap automobile?"

"I would if they weren't so expensive."

NOT A COLLEGE MAN

First Flapper: "Wasn't that a college man I saw you with last night?"

Second Ditto: "No, only a freshman."

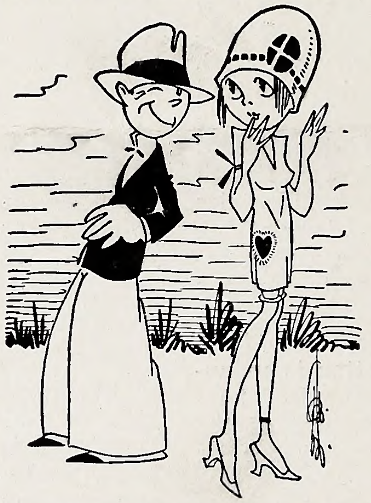
DEAD ONE

He: "You have a nerve—cutting me dead."

She: "I'm only cutting you—you're dead already."

A Little Bit Humorous

EVEN UP PROPOSITION



He: "How 'bout a lil' auto ride into the country, cutie?"

She: "I'd have you understand I don't go auto riding with strange men."

He: "At's O. K. I haven't got a car, either."

SAW HIM TOO OFTEN

"My husband's home too much."

"I thought he was a trav'lin' salesman."

"He is—but he comes home once a week."

GOLD DIGGER DEFINED

"Grace is accused of being a gold digger."

"Fraudulant use of the males, eh?"

CAUSE OF ANGLES

"Very angular, isn't she?"

"Guess you'd be angular, too, if you'd been mixed in all the triangles she has."

WOMAN IN SPEECH

She: "What part of speech is a woman?"

He: "An indefinite article."

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

The Caswell News

Volume 2

Number 8

The Lost Colony

For here once walked the men of dreams,
The sons of hope and pain and wonder,
Upon their foreheads truth's bright diadem,
The light of the sun in their countenance,
And their lips singing a new song—
A song for ages yet unborn,
For us the children that came after them —
"O new and mighty world to be!"
They sang,
"O land majestic, free, unbounded!"
This was the vision, this the fadeless dream—
Tread softly, softly now these yellow stricken sands.
This was the grail, the living light that leapt—
Speak gently, gently on these muted tongueless
shores.
Now down the trackless hollow years
That swallowed them but not their song
We send response—
"O lusty singer, dreamer, pioneer,
Lord of the wilderness, the unafraid,
Tamer of darkness, fire and flood,
Of the soaring spirit winged aloft
On the plumes of agony and death—
Hear us, O hear!
The dream still lives,
It lives, it lives,
And shall not die!"

—Paul Green

(Paul Green is the author of "The Lost Colony," the pageant played during the summer at Manteo, North Carolina).

OCTOBER, 1937

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE PRINCESS ENA ENDOWMENT

THE fairies were discussing it. "It isn't wise, it isn't wise, and it isn't wise," insisted the Fairy Queen.

"I agree with you, my dear." Very polite, as well as very sensible was the Fairy King.

"But it always has been done," argued the Queen's Old Maid Sister, who always argued everything.

Then Princess Ena burst into the room. "Please, Mother, where's my psychology book?" she inquired. She was a modern fairy princess and had opinions.

"To sum up the question," once more began the Fairy King. "Shall we or shall we not give three gifts to the new child, Alice, born today on Niny street of the Banded Empire of the World?"

"Supposing we did give Alice Beauty, Wealth and Wit, the customary three gifts, would she turn out any better than the many other infants to whom we have given them?" questioned the Queen again.

Princess Ena had gone as far as the door and stood there with a volume of psychology in one hand and a phonograph record in the other, listening.

"What would you suggest doing, darling?" asked the Queen Mother, fondly.

The Princess dropped to the floor by the door and buried her chin in her hands. "Let me see. It always turns out wrongly if you give the children everything—it always has turned out wrongly if they have everything they need handed to them at once. Hurrah! Mother, I have it! Why not give Alice the makings?"

"The makings?" What do you mean, daughter?"

"Well," explained the princess, "you have been shown that too many gifts are harmful. But it is also harmful to have nothing."

The fairy council pressed more closely about Princess Ena in a semi-circle, and everyone agreed.

"But if she had the makings" continued Princess Ena," it wouldn't matter if she were rich or poor. If she wished that she knew something—about the fairies, for instance — somewhere about would be a book on fairies. She would have only to read it. Supposing she wished, like Cinderella, for a new dress for the ball. Within her reach would be materials for the new dress and directions how to make it, or directions how to earn it. All that we would wish for her would be the gift of doing things for herself."

"A very sensible speech," applauded the fairy circle.

There were some who would not agree. The queen's old maid sister sniffed, "Ridiculous!"

"Rather impractical, your majesty, for it never has been tested," suggested the king's counselor.

The queen said to the king, "Shall we try it, father, just this once?"

The king replied, "It's revolutionary. But just this once!"

So the Queen turned to the princess. "We will try it just this once, daughter. Now, please go and dance among the flowers," she said.

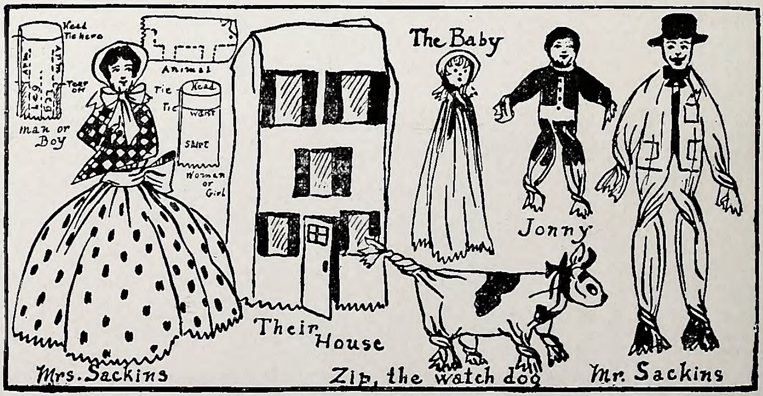
The princess hugged them both.

Meanwhile Baby Alice grew in wisdom and power. If she wanted a doll, she made it; if a party, she gave it; if an education, she earned it.

Princess Ena directed the fairy telescope toward Alice, then called the other fairies to look, exclaiming: "See my foster child! She is the happiest child alive with but one gift."

So the fairies held another council that lasted five minutes. They decided once and for all that their one gift should be the Princess Ena Endowment. You can it in your neighborhood; you find it in every neighborhood in the world. This fairy gift is a wonderful one, for if you find out you have the makings (as you have) then you can have everything else.

The fairies are still watching the result of this endowment through the telescope.



THE PAPER BAG FAMILY

When paper bags come into your house, they spell fun. Draw a face on one, stand it up and watch Sonny Sackin smile at you. Cut a width up on each side, twist and there are arms. Stuff cotton in the top for a head and a draw string round it, slit the lower half in the middle and twist for legs! The right sized sack will make a splendid house with doors and windows cut out. Another bag, lain on its side the long way, face made on the end, slits made in bottom edge and twisted for four legs, and at the other end for tail, makes the family pet.

CHILDREN'S CHAPEL

One of our little boys, Jessie Dail, said to me a few days ago, "I want to go to a real church and hear a sure enough preacher." Of course, we have religious services in our auditorium every Sunday and we have moving pictures and concerts in our auditorium. In fact, it is a meeting place for all gatherings. We want to build the Children's Chapel on our property, but at least a half a mile from all of our present buildings. We firmly believe that we owe this much to these "little citizens" of our great state. Is there some generous soul who would build this Chapel in memory of some friend or relative? The cost will be about $5,000. We believe we can raise this money in small donations from those interested. We have already received some money from friends. A splendid architect, Mr. A. Mitchell Wooten, has generously offered to draw plans for this Chapel as his gift to this enterprise. I want to say again this Chapel will be strictly non-denominational. Our children do not understand creeds, but they do know something of morals and manners, and we know that Chapel service will greatly help them to "remember thy Creator in days of thy youth when evil days come not."

AN ALL-STAFF MEETING

The all-staff meeting was held October 4, in the new auditorium. Mrs. Harlan gave a brief talk, reminding us that every employee should contribute to the Caswell News. This paper is being read by the citizens of this state and the patrons of this school. We should remember that the parents like to hear what is happening in the building where their child is.

Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, gave a talk on how subnormal people learn. She stressed the fact that the mentally retarded differ from each other in degree just as normal people do. Mental defectives are inferior from normal in all traits, but they do not differ as much in physical characteristics as they do in intelligence. They can learn in specific ways rather than in abstract ways. They cannot be taught moral codes because they cannot understand ideas and cannot connect them with various situations.

New officers were elected for the coming year. President, Carl Higgins; vice president, Edith Phillips; secretary, Louise Holcombe; treasurer, Irene Smith; chairman of the entertainment committee, Annie Taylor.—Louise Holcombe, secretary.

ALL-STAFF MEETINGS

Once a month, on the first Monday, an hour of true instruction and entertainment is enjoyed by the staff members of Caswell Training School. On each occasion it can clearly be seen that added interest is shown on the part of all staff members. New employees who come into the institution are keen and wide awake with interest, and attendance is rapidly increasing. An hour of good fellowship and good cheer follows the business meeting.

The nominating committee met this week regarding new officers for the year. Plans for added activities were discussed and an effort was made to have all departments represented.—Edith Phillips, nurse.

WATERMELON TIMES

"Here comes the truck!" There is a flurry of eager feet as girls and boys dash to windows and herald the approach of a huge truck loaded with watermelons. In a surprisingly short time a crowd of happy children is gathered along the walk, watching the unloading of several hundred delicious looking melons. All other activity is halted and employees and children alike are treated to all the fruit they can eat.

During the season this takes place several times a week. Sometimes cantaloupes and watermelons both fill the walks. Assisted by Mrs. Harlan, their supervisor, the matrons and attendants cut the melons and pass them out to the assembled children. Nobody is forgotten. Friendly feet hurry liberal patrons to the crippled children unable to come for their share. Here and there one may see loving hands setting aside a particularly nice looking melon uncut. When asked "Who is that for?" the answer comes quickly, "Miss or Mrs. So and So"—the matron or attendant who is on night duty at the time. The children love their matrons and if for some reason an employee is unable to join the party, at the cutting some child always remembers and makes sure the absent one is not overlooked.

Cleaning up after the feast is quite a job, but many hands make work light, and after the majority have returned to their various tasks, the building girls are soon at work with brooms and buckets and in a little while rinds are piled high waiting for the wagons which will haul them away. Walks are cleaned and scrubbed and children are contentedly wondering, will the next load come up tomorrow or next day?—Mrs. Carl Higgins, Matron.

GOOD PERSONALITY IS AN ASSET

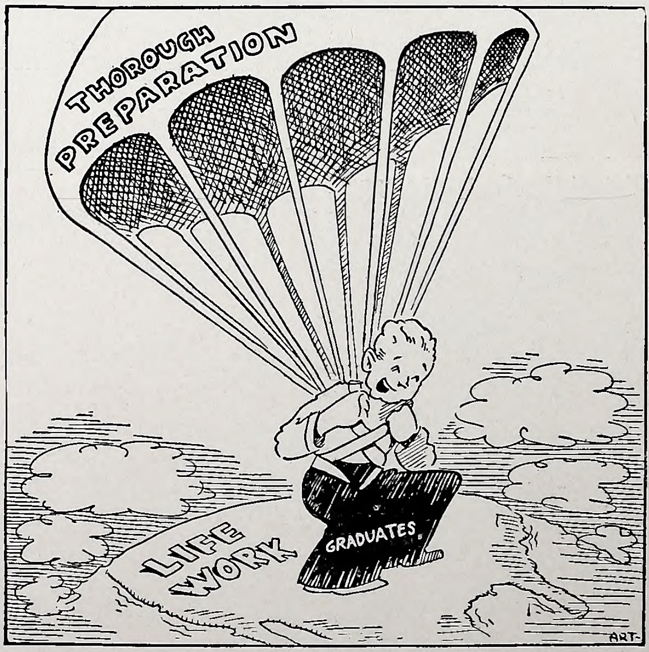
lies in your ability to make yourself likeable and agreeable to others? It concerns, also, certain characteristics of yours, such as having an almost perfect control of your actions, reactions, emotions and thoughts. You portray your innermost motives by the little things you say and do.

There are so many ways of developing a charming personality. Make yourself a likeable, all-around sort of person. Show a firmness of mind and character, and use your own common sense. Improve where improvement is needed. Don't imitate others in speech and dress. Just say the thing your better self prompts you to say and wear the clothes your good taste dictates. Be friendly and warm-hearted. Make others like you and respect you. Be the kind of person everyone admires, with high ideals, broad-minded views, and a lovable nature. Always have a ready smile and a joyfulness in your walk and talk, and do your best to keep happy.

* * *

VALUE OF SCHOOL WORK

For what purpose do you attend school? If you are considerate of the efforts put forth by people of your community for the purpose of sending you to school, then what should you desire to do but to put forth every effort to advance in your school work? If you advance, you are showing your appreciation for the opportunity you are given. It is best not to grumble about the rules of the school and try to conform them to suit your routine, but to conform your routine to fit the rules. At times the rules may seem many and the lessons hard. At these times one may be inclined to become discouraged. Just remember that this fate is common to all. Hardships fall into every life. By bearing these and studying we shall grow in knowledge. When we have gained enough that we are worthy of a high school diploma, then we have completed one milestone in life. If one has striven to accomplish worthwhile knowledge,



IT WILL COME IN HANDY

books, experiences [illegible] others. Often we complete our high school work, and before receiving a diploma we wish we had done better work in years preceding. Then we might say "Had I only realized the value, my grades might have been different."

* * *

EDUCATION TEACHES ONE TO THINK

Gov. Alvin T. Fuller of Ohio said: "Education is becoming widespread. A very heavy responsibility rests upon the individual in every self-governing modern state. He owes it to himself to take every advantage of these educational opportunities, whether for youth or for adults which his community offers, to inform himself candidly and as thoroughly as may be upon those questions which require an immediate answer, and to hold himself free from bigotry, intolerance, and lust for persecution, which unhappily still linger." Entirely too many of us are content to accept the ideas and opinions of others, never stopping to think for ourselves, and having thought, making our own decision. It is so much easier and less tiring to accept the other fellow's idea of the thing, and drift along with the stream. Education is a process of teaching the individual to think. It is a pity that it cannot be carried out to the extent that the individual learns to think for himself.

* * *

Give vocational training to the manually minded, and the children's courts of the future will have less to do.—Warden Lawes.

School News

Extra Curricular Activities for Our Boys

Prior to the opening of school, Dr. Register, Miss Wladkowski, Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. Barnes and the teachers met for a discussion of the year's work. It was suggested that a part of each school day be devoted to playground activities or in a work shop. Since we have no athletic teacher, Mrs. Dawson and I, with the help of the matrons and attendants, are attempting to carry this out. Mrs. Dawson works with the matrons in the cottages and on their playgrounds while the larger boys have a new playground back of Mr. Griffin's home. We have begun work on our baseball diamond and hope to be having some interesting games before cold weather.

It is our aim by this means to find an occupation that appeals to each individual, and to supply him with the necessary equipment to make what he undertakes. This will add greatly to his contentment and usefulness.—Mrs. Mark Hill, teacher.

* * *

Athletics and Baseball

Athletics, rightly considered, means more than the development of mere muscle. The true ideals of athletics are not bone and sinew alone, but such qualities as quickness and skill, courage and manliness; pluck, energy and endurance; in short, strength of mind and of character, as well as of body. A good athlete can take a whipping without whimpering. He is a good loser.

Many of the great lessons of life come from the games we play in youth. If we are loyal to our team, to our school, we shall be loyal to our community and to our country. The very beginning of patriotism lies in our games.

Someone has said that America and baseball met each other when they were young and grew up together. The game began with the early American settlers and was known as "town ball." Modern baseball originated with the old knickerbocker club of New York City, which published the first rule book in 1845.

When the Civil War broke out, the game became a favorite camp pastime, and was played by the soldiers in gray as well as by the boys in blue. At the close of the war it was carried by returning soldiers to every section of the country, north and south. Thus it may be said with accuracy that baseball as the national sport of the United States dates from the Civil War.—Mrs. Barnes, Principal.

* * *

Our Music Classes

The Music Department is now working on regular schedule with plans for a full year's work. The first work is that of learning new hymns from the "New Hymnal for American Youth." We have recently secured 36 of these hymnals, considered by the best authorities on music to be one of the finest hymnals on the market for youth.

A very impressive cantata, "The Child Jesus," is to be rendered by the Glee Club and others for our special Christmas music. Practice on this will begin about the first of October.

Miss Jacqueline Boney gave our first chapel program on September 8. The program included several attractive songs and dances in costumes. The children enjoyed it very much. It is the plan of the department to invite many outsiders to assist in these programs during the school year; in fact, there are others who have already agreed to do this for us.—Mrs. Ramon Askew, teacher.

o

LITTLE MEN AND BIG BUSINESS

In the United States we have more than 900 corporations run by 13,000 boys and girls between the ages of 15 and 20. Miniature, they are nonetheless complete in every department from janitor to president, headaches to success. Young directors pay rent, buy raw material, pay wages and sell the product on an open market. These companies afford ideal training in all phases of business effort.

One of the most successful of these miniature companies started off by selling stock at 50 cents per share. That same stock at the present time is quoted at $1.28 per share. Last year the company paid dividends to more than 50 stockholders and bonuses to all members.

Its value in training character was demonstrated recently when a gang of juvenile hooligans had the citizens in one of our larger cities in terror. Many agencies tried to reform this gang but failed. One day one of the better business men in that particular city gained the boys' confidence and helped them to organize a miniature company. That happened three years ago. The gang became a corporation. The gang leader was the first president. They have developed great skill in making pottery and the company is doing a land office business. The gang has discovered that it is much more fun to buy and sell than it is to steal.

Here at our school we have any number of boys and girls capable of doing most any kind of work. Why not let us organize a company and teach them the art of making things? Of course, they will need advice concerning new products, raw material and the way to use tools.

I have seen some of our boys make a much better mattress than is turned out by some of the larger manufacturing concerns. While some of them enjoy sewing a mattress, others will get a big kick out of building a chair or table. Dozens of articles we use every week could be made here at our institution. No doubt some of the things we make would be just as cheap in price to buy ready made, but I will say at the same time we are building mattresses, chairs, tables, etc., we will also be building character and teaching co-operation.

Robert B. Moore has spent most of his time for the last 20 years working with boys. He tells us the best way to keep boys happy is to find some type of work they like to do, then keep them busy.—Mr. L. T. Wheatley.

THE LIFE OF A BUSY BEE

Occupies Important Position in Industrial and Economic Fields

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THE BEE has long been held up to mankind as an outstanding example of industry and thrift. Perhaps one of the best known examples of this is found in the words of Watts who asks: "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour?" When we chance upon the bee engaged in extracting nectar from the flowers some of us may merely regard it as something to be avoided while others may recognize it as the agent producing honey for our tables. But very few of us realize what an important position this busy little creature occupies in the industrial and economic fields.

Bees are best known, of course, for their production of honey which is not only a much appreciated delicacy but is claimed to be the most easily digested form of sugar. Aside from its general use as food honey has many uses, industrially. It is utilized in the manufacture of many products. It is a medium for curing pipes as well as polishing kid shoes; it is an ingredient in toothpastes and may be an astringent in certain types of cosmetics; it may be found in the center of golf balls or it may be one of the ingredients of a water-proofing compound. Precious stones are sometimes boiled in honey solutions to improve their beauty and patent medicines are likely to contain honey in greater or lesser amounts.

Beeswax, the main by-product of honey, also has a wide variety of uses. In addition to its extensive use in manufacturing church ceremonial candles it is employed in making wax polishes, modeling waxes, ointments, certain types of paints and inks, etc. In early times when the chief source of artificial light was the candle the beeswax candle was much preferred to a tallow one because of its higher melting point and the fact that it gave off little odor. The high commercial value of beeswax as the base of wax polishes is due to its fine texture and this has been known to the Old World for a long time.

A mistake commonly made in referring to the bee is to speak of it as gathering honey from the flowers. Bees do not gather honey but nectar. Honey is the manufactured product of nectar, "distilled" after it is brought to the hive. Actual tests by apiarists have shown that it requires 20,000 bee-trips to the fields in order to collect a pound of nectar. Since a pound of nectar produces but a quarter-pound of honey, 80,000 bee-trips are made per pound of honey. It has also been estimated that it requires nectar from 3,300,000 flowers to produce a single pound of honey. It is readily seen that each bee must visit several flowers on every trip to the field.

The bee is of inestimable value to the farmer. It serves as an agent of cross-pollenization. The hind legs of a bee are densely covered with fine hairs to which the pollen clings when it visits the flowers. In some kinds of bees the under side of the abdomen is also covered with the fine pollen-carrying hairs. Thus, pollen is continually distributed and exchanged as the bees go from one plant to another. Some orchardists keep bee stands of their own while others arrange with professional apiarists to move their colonies near the orchards during the blossom season.

Bee-keeping is known to have existed since ancient times, but it is only within the past century that it has become an important industry and it is only within the last 50 years that scientific methods have been applied to it. Now there are extensive factories which manufacture nothing but bee-appliances such as hives, honey-combs, honey-extractors, bee-smokers, etc. In America alone it is estimated that approximately 1,000,000 persons own bees, each averaging about 10 colonies. This means that in the non-commercial sections there are large numbers of small holders. At that, the value of the aggregate honey crop finding its way to the market averages around $75,000,000 annually.

A prosperous bee colony, at the height of the honey-gathering season, may consist of as many as 80,000 bees but the average would be nearer 30,000 to 40,000. They are of three types—a queen or mother bee, up to about 200 drones and the remaining bees are the workers. The queen was known to our forefathers as the "king-bee" but the truth is that the queen is a fully developed female upon whom devolves the responsibility of keeping the colony populated. This she does by laying eggs at the rate of about 1,200 a day. Under normal conditions a queen may live as long as five years but she is usually dethroned after her second season. A queen is developed by building a "queen-cell" around a worker-bee and special feeding; a worker larva may be developed into a queen if she is no more than three days old when she is put on the special diet.

Drones are the male members of the colony and their sole purpose is to assure the fertilization of the eggs, the queen being something of a polyandrist. As long as honey is being gathered in plentiful quantities the workers pay little or no attention to the drones. But no sooner does the honey season wane than the workers turn furiously upon the drones, kill and cast them from the hive. If the death or injury of the queen should occur before more drones are produced the hive may become extinct. For despite the fact that the workers can develop a new queen by special feeding, unless she mates with the drones her eggs will produce nothing but more drones.

CASWELL BRIEFS

Bean Patch

Sometimes bean picking becomes a little irksome, but strange to relate, the Caswell crowd still likes to pick beans. With matrons and attendants as leaders, they vie with each other to see who can pick the largest basket in a given time. The same method is used in Austin A to see who can swap the quickest, and before one has hardly had time to think of the task, the beans are ready to be cooked and served!

We have been so fortunate to have so many nice vegetables to gather and eat this summer.

Canning

Mrs. Leonard and her canning crowd have been right on the job taking care of the surplus vegetables. This winter when we are eating tomatoes, okra, egg plants, squash, pickles and beans, we will think of the big times in the canning factory, and thank our stars we canned all we could.

Dates

Our Tuesday date nights are still going in swing. We have been going over to the city, attending the pictures, and enjoy it so much! Mrs. Harlan has almost made it a regular thing. We hope she does!

Ice

These hot days the most welcomed visitor to the cottages is the ice man! He delivers ice in abundance to each building and around to the homes of the employees as well. We make our own ice and ice cream.

With so many good things to help us, no wonder the summer has slipped away and we are ready for school to begin!

Pictures

Our pictures have been exceptionally fine this past month. Many visitors have been attending them and sharing the pleasure with us.

* * *

WATERMELONS AND CANTALOUPES

It would be astounding to know just exactly how many watermelons and cantaloupes our children and employees had eaten the past months. Nearly every morning and sometimes twice a day we had watermelons out on the tunnels for the boys and girls. Our long knives cut the luscious fruit in quarters, and busy hands passed the pieces to waiting girls and boys, who did not wait for orders to eat, but dived in and devoured. They were so good! Mr. Brown and his farm group are to be congratulated on both quality and quantity of their fruit.

The truck went into the melon patch early in the morning and strange to say, you never had to ask the boys but once if they wanted to go! The word was given long before it arrived that the watermelons were coming and the children were waiting to help unload and start to serve.

One lovely feature of our watermelon feast was the desire each child had to share with others. All of the matrons were remembered. "May I carry a piece to Mrs. So and So?" or "Don't you think Miss Blank would like this nice piece?"

One morning the little folks who could not spit out the seeds were invited over to share the fun. Each big boy chose a little guest as his responsibility and saw that he had all he could eat minus seeds!—Mrs. Fannie Harlan.

AUSTIN-A BUILDING

Every morning, 90 girls get up at 5:30 and gather in the sun parlor, greeting each other with a cheerful good morning! At 6:30 they are cautioned by the matrons to hold their forefinger over the lips so as to line up quietly and march to breakfast.

At 7 o'clock, four girls sweep, mop and dust the sun parlor. Fresh flowers are placed in vases on every table. Four girls make beds, and sweep each dormitory and the bathrooms and halls are scrubbed. After dinner everyone brushes her teeth and then gathers around the table and eagerly listens to a Bible story. The remainder of the evening is spent in cutting out pictures, building block houses and playing the victrola. On warm days a few hours are spent out in the yard playing and raking up leaves and paper. From 4:30 to 5:30 the bedroom girls make beds and again it is time to get ready for another meal. After supper they listen to a bedtime story and get ready for bed.

On Wednesday and Thursday the linen is examined and placed in order on the linen room shelves. The clothes are read by the matron and put in each girl's locker by two girls. On Friday afternoon all the girls are exceptionally good for they know show time will soon be here and if their names are on the talking list they get to go to bed instead of the show.—Mrs. Lane and Miss Holcombe, Matrons.

* * *

CASWELL KITCHEN

The kitchen consists of four important divisions which combine their services to furnish food for everyone. These divisions are as follows: The bakery where all the bread, cakes and other baked foods are baked; the vegetable room, where all the vegetables and farm products are prepared for cooking; the cold storage and milk rooms, where the food is protected against spoiling; and the main kitchen, where the food is cooked.

The menu is separated into four parts, or rather four menus—the staff, the main dining room, the hospital and the low grade. The food for these departments is usually cooked separate and in different ways. Besides running these menus, we have to keep the kitchen clean and free from decayed food matter which would cause diseases. We spend over half of our time keeping the kitchen clean because we feel and our dietician feels that the health of the children is the most important part of our job. —Eric Hill.

* * *

COTTAGE III

There are 14 happy little girls in Cottage III. We arise in the morning at 5:30 o'clock, make 14 beds, get our morning's toilet and then march to the large dining room, where breakfast is served. After breakfast each girl goes to work on her assignment of housework. When everyone has finished the housecleaning, we go out in the fresh air and stay until time for dinner, then we again march to the large dining room to eat.

In the afternoon we take two hours' rest and then begin working in our yard, picking up rocks, or we go to the bean and collard patches. After supper we go for a walk to the summer house and there we play many games together.

At 7:30 o'clock we begin preparing for bed and by 8 o'clock we are tucked into bed with our prayers.

Miss Martin and Mrs. Reid, Matrons.

DOING THINGS PLEASANTLY

Life is full of exactions and demands which, however, unreasonable, cannot be evaded. Many of these tasks are menial duties. A lady who was commiserated because she was expected to wash a number of dishes, said, "I knew that I had to do the work, so I made up by mind that I might as well do it pleasantly!" There are two ways of performing any piece of work—grudgingly or glowingly, sullenly or radiantly, with grunts, reproaches or sighs, cheerfully, resignedly and triumphantly. It is always better to be pleasant than cross and peevish. Nobody ever works perpetually at tasks which exactly fit his moods or capacities, so we have to take things as they come, though by no means leaving them in that condition, but with patient and ingenious application drawing, as it were the statue out of the marble, or at least the cane out of the stick, or the candy out of the syrup.

It is often possible, as one works at uncongenial tasks, to play a little mental legerdemain with oneself, whistling, singing a tune, or even dancing up and down a little. Rhythm, too, will help to put things through; if you put in the beats you will not be beaten! Get into the swing of your work, make it go, and go with it. There is such a thing as gathering momentum in one's daily toil and throwing many tasks into the automatic. "Many a marriage turns out a failure," a know-it-all philosopher has said, "because the winning ways of the sweetheart become the whining ways of the wife." Don't whine, though you may, if you want to have a little fun with yourself, whinny like a horse to keep up your spirits—at any rate win deserved praise from your associates by doing things promptly, perfectly and pleasantly.

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THE WORTH OF WORK

We are told that at 55 years of age Sir Walter Scott owed more than $600,000. He determined that every dollar should be paid. This definite resolution gave confidence and inspiration to every faculty he possessed. Every nerve seemed to say, "The debt must be paid." Every drop of blood caught the inspiration and rushed to the brain to add its weight of force to the power that wielded the pen. And the debt was paid. In his diary he wrote: "I have suffered terribly and often wished that I could lie down and sleep without waking, but I will fight it out." He did. Following that worthy aim, he made his name immortal.

Carlyle was not far from a great kingdom of truth when he said: "He who has battled with poverty and hard toil will be found stronger and more expert than he who would stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision wagons or watchfully abiding by the stuff."

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SOMETHING TO DO

It's a great weariness to do nothing. There is no fatigue like that of one who is tired of having nothing to do. When Napoleon was slowly withering away from disease and ennui together on the rock of St. Helena, it was told him that one of his old friends, ex-colonel in his Italian army, was dead. "What disease killed him?" asked Napoleon. "That of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Enough," sighed Napoleon, "even had he been an emperor."

WHAT YOU INTENDED TO SAY

Do you remember the last difference you had with your friend, when the discussion was over, and you had separated, you thought of a million things that you might have said in complete answer to his crack arguments?

Do you remember the last time that you intended to compliment someone, and you thought once of just the proper thing to say, and afterward you realized that you had made a botch of it?

Do you remember the last time you called on someone who was ill, and you went with the definite purpose in mind of saying something helpful? You went away realizing that you had not gotten across anything like what you had hoped to impart—you may even have aggravated the situation by telling a horrible tale of others in similar situations.

If you have gone through these experiences, you have sampled a feeling that millions have felt. So seldom are we able to say just what we intend to say.

In regard to quarrels, there are two mottoes which come to mind. They offset any regret that we did not say meaner things. One of these mottoes is, "The least said is the soonest mended." The other is "If you think anything evil, postpone it till tomorrow."

If you think anything good, be sure to say it today. In regard to compliments, you know how much they mean when you have made a real effort. An intelligent compliment is one of the greatest spurs of better achievement upon the next attempt.

You can show a genuine friendship and real spirit of helpfulness by taking time to carefully think out an honest discussion of the effect a given speech or action has had upon you. You will avoid the stereotpyed phrases, gain the reputation in the eyes of your friends of being not only kind, but doubly so in that you are kind enough to think a thing through and thereby think something new.

In calling upon those undergoing severe illnesses, we have been told by those who have tried it, that the average person while enjoying something cheerful, at the outset of such a conversation, holds fast in after years, upon regained strength, to the one who did not hesitate to speak of the serious things of life. Hope, faith and the efficacy of prayer can be rightly mentioned. Almost everyone likes to be assured that the things that are for him are greater than the things that are against him, that he has been up against difficulty before and came through smiling and doubtless will this time.

Heartaches can be relieved, misunderstandings removed, by our taking pains to say in a given instance, what in the after weeks and months we will be glad that we had said.

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The difference between success and failure can be defined only by what we are really trying to do. There are so-called failures who may be splendid successes, and there are many successes who prove in the end to be the saddest failures. There is still such a thing as gaining the whole world and losing our souls.

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Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.—Hazlitt.

The Caswell News

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Number 9

Life's Victors

For these, the world-applauded ones, the few
Who dream, and, waiting, realize the dream
In full fruition, finding all things true
In life; the seekers of the rainbow gleam,
Whose feet have trod the smooth and rose-strewn way
That lies through lands of joy, and leads along
The fields that bloom with everlasting May,—
For these, Life's favored ones, I have no song.

'Tis those who strive, and find the striving gall,
Replete with failure all the toiling years,
Yet face the blows and smile, knowing the fall,
And have no part with cravens or with tears;
The victors they of Life, counting the cost,
Who fight, unbeaten still, when all is lost.

The author—Samuel Harley Lyle, Jr., was born in Franklin, Macon County, North Carolina, May 14, 1889.

NOVEMBER, 1937

CHILDREN'S PAGE

ALICIA'S THANKSGIVING SURPRISE

ONE, two, three and a half minutes yet." Alicia was counting. Counting the minutes until she should start on some wonderful trip, do you think? Really, you might guess a long time and never come near being right. Alicia was counting the minutes until a freight train should whistle and rush past her window.

Not much of a sight, you think—just a common freight train with cars full of wheat and lumber and, maybe, some loaded with squealing pigs.

But listen! if you were twelve years old and lived on a lonely farm and had not been able to get out of your bed for six long years, not since you were six years old, and you couldn't go to school, of course, and very few people lived near enough to come to see you—well, that would be different, would it not?

It did not matter whether it was a freight train or a passenger train, when it came by she would wave her little flag at the engineer and the trainmen and always get a cheery wave in return.

Often the freight trains stopped for some time on a long siding near the house and switched off cars to be loaded with grain or cattle, and then one of the men would run over to the house for a pail of milk; so they knew why the girl could not walk like other children.

Even at night when trains passed Alicia would flash her electric torch three times and see the answering bobs of lanterns.

Alicia's father and mother loved her dearly, but the farm did not pay well enough to let them get money ahead so they could leave it for a better place. And so they had not been able to send Alicia to a hospital for the particular sort of care she needed.

Sometimes when a train would have quite a wait on the siding, one of the men would run over to her window with a little gift of a book or some candy. She did not know, however, that the men had passed the word along to all the train crews and that a committee had been appointed to consult a noted surgeon about her.

And then one day, just three days before Thanksgiving, a wonderful thing happened. A special train stopped on the siding; and, instead of one man coming over for milk, she saw a regular procession coming.

"One, two, three, four," she counted. "Why, mother," she called, "there are ten men coming, and they are bringing a lot of things with them!"

It was true. Very much amazed, Mrs. Smith opened the door for them, and in they came, laughing and saying: "We have come to bring a glad Thanksgiving to little Alicia."

And you should have seen those gifts—a comfortable wheel chair, a big box with soft, rose-bordered blankets for Alicia's bed, another box with a soft, fuzzy, rose-colored bathrobe and slippers to match, two beautifully covered pillows, and the most mysterious envelope which was not to be opened until the 10:40 freight passed the next morning.

That night she could hardly sleep, she was so excited over the mystery; and she whispered a great deal to the dear doll cuddled in her arms. But morning did really come at last, and after what seemed a long, long time, the long, sharp whistle of the 10:40 freight. It had barely passed when the envelope was opened. There was a bright Thanksgiving card and an extra note saying that the next day Alicia would have a call from Dr. Slocum, whose special business it was to help little girls get well.

"You have been a brave girl for a long time, Alicia," said the kind surgeon; "and you will be ready when the nurse comes for you in three days?"

Alicia looked at him anxiously. "Doctor, must I leave all these lovely things at home?"

"No, indeed!" he replied quickly. "Bring them all with you if you like, especially that fine doll.

"I know," said Alicia; "it will be all of us, every one. Never, never could anyone have such a beautiful surprise party. I will be ready when the nurse comes, doctor, and I will be brave, truly I will, and I will be glad every day."

And so, you see, the loving gifts of the trainmen brought great happiness to many hearts. For it all came true, as Dr. Slocum thought, and Alicia was able to walk like other children. And, of course, she often and often climbed up on the fence to wave greetings to her loyal friends, the trainmen, and they were always happy to see her smiling face

The Caswell News

Vol. 2 - No. 9 KINSTON, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1937 50c Per Year

In Memoriam

It is with a sad heart that I have to announce the fact that our business manager for four years, William W. Griffin, has passed into the great beyond. He was a faithful worker for Caswell Training School and a loving friend to all. We shall deeply miss him for his like is hard to find. Now at last he lies at rest. He walks no more among us, his familiar figure will not be seen again on these grounds, but to us he has left an unfading memory of a quiet and unassuming personality that lent dignity and distinction to our school. I think of him as a friend and comrade whose loyalty shrank before no obstacle or sacrifice. As much can be said of few of us; more of none.

"The laborer's task is o'er,
The battle day is past,
Upon the farther shore
Lands the Voyager at last.
Grant him, Lord, eternal rest
With the spirits of the Blest."

F. M. Register, Supt.

When the message came that Mr. Griffin, the business manager of our school, had succumbed to a heart attack in a Baltimore hospital where he had gone a few days before for treatment, it brought sorrow to many—friends, neighbors and acquaintances—for few communities are blessed with a life like his. He was in truth the ideal citizen and the world is better because he lived.

We are grateful for the four years that he has worked and lived in our midst. He was interested in every detail of the school's activities and gave himself unsparingly to its development. His home life was beautiful—his love for his family deep and inspiring; as a neighbor he was always helpful and kind, ever ready with words of cheer and encouragement; as a friend he had no equal. There was a Christlikeness in his love for folks—a real interest in the lives of those with whom he came in contact, and a sincere desire to express this interest in love and service. This he did in every phase of his life's activities, and of him it can truly be said:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a Man.' "

His going has left a vacancy that cannot be filled, for much of life's beauty and gladness went with him. But the influence of such a life never dies, it lives forever in the minds and hearts of those who try to follow in the footsteps of the Christ. May his spirit hover around us and bless us with the faith, the courage, and the loyalty he so fittingly expressed throughout his life — and especially during the last few years. He was almost totally blind for the last several months, yet he never gave up but worked until he left for the hospital for the operation. His devotion to duty was beautiful and inspiring—not once did he utter a word of complaint or despair because of his condition.

Life is fuller and richer for us because we knew him.

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

Mary Lee Utley

Resolved, by the Rotary Club of Kinston, N. C., that the following tribute gives expression to the sentiments of members of the club towards our deceased member, William W. Griffin.

Bill Griffin lived the principles and ideals of Rotary. His vacation was to him a means of serving society. He went far beyond the letter of his contract as business manager of the Caswell Training School. His loyalty to the institution, his loving ministrations to its pupils, and his contacts with all of those connected or associated with the institution won for him love and admiration.

To the membership of this club his quiet and unobtrusive friendliness, his love of the beautiful in nature and in thought, his patience, devotion and fortitude in the presence of difficulties forged bonds of abiding friendship.

To his relatives and to his associates at Caswell Training School this club extends its heartfelt sympathy and sends this testimonial of admiration and friendship.

Signed:

William Hemby
G. W. Carter
W. A. Graham
Committee for the Club

The Value of Play Activities

IF EDUCATION may be considered a process of growth and development, and if the objectives of the school program are toward total growth for all children, then there must be included in that program the activities which are necessary and essential, not only to the mental, but to the physical and social development.

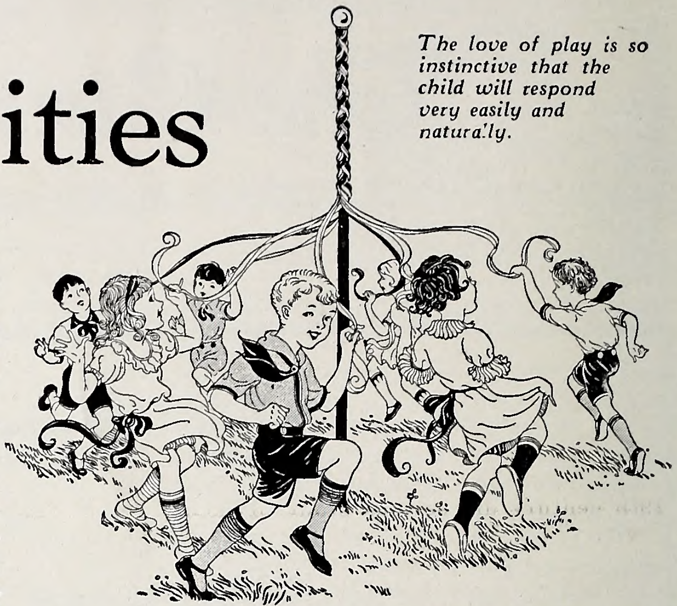
A program of well selected and organized physical education or play activities in which every child is given opportunity for participation will contribute particularly to the physical and social growth. It should result in the development of the muscular and organic system to a high functioning level, the development of many useful skills, and the setting up of proper social attitudes and standards of behavior which will contribute to good school citizenship and later to good adult citizenship.

Play has many values for it embraces all of the life activities of the child. Child life is centered around play of the big muscle type and emphasis should be placed upon this type particularly in the elementary grades. Children have a natural activity drive, they enter into play spontaneously, and they derive a great deal of satisfaction and enjoyment in accomplishment through experimenting with their own strength and skill in relation to objects in their own environment.

In order that there may be proper physical growth and development, it is necessary that children have a number of hours a day of physical activity. Because children do have a number of hours in each day for free play and because some of this time is under school control—before school, during the recess and noon periods and after school—it is important that at least a part of this time be devoted to an organized and constructive program. A good play program will offer games, stunts, relays, athletics and rhythms which will include such natural activities as running, jumping, and climbing, and such elements as hunting, chasing, fleeing, dodging, and tagging. The type of activity which will inspire children to intensive, continuous and self-impelling physical effort, give them opportunity for the acquiring of skills, and yet keep them conscious of their social relations and responsibilities to others in the group, will make the play periods highly valuable.

It is important that children be given an opportunity for developing co-ordination and useful skills, which are more easily built during the early years than in later life. Many children who have strong and well developed muscles and who are organically sound, lack the co-ordination which is necessary for grace and ease of movement and the reaction which is so desirable. The providing of many types of interesting activities for the training in skills which will make for more enjoyable participation and successful achievement is one of the important contributions that schools may make. The skillful person will enjoy to a greater extent the activities in which he engages and will be more likely to continue the participation into adult life, thus making a better and more constructive use of his leisure time. Skills will also carry over into the occupational life of the adult, making him a more efficient performer of the duties which must be performed in his chosen work.

The love of play is so instinctive that the child will respond very easily and naturally.



Probably one of the greatest needs of society is that children be trained in the fundamentals of social relationships. The co-operation of the school and home in this very important phase of education is most essential. Many schools and home situations may be utilized for the application of the principles underlying emotional control and the building up of desired traits of character. Play periods may be utilized for teaching lessons of honesty, loyalty, obedience, and co-operation, and for the development of a proper understanding of right standards of conduct. There is urgent need for the development in many children of such qualities as initiative, self-reliance, courage, and optimism, and a well organized play program will offer opportunity for this type of training. The love of play is so instinctive that the child will respond easily and naturally, under proper leadership and direction, to the solution of behavior problems that are continually arising.

The spirit which will aid the boy or girl to do willingly the disagreeable things that come up in play, to work diligently to win, but to lose cheerfully, and to be generous in his attitude toward the winner, should carry over into the recreation of later life and into work that might otherwise be drudgery. Some of the important mental and emotional habits that may well be established include the expecting of success in what is undertaken, the facing of facts fairly and squarely, and the maintaining of a cheerful attitude of mind.

The relationship between physical and mental health is just beginning to be appreciated. The type of physical activity that is enjoyable is most conducive to good health. Participation in pleasurable activity of any kind, whether work or play, whether by child or adult, has a stimulating effect upon both the body and the mind.

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Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

THE NOVEMBER ALL-STAFF MEETING

The All-Staff meeting met November 1 in the auditorium. It was decided that each employee pay a fee of five cents a month for entertainments.

Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, gave an interesting talk on the study of mental deficiency, and outlined the causes. She stated that not before the 19th century did serious study of mental deficiency begin. In 1798 Itard attempted to educate a wild boy of Aveyron. Seguin, a pupil of Itard, founded a center for idiots in 1837 in Paris. After that more intense thought was given to the caring of mental defectives. The first institution was founded by an English philanthropist in 1870 and was kept up by private endowments. The motive was humanitarian and religious. Gradually it was realized what a complex problem it was. Miss Wladkowski says that mental deficiency is not only a medical, educational or psychological problem, but also a social and economic problem. To eliminate mental deficiency, causes must first be known.

Heredity is the main cause, accounting perhaps for 70 to 90 percent of all mental defectives. She reviewed briefly some case studies which were made of certain families and their descendants. Dugdale in his study of the Jukes family showed the importance of heredity. One of the most widely known studies is of the Kallikak family reported by Goddard. Martin Kallikak, a soldier in the Revolutionary war, had an illegitimate child by a feeble-minded girl. In 1912, 480 descendants were traced. Of this number, 143 were known to be feeble-minded and the others were of questionable mentality. After his return from the war, Martin Kallikak married a girl of a good family. Of this union 496 individuals were traced. No mental defectives or criminals were found. Many were lawyers, doctors, traders and educators. While such case studies show that mental deficiency is inherited, Miss Wladkowski says that the results are not very scientific since they were dependent upon reports of neighbors and others in the communities.

Those mental defectives whose mental condition has not been inherited are due to secondary causes like birth injuries, accidents in early childhood resulting in injury to the nervous system and diseases of the nervous system in childhood. Glandular disfunction is also important in the study of causes of mental deficiency.

In later lectures Miss Wladkowski will discuss different types of mental defectives and how to deal with these types.

Miss Louise Holcombe, Secretary

REMINDER

Friends of little children everywhere, come with your dimes and quarters or whatever you have, and let us build a chapel for the children at Caswell Training School.

PRE-PRIMARY AND PRIMARY CLASSES

It is natural that with the beginning of the school year we think a great deal about what is being taught in the various classes for the present session. We must know how to reach our pupils so they will want to learn; therefore, it is necessary for all the teachers to select material which the child wants to learn more about. I find this especially true in the pre-primary and primary classes. By centering my projects around his every-day life interests, better work is accomplished. "Our Doll House" has proved to be a project, the characteristics of which have brought the desired appreciation from the pupils by their contributions in class and collecting of materials on the outside for their booklets. The project began last year with the building of the doll house by Charles, the making of furniture by the primary boys, and the sewing and making of the doll family by the primary girls. Their reading booklets are made up of material concerning the project, with all other subjects correlated.

Due to the increase in the number of pre-primary children another pre-primary class has been established. Their aim is to be able to recognize and read all the colors. They, too, will have their little booklets.

R. Tull, Teacher

WOMAN'S CLUB VISITS CASWELL

On Tuesday, October 19, Caswell Training School opened her doors, with all her characteristic cordiality, to receive the representatives of the Woman's Clubs of the twelfth district, who had their annual meeting in Kinston on that day. After their business and inspirational meetings in town, quite a number of ladies came out and enjoyed our hospitality. A short program was given for their pleasure, by the music department, under the direction of Mrs. Raymond Askew. The program was as follows:

(1) "I Love You From Coast to Coast"—Glee Club
(2) "Boy's Brigade March" - "In the Chapel in the Moonlight"—Harmonica Band
(3) Dance, Eddie Helms and James Strickland
(4) "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" - "Little Old Lady"—Glee Club
(5) Duet: "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" —Emily Price and Madge Carter
(6) "My Isle of Golden Dreams" - "Goody Goody"—Harmonica Band
(7) Dance: Mary E. Nichols, Myrtle Myers, Effie Pear Whitley, Madge Carter, Elizabeth Robbins, Martha Broom, Emily Price, and Margaret Cole
(8) "Marie" - "Sail Boat in the Moonlight"—Glee Club

The Arts and Crafts department, under the direction of Mrs. J. T. Huges, spared no pains decorating for the occasion, and displaying the handiwork done by the children. The class rooms also were open for inspection by the visitors. Before departing the ladies were served punch and wafers in the midst of a bower of greenery and fall flowers. All who attended seemed to have enjoyed the occasion and gave us the handshake of encouragement in our effort to promote "Education for living the more abundant life," this being the motto of the Woman's Club.

Ethel P. Huges, Teacher

HOW HABITS ARE FORMED

ANY one who has gotten along sufficiently far in life to know what a battle may be set up when it becomes necessary to change some habit or other, will be interested in knowing something of the facts concerning habits and their formation.

A fellow cannot be separated from his habits—he is the sum of them. You cannot find a healthy boy of unhealthy habits, nor an honest boy of dishonest habits. It is infinitely easier to establish good habits to start with than to form mad ones first and later have to dis-establish them before good ones can be set up.

The habit of doing a thing is formed simply by doing it. A fellow has the habit of clean speech, for instance, because he always uses clean speech—consequently there is no room for the other kind. A boy of healthy habits is one who does healthy things—breathes fresh air, keeps himself clean inside and out, exercises and eats and drinks sensibly. Let him replace any one of these with its opposite, and he is developing an unhealthy habit.

There are fortunate individuals in the world to whom it seems to be natural to always do the right thing without even thinking about it. They are the sort of people who can fall into the river or walk in the rain and not get wet. Most of us are not like that—we have to keep an eye on ourselves to see that we are not falling into some fool habit or other that will cause us trouble one day.

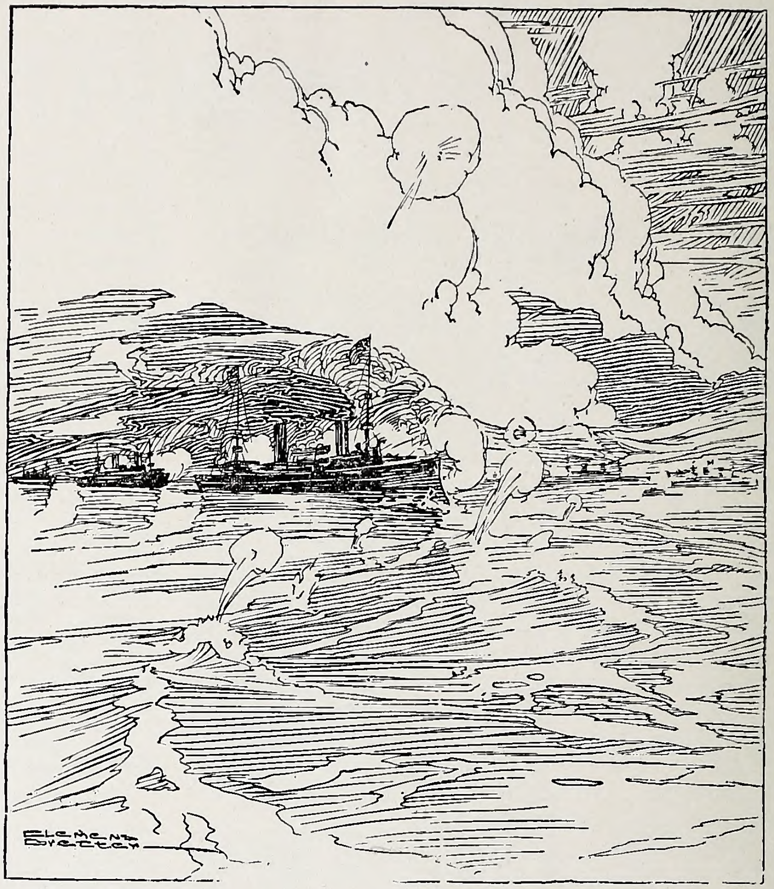
The matter of changing bad habits for good ones is likely to be difficult, unless we have some quite clear-cut information about it. For instance, a fellow tries to correct some habit that he concludes is not a good one, and because the thing is a habit, he finds himself falling into it again and again and concludes he cannot change it. As a matter of fact, every effort made toward breaking a habit weakens the habit. Keeping on trying to break it must eventually kill that habit. Especially is this so if the new habit be constantly kept in mind—finally there is no room or toleration for the old one.

There are two ways of forming good habits to replace bad ones. Some fellows can cut a habit out at once and be done with it. Others have to kill a thing an inch at a time, fighting every step.

The first is the better way—where it can be done. Some one has said that if you take off the beginning of "habit" you have "a bit" left, if you cut it down again the "bit" is still there. Paring further still "it" remains—so the sure way is to make a clean sweep of the whole affair to start with.

All said and done, the way to good habits is just to do good things and keep on. He that doeth shall have power!

AMERICAN HISTORY PUZZLE PICTURE



The battle of Manila, May 1, 1898. Early in the morning the American fleet entered Manila bay and by noon had defeated the Spanish fleet. Find a sailor.

SLOPPING OVER

There are men who slop over socially, religiously, and even commercially. Of all the tiresome fools deliver us from the fellow who goes about slapping people on the back, calling everybody "old fellow," and wanting to kiss everything from the baby to the devil. Keep your eye on the man whose tears and smiles are always on top. There are people who can weep by the bucket whom it wouldn't be safe to trust with a watch key, not to speak of the watch. There are men who slop over with religion, and let their wives shovel snow or split kindling while they talk holiness or foreign missions till they can't spit. His tale of weal or woe, must be delivered and with an amount of shallow egotism that is tiresome. Be slow to give or receive confidences. Beware of slopping over. There is plenty of scope for earnestness and enthusiasm in this world, but don't peddle or hawk your feelings or views up and down every back street. "A fool uttereth all his mind, but the wise keep it in till afterward."

GO ON, THEN!

What the world admires is action; it loves a hero. It is recorded that when the noted artist, Michael Angelo, first beheld the statue of the old Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, standing in a piazza in Rome, a very striking work of art, life-like and eager, every contour of the horse and rider betokening electric action, he cried out in his enthusiasm: "Go on then! Go on!"

OUR NEW BUSINESS MANAGER

Mr. Speight H. Stroud, from Lenoir county, near Kinston, has been made business manager of Caswell Training School. He will be with us some time this month.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT

About the first of September I was transferred to the poultry department. I like my work here very much. I have been busy cleaning houses and yards and getting ready for 1000 chicks the 15th of October. We have about 1050 laying hens up to date and we are gathering over 500 eggs per day.—Troy Taylor.

NOTE OF APPRECIATION

We wish to express our appreciation to Dr. and Mrs. Register for inviting us to spend two weeks at their home while they were away on their vacation. We enjoyed it very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Taylor

OUR TRIP TO THE FAIR

On Friday, October 8, a large group from Caswell went to the fair. Several trucks and cars took us to the fair grounds. Arriving there about 3:00 o'clock, we went first to the grandstand, where we had an hour of entertainment of music, trapeze acting, clowns and other interesting and amusing features.

The Boy Scouts then directed us to other places of amusement. After our rides on the hobby horses, the whips, ferris wheel, etc., which everyone enjoyed very much, we went to the monkey show. It was fun watching the little human-like animals act.

It was almost time to return home so we dashed over to the hot dog stand where we enjoyed hot dogs, drinks, etc. We arrived safely home about 6:00 o'clock, tired but pleased with the trip.

Everyone is looking forward to the fair next year.

Mrs. Doris Thompson

COTTAGE I

It is gratifying to know that our children in Cottage I are enjoying these beautiful autumn days. They look forward to the walks in the afternoon, so that they may get the scattering pecans.

We are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbloom for the radio which they gave to Cottage I. The children enjoy it so much. We are also very grateful to Dr. Register and Mrs. Harlan for making it possible for us to attend the fair.

The children are getting along fine in school. They are having home work to do with which we enjoy helping them.

The children were delighted to hear Rev. Harold Dudley and Rev. Cunningham Sunday afternoon. We wish they would come again soon.

Mrs. Happer
Miss Stroud, Matrons

DEMONSTRATION CLINIC

Miss Edith Wladkowski, our psycholcgist, held a demonstration clinic on Friday, November 5, in the large auditorium. Those present were a large number of sociology students and their professors from the University cf North Carolina, several public welfare men and a number of people from Kinston. Among those from Kinston included Major Graham, the Superintendent of Schools; Miss Bruton, principal from the Lewis school, and several teachers.

LAUNDRY NEWS

We feel that the laundry at Caswell is growing. We are very happy to welcome Mrs. Parrish as a member to our staff and matron in the washing department. We also have a new extractor and all new parts for the mangle. The ironing department has been moved upstairs, which gives us all more room to do more and better work. There are three employees and 40 girls working in the laundry.

These girls do not know how to carry on the laundry work alone. The average child has to have a supervisor, someone above her, who will organize her work for her, create ideas, and show her how to carry them out. In other words, teach each child to pool their experiences for betterment of the laundry. We must do everything possible to help them promote the very best interest in their work. We cannot expect those children to be self-starters, to create ideas on their own accord unless we, in turn, have an enthusiasm for work. In developing these children, it is important that you gain each child's confidence completely, and to secure her interest and support. She must be made to feel that she has an important place to work and that it is just as necessary for her to do her job correctly as it is for Mary to iron a perfect shirt or uniform. There are different duties for different ones and some of the things we must know about a child is:

(1) How efficiently does the child work?
(2) Can we trust her to work alone?
(3) Can this child classify clothes?
(4) Does she know how many suds and rinses to use?
(5) Can we trust her to deliver clothes to the right department?
(6) Can this child always remember that each day's work is important and each day brings a planned day's work to be accomplished?

To get the best results, it is our duty to see that each child is placed where she is best suited.

Mrs. Fisher, Laundry Matron

HOW MATTRESSES ARE MADE

First, Mr. Troy Taylor, our attendant, goes to the building and gets the measure of the beds (for you see all the beds are not the same size.) Then he sends the order to the sewing room and Mrs. Stokes has the ticks made. Then they are sent to the mattress factory, where Mr. Taylor weighs the cotton, the tick is placed on the machine, Frank and Roy run the cotton through and it is blown into the tick. When it is filled, Hugh sews up the end and beats it in shape. At the end, Lester and I stitch a roll around the edge. Of course Lester can roll twice as fast as I can because he uses both hands, whereas I can't use but one at a time. Roy sometimes helps to roll. Each boy does his work to the best of his ability.

After the edge is rolled comes the stitching through the middle. This is done by Lester, who is very skillful with the needles. After the mattresses are stitched, there comes the tying, which is done by Hugh and Roy. Mr. Taylor helps us all he can, but he has a job on his hands because he has to run the sterilizer, inspect the mattresses and stop and start the machine.

John

New Definition—A hick town is a place where everybody knows whose check is good.

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

"Do you drink milk?"
"No, I can't get those wide-mouthed bottles in my mouth."

Sure Thing—Many a man is a bachelor to-day, because he never had a car when he was young.

* * *

Domestic Note—The honeymoon is over when he can carry a cigar in his vest pocket without having it broken.

* * *

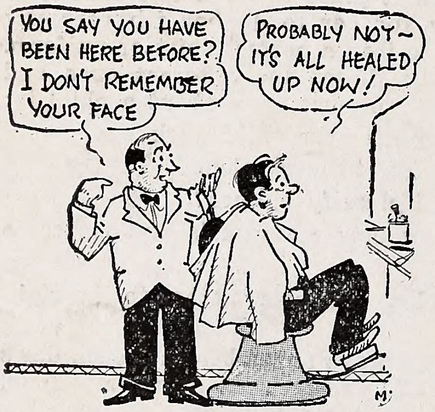
Cicero the Cynic, says: "I can smile as easily and as often as anybody, but I should hate to be ordered to smile by a wall motto."

* * *

New Proverb—A girl who gets kissed on the forehead should wear higher heels.

* * *

Barber-ities.


YOU SAY YOU HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE? I DON'T REMEMBER YOUR FACE
PROBABLY NOT—IT'S ALL HEALED UP NOW!
M

* * *

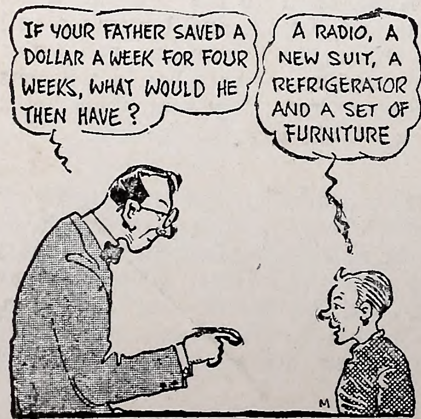
Short Story—A girl told her lover to go away and not come back until he had a thousand dollars; then she would marry him. He came back a week later with thirty dollars. She blushed and said: "Well, I guess that's near enough."

* * *

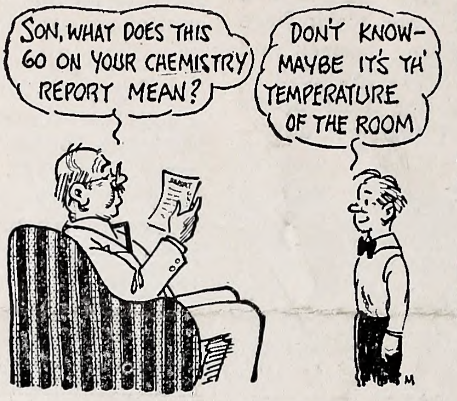
Convict No. 13271 says: "It's no good taking any notice of advertising slogans. I followed the advice of one, 'Make Money at Home,' and here I am."

* * *

"Go Up One!"


IF YOUR FATHER SAVED A DOLLAR A WEEK FOR FOUR WEEKS, WHAT WOULD HE THEN HAVE?
A RADIO, A NEW SUIT, A REFRIGERATOR AND A SET OF FURNITURE
M

"You Tell 'Em, Kid."


SON, WHAT DOES THIS 60 ON YOUR CHEMISTRY REPORT MEAN?
DON'T KNOW—MAYBE IT'S TH' TEMPERATURE OF THE ROOM
REPORT
M

* * *

Oh, No, Maudie: "A man who sleeps in marble halls is not necessarily a night watchman."

* * *

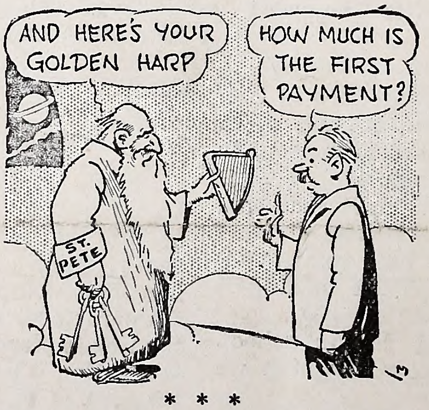
Absolutely!—The radio and the talkies are responsible for putting the harm into harmony.

* * *

Not a Real Druggist—Two druggists were talking about one of their confreres who had just died. "He was a great druggist," said one. "He was," admitted the other, "but don't you think he made his chicken salad sandwiches a little too salty?"

* * *

Force of Habit.


AND HERE'S YOUR GOLDEN HARP
HOW MUCH IS THE FIRST PAYMENT?
ST. PETE
M

* * *

Statistical—It is reported that there is an automobile for every horse in the land. No excuse for a horse walking nowadays.

* * *

The Most Polite Man we've heard about is the man who takes off his radiator cap every time he passes a girl.

* * *

Financial—When you buy oil stock it's a speculation. If it makes money you start calling it an investment.

* * *

The Height of Optimism—Opening a gift shop in Scotland.

Sure Thing—If tractors could be pepped up to do seventy-five miles an hour, possibly this would solve the problem of keeping the farmers' boys on the farm.

* * *

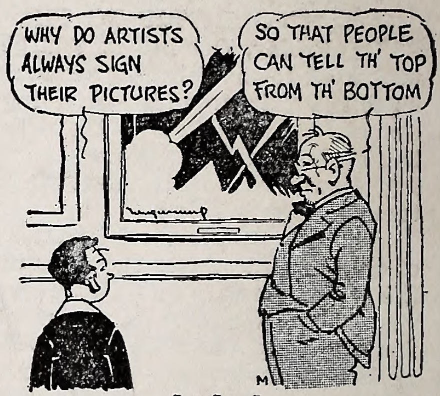
How to Tell—A progressive town is one which always has the main street torn up for some improvements.

* * *

Philosophic Phil Says: The undertaker would have to work in eight-hour shifts, if he buried all the dead ones, as well as the ones who die.

* * *

Well, Well!


WHY DO ARTISTS ALWAYS SIGN THEIR PICTURES?
SO THAT PEOPLE CAN TELL TH' TOP FROM TH' BOTTOM
M

* * *

Words of Wisdom—About the time you make both ends meet, someone moves the other end.

* * *

Not So Bad!—Once upon a time a department store clerk resurrected some invisible hairnets from his old stock, put them in the shop window, and they sold readily as the newest material for evening dresses.

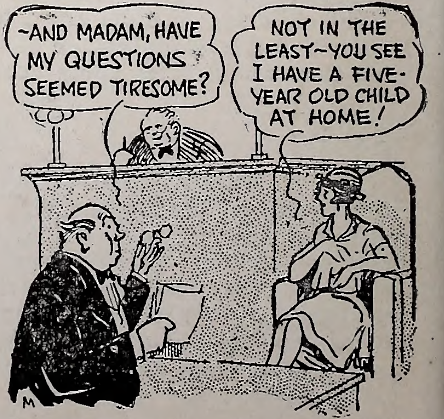
* * *

Automotive—"Please send me the amount of your bill," wrote the garage man to the autoist who was chronically slow with the cash.

"Certainly," answered the slow guy, "it's $136.73."

* * *

Court News.


—AND MADAM, HAVE MY QUESTIONS SEEMED TIRESOME?
NOT IN THE LEAST—YOU SEE I HAVE A FIVE-YEAR OLD CHILD AT HOME!
M

'37

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

The Caswell News

Volume 2

Number 10

A Christmas Memory

The hour is late, the fire is low,
And erry winds from northland's snow
Around the eaves are moaning;
A spirit roams the world tonight
From land to land, in silent flight,
As fast as flies the dawning.

The snow is tinkling through my blinds;
The owls, hid in the hooded pines,
Their dolorous greetings render;
Back into other years I steal—
A child, at mother's knee I feel
That gracious hand and tender!

I hear—and how my bosom swells—
I hear the neighboring village bells,
Blent with the tempest's booming;
Out in the whirling snow I hear
The muffled tramp of nimble deer—
Old Santa Claus is coming!

The rockets mount with trails of fire
O'er roof and elm and lofty spire—
Up, up to skyward winging;
Thank God for Christmas! Man ne'er grows
So old but that he loves the snows,
And bells of Christmas ringing!

The Author, Henry Jerome Stockard, son of Mary Johnson and James Gibbs Stockard, was born in Chatham County, September 15, 1858.

December, 1937

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE BOY WHO LOVED MUSIC.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT was born 128 years ago, in Vienna, Austria. He possessed a great love for music, and when he was only twelve years old, he played in the boys' orchestra in the imperial school. One day, during orchestra practice, the leader heard little Franz play so well that he wondered who he was. After the practice was over, he spoke to the little musician; and from that time on, they were good friends.

Another day, his friend found little Franz putting down some notes on a piece of paper. He looked at them, and saw that they were a very beautiful composition; and after playing them over on the piano, he asked Franz if he often composed music.

Franz replied, "O yes! I am always at it; but sometimes I do not have any music paper."

"After this, I'll see that you get all the music paper you want," said the older boy.

The little musician was very grateful for this, and wrote a great deal of music. Some one said that he could set an advertisement to music.

He soon became the leader of the boy's orchestra after the director had resigned to organize a band in another part of the city. There was nothing Franz liked better than to practice. He greatly admired other great musicians and understood their works almost as well as they themselves.

When he was seventeen, he left the music school, and helped his father teach school. In this work he was a great help to his parent. This went on for three years, and all the time he kept composing music. In fact some of his best works were accomplished during this time.

When he was twenty, he stopped teaching school and lived with a young friend named Schober. Franz was very poor and his parents lived a very humble life, but he was happy with his music He would start to write music as soon as he arose in the morning, and keep at it until two in the afternoon. Sometimes during his dinner, he would think of an air and write it down, forgetting all about his meal.

It is said that he has been known to get up during the night and compose a selection, the tune of which had been running through his mind during his waking moments.

A very interesting story is told of one of his most famous songs, "Hark, Hark, the Lark." One day when he was about to dine with some friends, he told them he wished he had some music paper on which to write down a new song. One of them took a bill of fare and marked lines on it; and on this Schubert wrote this beautiful piece.

He wrote a vast number of musical compositions, but only a few were published, the majority after his death. Indeed, he wrote so many pieces that some publishers think he could not have written all of them.

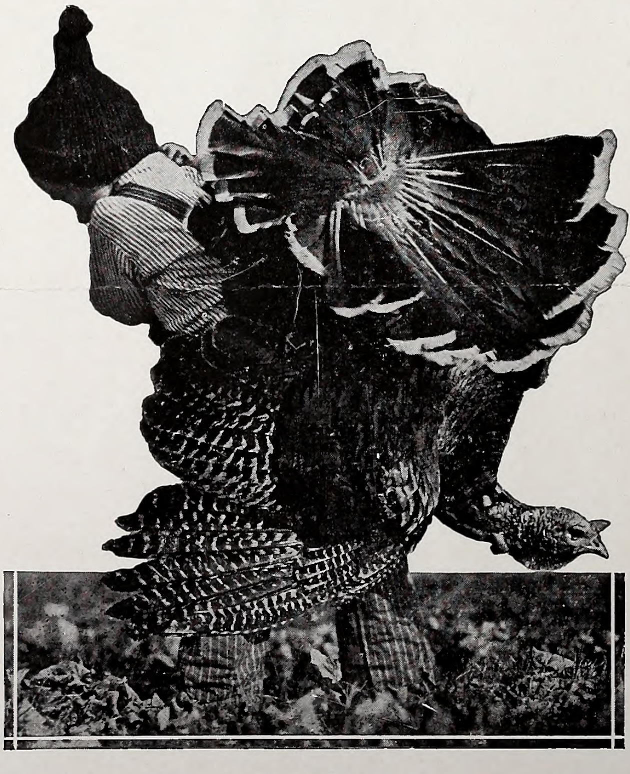
One time a friend of his who had received one of his compositions, copied it in a lower key, then brought it back to Schubert, who played it over on the piano.

"This piece isn't so bad," said the noted composer after he had carefully studied the composition. "Who wrote it?" He did not recognize his own work.

Schubert worked so hard and was so poor all his life that he died just when he was beginning his life work — when he was only a little past thirty. Had he lived longer, many more masterpieces might have been composed by this artist. Often he had to go without food because he could not get much for his compositions.

He was a kind and gentle man. He loved the common people as well as the rich, and was in return loved by both. He was happy with his music, and died after giving a life of service to one of the greatest arts, the art of music.

At the present time his compositions are in great demand, and, like the old hymns, they will live on for years and years.



A HEAVY LOAD.

The Caswell News

Vol. 2 - No. 10 KINSTON, N. C., DECEMBER, 1937 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager Miss Mary L. Utley

EVERYTHING PEACEFUL HERE

Our daily papers have daily column after column about world unrest. It seems that no one knows what to do about it or seem to be ready to co-operate with others in trying out anything that would perhaps quiet this world's unrest. Of course there is one remedy for unrest and turmoil, that is to follow the footsteps of the One, the carpenter, born 2000 years ago in Nazareth. The One whose birth will be celebrated in this month in a large part of the world. However, we at Caswell are happy and contented and we are looking forward to a wonderful and happy Christmas. We have food, clothing, shelter, and heat. We have a wonderful climate and good neighbors. We employees at Caswell get fair pay for our work. The greatest pay we get is satisfaction in our work and co-operation from our fellow workers. There has been a pay day each week for two years of the working children here. From now on, each child that works at all will receive five or ten cents in cash each week. Did I hear someone say, "It's mighty little"? Well, then help us make it more, but little or much it is pay day and how encouraging it is to feel that we earn something. This money is paid for work and not specifically for good behavior. We do have a pay day for good behavior. hTis is made by tokens one, two, or none according to behavior. These tokens, 5c or 10c, are paid each week and are good in one of our little stores, good in trade. We also have many after rewards for good behavior. Of course, these tangible things help us all, but the greatest reward is the satisfaction of knowing that we have done the best that we can do under all circumstances. Our mind and heart is still set on the Children's Chapel.

Our business manager, Mr. W. W. Griffin, who was treasurer of this fund, has gone to his reward. The money he collected is in the Branch Banking & Trust Company of Kinston. Send funds to Mr. Speight Stroud, our new business manager, who will act as treasurer. Make yourself real happy by sending a contribution for this worthy cause. Mr. Mitchel Wootin, architect, is preparing plans free for this building. The building is to be plain and will not cost over $5000. We will have another contribution to this cause after Christmas. The children are going to contribute their weekly wage to the cause. Dear reader, if you cannot sleep some night, here is a prescription: After you have gone to bed and cannot sleep, and have been tossing and tumbling, do the following:

Lay quiet for a few minutes. Picture a vast multitude of children on their way to Sunday service at the Children's Chapel with a smile on their faces and a song in their hearts. Say to yourself, "I will help this worthy cause and in the morning will send a generous subscription to this wonderful cause." A peace past understanding comes over you and your eyelids become heavy and you drop off into peaceful sleep and lovely dreams. "How sweet to sleep and then to dream of a happy child."

F. M. R.

TRIBUTE TO CARRY FRANKLIN

We wonder sometimes as we go along life's highway if we are not prone to overlook much of the sweetness and beauty in the lives of those around us. Our attention is easily centered on the forceful, dominant character who literally demands the limelight, so to speak, but the quiet, unassuming person who goes cheerfully on with the duties of each day, performing the same tasks over and over again, yet leaving sunshine and happiness in her wake because of work well done, seems to be taken for granted more or less. We have such a person here at the school and we think it only fitting that we express appreciation of one who has spent many, beautiful, happy years here. Carrie was one of the first children to come here when the school opened in 1914 and during the time she has been here she has never caused a moment's trouble for anyone. She has never been reprimanded for misconduct of any kind. On the other hand, she has been most helpful and is popular with both children and employees. For years she has handled mail for the employees, bought stamps, sent off money orders, kept change and paid the newsboys for the evening papers delivered daily. The local R.F.D. carrier said only last week that for 15 years Carrie had been meeting him on his daily rounds with the mail and spoke of her efficiency, her kindness and gentle courtesy. Her life is a sermon in itself—modest, gentle and kind, yet filled with usefulness and good cheer. Such a life reminds us of the old adage, "It is not a question of how long one lives but of how wisely and how well." Carrie is a lovely, lovable character and we are fortunate and happy to have her in our midst.

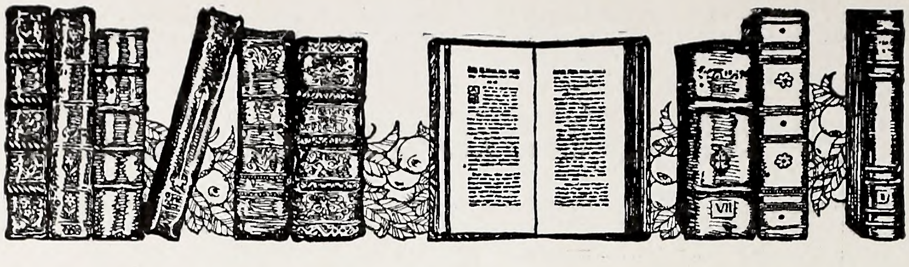
Mary Lee Utley

AUSTIN B. BUILDING

The girls in Austin B. are looking forward to a big Christmas. We are busy writing letters to Santa Claus.

We have new draperies for our sun-parlor, and a lot of pretty decorations to make our building very pretty at Christmas.

Mrs. Idabelle Taylor, Matron



The Beginning of Books

The best of books is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests; just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones but in the echoes of our hearts.—O. W. HOLMES.

BOOKS are to us the friends of everyday life, and it is difficult for us to imagine how people existed without them. From the earliest ages men have written, and have tried by writing, to leave some record of their doings. The earliest form of writing was picture-writing on stone, and later we get the wonderful inscriptions cut in characters on stone tablets.

The Ten Commandments were graven on stone tablets, and this was at that time a common method of writing. The famous Rosetta stone, now in the British Museum, London, bears an inscription in three languages. One of these, being Greek, provided a long-sought-for key to the other two. The date of the cutting of this stone is about the beginning of the second century before the birth of Christ. There is a stone older than this containing a decree of the priests in honor of Ptolemy Evergetes I. It was cut in B. C. 238.

Writings were also cut in metals, but these were not nearly so common as those cut in stone. The Chinese jade books are very curious. The leaves were made of jade on which the inscriptions were cut. After this, melted gold was run into them.

While letters were cut in stone they remained of a square form, but when papyrus or vellum came into use, rounded forms of letters became general, and cursive writing was developed.

Wax writing tablets were in common use with the Romans, and many were unearthed during excavations at Pompeii. Two of these tablets, hinged together, formed a diptych. They resembled in form a child's small writing slate, but were made of wood, one side being slightly hollowed out to receive the filling of wax. They were written on by means of a style, one end of which was pointed, and the other flat to erase it with. A groove was left in the thickness of the wooded edge in which to keep the style. When these diptychs were used for private letters, they were fastened with a tie, or clasp, in front, and this was sealed with the sender's signet. Those found in Pompeii were unornamented, but the Roman ones of the fourth and fifth centuries were often made of ivory, and elaborately carved. In the British Museum there is one leaf of an ivory diptych measuring sixteen by six inches, and it is said that such a piece could not be cut from any known elephant tusk, and it is suggested that it is probably mammoth ivory. In the same way the length of the ancient rolls of vellum has often puzzled experts. Rolls have been found sixteen or seventeen feet in length. It would seem as if not even the neck of a giraffe could provide such a length. A clever leather worker, however, can obtain, by certain ways of cutting, combined with pulling and wetting, a roll, three and a half inches in breadth and over sixteen feet long, from a piece of leather, measuring roughly, three feet by two feet.

Parchment and vellum were not generally used for writing upon until the second century, B. C., papyrus being in use before that time. Papyrus was the inner bark of a reed which grew along the banks of the Nile. The scribes of ancient days stuck strips of papyrus together to make long rolls for their manuscripts. From these we get some of our words: "volume" comes from "Volvere," to roll up, and Bible from a Greek word meaning the inner bark of papyrus. Vellum books were the first to be properly bound. Thick wood boards were used for the covers, to keep the vellum from curling up, and very often clasps were added.

It is not possible to find out what date paper was made by the Chinese, but there still exist specimens of Chinese paper dating back to the fifth and sixth centuries, and made from the felting together of wood or grass fibres. By the middle of the tenth century it was being made in Europe, and in the Record Office in London, England, is a letter written on paper, from the Count of Toulouse to Henry III, dated 1216.

China, also, was before us in the matter of printing. As early as the eleventh century the Chinese made types of clay or porcelain, set them up in frames, and printed from them, while it was not until 1472 that Gutenberg was printing in Europe.

In the first printed books there were no illustrations, but very soon wood cuts began to be used. The first book, printed in English, to be illustrated, was Caxton's "Myrrour of the Worlde." The wood cuts are exceedingly quaint, and quite elementary in character. These were followed with engravings in steel, and in the eighteenth century by the lithograph, or engraving on stone. Nowadays, many books, especially books about travel, are illustrated by photographs.

RECREATION FOR SUBNORMAL CHILDREN

Recreation in various forms is important for children of all ages and mental development. There was a time when it seemed unimportant to many to provide anything else for mentally retarded children than mere custodial care. Fortunately, such ideas are rapidly waning and at the present most institutions for mental defectives provide some form of recreational work for their inmates. Of course, in planning recreational activities for groups of children, their physical and mental development should be considered just as much as when productive labor is planned.

Recreation when well planned and suited to the individual's physical and mental make up, affords the expenditure of excess emotional energy which, when not directed along proper channels, may be utilized by the individual in anti-social acts. Well planned activities with and without toys and implements are not only important in preventing unfavorable activities, but are actually essential in furthering the development of the individual. Various activities help in the development of sensory capacities, discrimination, motor control and eye-hand coordination. On the average mental defectives are much poorer in these functions than normal people and consequently should be trained along these lines. Well organized competitive games also teach and develop a sportsmanlike attitude and a give and take relationship. Subnormal people as well as normal ones should be trained to be good losers as well as winners.

The above points were merely mentioned without discussing them fully. Other points, too, could be mentioned showing the importance of recreation but space does not permit it in this issue of the Caswell News.

Lately, attempts have been made in Caswell Training School to secure more and a greater variety of materials to be used for training and the amusement of a great many of our children. Though this is just a beginning, the beneficial effects are already in evidence. The advantages of recreation will become even more apparent when Mr. Wheatley will conduct organized play activities. Some of these points will be discussed more fully in a later issue of the Caswell News.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist

CHRISTMAS

---How It Began and How People Celebrate It the World Over

From the early centuries of Christianity, the anniversary of the birth of Christ has been celebrated by a special church festival. In early England this festival was called Christe messe—meaning "Christ's mass," whence we get our word "Christmas." At first the date of the celebration varied in different places, some churches observing it in December, others in January, April, or May, because of the absence of historical record as to the exact date of Christ's birth.

One of the causes that worked to establish the new festival on December 25 was probably the fact that this day marked the beginning of the great winter solstice festival of the Pagan Gauls, Germans and Britans. As in other instances where pagan festivals were replaced by Christian, many of the old pre-Christian customs and symbols, were taken over. The yule log, holly and mistletoe are all relics of pagan observances.

During the midde ages, Christmas became the greatest of popular festivals. Churches were adorned with rustic decorations and quaint little plays were given, portraying events connected with the birth of Christ and His early years. Even today, such nativity plays are still performed every Christmas in some of the old cities of Spain. Some of the Christmas carols sung in our churches and at our community Christmas tree celebrations have come down from early plays. Nowhere was the Christmas festival celebrated with more pomp and merriment than in England. The Puritans, however, regarded Christmas observance as a relic of Catholicism, and in 1644 Parliament went so far as to prohibit any festivities and ordered the day to be kept as a fast. Puritans of New England also passed laws forbidding the observance of Christmas. The jovial old Dutch settlers of New York, however, brought with them across the ocean the joyous observances of the fatherland. We of the New World owe our Santa Claus to them, for this jolly old saint is none other than St. Nicholas or San Nicolas, the patron saint of children—as pronounced in Dutch.

Today the observance of Christmas is well-nigh universal throughout the Christian world. Everywhere it is, above all, the children's holiday. In all England and America the little folks hang up their stockings in a row before the fireplace, and Santa Claus, we are told, rushing down from the north in a sled drawn by reindeer, scrambles down the chimneys and fills them from the great pack on his back. In some of the Baltic lands the gifts are supposed to be brought by the Christ child Himself. In France the children place wonder shoes on the hearth to receive the presents which "Father Christmas" brings. Norwegian children have a lot of fun hunting their new toys which have been tucked away in unexpected places. In Italy presents are drawn from the "Urn of Fate"—a custom which originated in the Urn of Fate of the ancient Romans. Some of the parcels are blanks and so there is great excitement at the drawing and disappointment at first for the little folks who do not understand that in the end there will be gifts for all.

Almost every land of christendom has its own Christmas carols. In England "waits" sing under windows on Christmas eve, as they have done for countless Christmases. In Russia the ancient Kolyada songs, once sung to pagan gods, now dedicated to Christian saints, are sung about the streets. The French noel songs and the famous German "Kristlieder" are heard wherever there is Christmas music. In our own land choir boys and school children hold carol parties and go about singing these old time songs for "sheet-ins" and other unfortunates.

The Christmas tree, with its golden star and lights, is as much a part of the celebration as is the Christmas song. The practice of preparing a bird's Christmas tree, supplied with bits of apple and suet, cookies, nuts, and seeds, and placing it outside in a safe place for our feathered friends has grown from the old Scandinavian custom of placing a sheaf of grain on a tall pole in the dooryard for the birds on Christmas morning. The elaborate street festivals of Italy and Spain, with their hon-tues and fireworks, are in the United States, often replaced by the community Christmas tree.

Mrs. B. S. Barnes

OUR·YOUNG·PEOPLE

CONRAD AND THE STORK

IN far-away Norway is a village in which there is a figure of a stork carved on the church and over many of the houses. I want to tell you the beautiful story about it. In that village there once lived a little lad named Conrad, and his widowed mother. Every summer a stork came near Conrad's home, and built its nest close by. Little Conrad and his mother were very kind to the stork. They fed it and petted it, so that it learned to know them, and would come whenever Conrad whistled, to eat out of his hand. Every spring they watched for it, and when it came it seemed just as glad to see them as they were to welcome it.

The years passed, and Conrad grew to be a young man. The stork was still a visitor in Conrad's village. Then Conrad said that he would go to sea, and make money enough to come back and keep his mother in old age. So he went to be a sailor, and set out for a distant land. All went well for many weeks; but one day, when they were near the coast of Africa some very bad men called pirates swarmed around and took possession of Conrad's ship, and put all the sailors in chains and afterwards sold them into slavery.

Weeks went by. Conrad's mother began to be afraid about her boy, for it was so long since she had heard about him. Ships had come and gone, and brought no tidings of him. At last she gave up all hope of seeing him again, and mourned him as drowned. All the village pitied the lonely mother in her grief. The only thing that seemed to interest Conrad's mother now was the stork as it came each year. For Conrad's sake she welcomed it and fed it, until the autumn came; and then it flew away to the sunny south; but where, she did not know.

Now it happened that one day, as poor Conrad toiled away at his dreary work in a lonely, tropical country, a stork came flying close to him, circling about him in great delight. It made Conrad think of his boyhood home, his dear mother, and the stork that used to visit them each spring and summer. Scarcely knowing what he did, he whistled as he used to do to call his pet stork years before. To his great delight, this stork came close to him as if to be fed. Conrad lifted up his heart to God, and with tears gave thanks that his old stork friend should have found him there. Day after day he saved what he could from his little food supply for the joy of calling the bird to feed at his hand. But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the north. Could it be possible that this stork would be going back to his mother's cottage in Norway? Was the nest there still that he remembered so well? And who was feeding the bird now in Norway? Then it occurred to him: "Why, this bird may help me to get away from this terrible place!" He managed to write on a scrap of paper a few lines, telling where he was, and that he was a slave, and then tied the message firmly around the bird's leg.

The spring came to Norway again, and with it the stork. Conrad's mother saw it as it came; and, thinking of her long-lost boy, she tenderly welcomed it and fed it. As it took the food from her hand, she noticed the little paper tied to its leg. Can you imagine her great joy when she found that it was from her own dear boy? She hurried away to the minister of the little village to tell him of the news. It quickly spread through the village. The people said they must send and redeem Conrad. The next Sabbath morning the people brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the widow's son. Then a messenger was sent to the king to lay the case before him, and to get a ship of war from him that the pirates dare not touch.

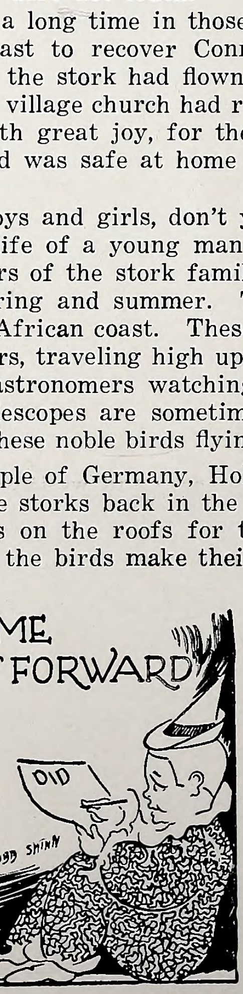
It took a long time in those days to travel to the African coast to recover Conrad from his slavery. But before the stork had flown southward again, the bells of the village church had rung, and all the people rejoiced with great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safe at home again at his mother's cottage.

Now, boys and girls, don't you see how the stork saved the life of a young man! The most interesting members of the stork family live in Europe during the spring and summer. Their winter quarters are on the African coast. These large birds are magnificent fliers, traveling high up, and usually at night. European astronomers watching the moon and stars through telescopes are sometimes surprised to see a swarm of these noble birds flying across the sky.

The people of Germany, Holland and Scandinavia welcome the storks back in the spring. They put up great boxes on the roofs for them, and there, year after year, the birds make their homes for the summer, laying their eggs and rearing their young. No other bird is fonder of its little ones than the stork, and that is one reason why the kind-hearted people of Europe are so fond of them. The storks pick up food from the streets and markets, such as waste vegetables and fish.

WORDS THAT READ THE SAME BACKWARD or FORWARD

E E	B B	P P
D D	E E	N N
G G	P P	D D
B B	M M	E E
P P	T T	P P



CAN YOU REPLACE THE MISSING MIDDLE LETTER OF EACH WORD

CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR

Along about this time of year there seems to be a spirit of happiness and good cheer in the air, and everybody catches the fever and from now until after Christmas we have a glorious epidemic of "Peace and Good Will."

Already letters have been written to Santa and clothes are being pressed and put away in lieu of going home for the holidays. Dr. Register is allowing many of our little folks to go home for the two weeks beginning December 19, to January 3, 1938. They, as well as their home folks, are rejoicing and planning.

Those who remain, however, will never regret it for Santa is especially kind to Caswell. Plans are already being made for a big Christmas and more mysterious conferences are being held and "bulgie" packages are being swiftly stored away. All the grown up folks have a wise twinkle in their eyes, that foretells of grand and glorious surprises!

Then, too, we see them bringing out the last years 'Christmas tree decorations, testing lights and counting ornaments. We just know we will have a prettier tree than ever before this year.

Already we can vision how it will look with all our red, green and white packages tied with ribbons and stickers beneath it; our bags of goodies behind it and the pretty lights and balls upon it! We do love our Christmas tree and to think each cottage and building has a Christmas tree all their very own.

In the big dining room Miss Bryant and her kitchen staff will, besides having a big turkey dinner with all the fixings, have it all decorated and festooned with a big Christmas tree in the center! We do wish they would last forever!

In the school department our teachers are planning the Christmas pageant. We hear the glee club singing the story of the Christ child and we catch ourselves humming the air and repeating the Bible vision. The girls are busy in the craft room making the vestments for the choir to wear during the performance and everywhere we turn we see something "Christmasy!"

Folks are more polite. Tasks are more quickly performed and things seem nicer all around, would that the Christmas spirit would be with us the year around! And why couldn't it be? Is not that just why the Savior was born that we might have Life and have it more abundantly?

We are so thankful there is a season when our best selves come to the front and we think of others and are happy.

We do wish to thank all our parents and friends, who send such splendid Christmas boxes to their loved ones and for so promptly sending them in. It helps us out in so many ways. For the very worst thing that could befall a youngster is to have his Santa Claus box a day late! Would it were in our power to flash back to you the picture of happiness and joy your child displays when "digging" into his Christmas box from home, and fishing out each article!

Christmas is a joyous time at Caswell for our little folks enjoy everything. Several new members have joined our staff. Miss Inez Wagstaf, of Clinton, has taken charge of Cottage IV; Miss Addie Edwards, of Spring Hope, is co-partner with Mrs. Parker in Cottage V, and Miss Irene Gray, of Trenton, is working with Miss Scott in Cottage VI. Also, as an addition to the Tapp A and B building, the boys are glad to have Mr. Lehman as their third man and Miss Mildred Williamson, of Kenansville, is a welcomed helper in the Dewey building.

Mrs. Harlan

o

McNAIRY BUILDING

We all enjoy the cement block in the back yard. The children have been having a grand and glorious time playing on it. It makes it possible for the children to go out and get plenty of sunshine and fresh air during the warm days in the winter, which they enjoy very much. We also enjoy our new heating fans. The children have been nice and cosy since the weather turned cool. We wish everyone a happy Christmas.

Mrs. B. F. Jackson, Matron

o

THE DEWEY BUILDING

At the Dewey Building we are already beginning to notice the Christmas spirit among the girls. We are writing letters to Santa Claus. Some are wondering if the folks at home are coming to take them home for the holidays.

Though we are usually busy, serving meals, cleaning house, making rugs, embroidering, spool knitting and doing many other things, we still find time to go for pleasant walks and pick up pecans. We also get buckets of dirt to plant flowers and make flower beds. We are usually busy and happy.

Mrs. Jones, Matron

o

ARTICLES FROM THE CHILDREN AT C. T. S.

A number of very nice little articles were received for the Caswell News from Jean, Ora, and Mary Carlisle. Because of lack of space we cannot have them printed just now, but they will appear in the Caswell News sometime later.

o

AUSTIN A BUILDING

The girls in the Austin A are busy washing walls and windows getting ready to hang new curtains which will soon be made to add to the appearance of the sun parlor. We have new vases for our tables and keep them filled with daisies, marigolds, and October roses.

In the afternoons we go walking and gather pecans. After we return we spend an hour in the sunshine playing games. We are having an enjoyable time learning a new song during our spare time too!

Mrs. Lane — Miss Holcombe
Mrs. Broome — Matrons

o

KITCHEN NOTES

Since winter is approaching, it means more work in the kitchen. It means hog killing and preparing for the holiday festivities. We are planning to please the children to the fullest extent.

New cottages have been opened and that calls for additional food to be sent out. The kitchen boys and our dietician are glad to have a new addition. Miss Dellie Jackson helps fill the cottage buckets. We hope she will enjoy the work and stay with us a long time. With the co-operation of others we expect to carry on as in the past.

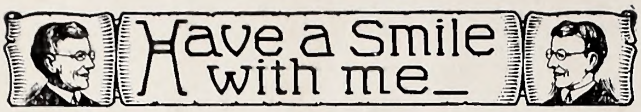
Carl Turbyfill and Edward Reynolds

o

CARD OF THANKS

I want to express my many thanks and appreciation to Dr. Lee and the entire hospital staff for their kindness to me during my stay in the hospital.

Mrs. E. M. Murphy, Matron



Have a Smile with me

Cat: "How old is Elizabeth?"

Cattier: "Don't know, but everybody was overcome by the heat from the candles at her last birthday party."

* * *

Traffic Cop: "Say, lady, do you know how to drive a car?"

Fair Motorist: "Oh, yes. What is it you wish to know?"

* * *

Well-Meaning Hostess: "Now, Mr. Jenkins, you need never again tell us you can't sing! We know now."

* * *

Doctor: "You cough easier this morning."

Patient: "I ought to; I've been practicing all night."

* * *

A small boy, who had been sent to fetch eggs, exclaimed: "Mother, I—I dropped them, but (hopefully) I only dropped them once."

* * *

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home," declared the judge.

"Hurray!" yelled the prisoner.

* * *

Woman: "How can I drive a nail without hitting my fingers?"

Clerk: "Hold the hammer in both hands."

* * *

Mother: "I wouldn't spank baby this time, Robert. Wait till he does it again."

Father: "But suppose he doesn't do it again?"

* * *

Mother: "Nonsense, Willie; of course you will have your hair cut."

Willie: "I will not. It's too feminine."—Allstone Recorder.

* * *

Near-Sighted Woman (in the meat shop): "Where is the head-cheese, please?"

Polite Clerk: "He just stepped out. May I wait on you?"—Exchange.

* * *

"This plant," said the gardener, "belongs to the begonia family."

"I see," said the lady. "How kind of you to look after it while they're away."

* * *

She: "I saw the doctor today about my loss of memory."

He: "What did he do?"

She: "Made me pay in advance."

* * *

Mrs. Bridey (at 1 a. m.): "O Jack, wake up! I can feel there's a mouse in the room."

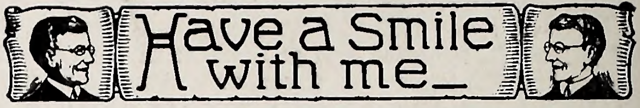
Husband (drowsily): "Well, just feel there's a cat, too, and go to sleep."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Author: "The very first thing I sent to a magazine was accepted."

Young Friend: "Was it poetry or prose?"

Author: "It was a check for a year's subscription."



Have a Smile with me

"My razor doesn't cut at all."

"Why, Henry, you don't mean to tell me that your beard is tougher than the oilcloth?"

* * *

Willie: "What did I learn today, teacher?"

Teacher: "Why do you ask?"

Willie: "They'll want to know at home."

* * *

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

Youngster: "Mama, here's the doctor to see the cook."

* * *

Farmer: "Hi, there! What are you doing up in my cherry tree?"

Youngster: "Dere's a notice down dere to keep off de grass."

* * *

Proud Wife (to nervous friend in automobile): "I feel so safe with my husband driving. He is learning first-aid methods and knows where all the hospitals are."

* * *

"Why do they have those glass cases with axes in 'em in the railroad passenger cars?"

"Oh, they are put there to use in case some one wants to open the window."

* * *

A western chain store is reported to have advertised as follows: "Apples, oranges, imported nuts, fruit cake. Come early and avoid the rush. The early bird gets the worm."

* * *

"Did you behave in church?" asked an interested relative when Tommy returned from the service.

"'Course I did," replied the boy. "I heard the lady at the back of us say she never saw a child behave so."

* * *

Hubby: "And how do you get along with the butcher, darling?"

Bride: "Oh, splendidly! He's such a generous man. When I order a four-pound joint he always sends one weighing six or seven."

* * *

At the railroad station a nice old lady left the train and got into a cab. The cabman said: "Gimme your bag, lady; I'll put it on top o' the cab."

"No, indeed," answered the dear old lady, "that poor hoss has enough to pull. I'll just hol' it on my lap."

* * *

The railway line was flooded on account of the heavy rainstorms, and the traveler was obliged to break his journey at a village. He made his way in the pouring rain to an inn, and said to the waiter there, "It is like the deluge!"

"The what?"

"The deluge. Haven't you read about the deluge—Noah and the ark and Mount Ararat?"

"No, sir," said the waiter; "we have had no papers here for three days!"

The Caswell News

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Number 11

Somebody

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live";
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that "somebody" you

JANUARY, 1938

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE HOME OF THE DOLLS

A FUNNY little weather-beaten house stood at the end of a funny little lane. A grown person would have passed the house with not so much as a passing glance, but not so with a child; for on the house swung a sign, and on the sign, in yellow paint, were the words, "The Home of the Dolls."

The path leading to the house was much worn by the tread of little feet. Miss Betsy, the pretty little old-fashioned lady who owned the house, loved little girls, and never tired of talking to them.

"The Home of the Dolls" was queer within. Dolls of every kind filled the small rooms to overflowing. Miss Betsy loved her doll babies, and all the year round she would dress them, and sell them to those who came to buy.

Most of the little girls who visited her were too poor to buy the dolls, and these were the children Miss Betsy loved best. She longed to give to each child a doll baby; but alas, she could not afford to do so.

Especially did she long to give a dolly to Patricia Ellen; for Patricia was her favorite child. Often Miss Betsy would say to her, "If I could only give a dolly to you!"

Patricia would say nothing, but would only glance longingly at a sweet baby doll that was sitting in a corner of the room. Though not as pretty as the other dolls, this was Patricia's favorite of them all. The doll had dimpled pink cheeks and a rosebud mouth. Patricia loved the doll's sweet smile, and the baby look on the little face. Patricia had named this doll "Cherie Lee." It was a queer name, but then Patricia was a queer little girl.

Then one day something happened; the curtains of the funny little house were drawn, the bright-colored sign was gone. The children were puzzled. Together they hurried to the little house. A happy, bright-eyed Miss Betsy met them at the door.

"Oh," she cried, "a wonderful thing has happened! My sister in New York has written to me. She is very wealthy, and begs me to close my shop, and come to live with her."

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" sighed the little girls.

"May we come in, and tell the dolls good-by?" asked one child.

"I must tell Cherie Lee good-by," insisted Patricia, tears coming to her eyes.

Then the children trooped into the house, looking about for the dolls. But where were they? Tables, chairs, and even the corners of the rooms were bare. Patricia felt very bad, for where was Cherie Lee?

Miss Betsy began to laugh.

"The dolls are hiding somewhere in the house; they want you to find them," she explained. "Each child is to find and keep three dolls."

The little girls were amazed.

"Are you going to give us the dolls?" they cried.

"Yes, indeed; I can now afford to give away the dolls," Miss Betsy smiled happily.

The little girls hurried off in search of the dolls. It was such a happy game, for the dolls were hidden in unexpected places. Finally each child had found three dolls. With a hug and a kiss for Miss Betsy, they hurried home with their treasures.

Only Patricia remained.

"Patricia, child, where are your dolls?" Miss Betsy asked.

"I haven't any," the little girl answered sadly.

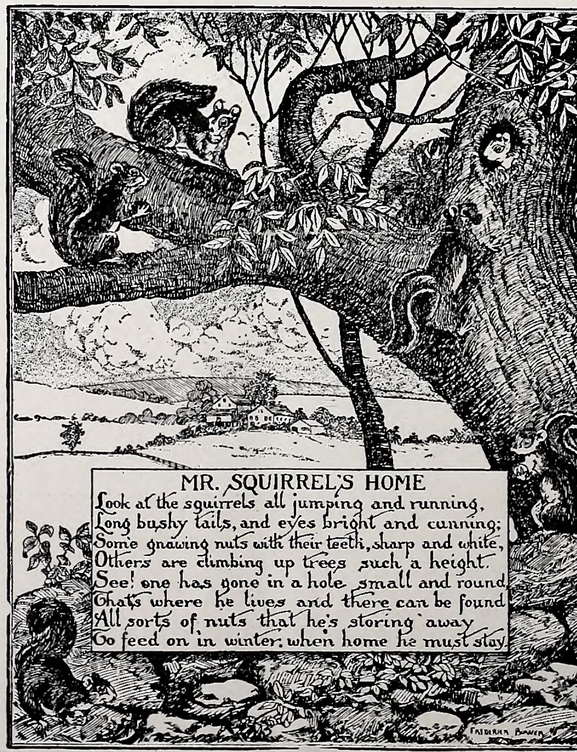
Haven't any! Didn't you find a dolly, dear?"

Patricia sobbed, "I found lots of dollies; but I was looking for my darling Cherie Lee."

"Don't let that worry you, Patricia," Miss Betsy said cheerfully.

Just then the child noticed that the white spread on the kitchen table was untidy—it had an odd-looking hump in it. Going to it she was about to spread it over the table neatly; then she gave the cry of delight, "Cherie Lee, my baby!" for beneath the spread lay the smiling Cherie Lee. How Miss Betsy did laugh! "Two more dollies are to be found, dear," she said.

Patricia had eyes for no doll but her little favorite. Hugging her close to her, she cried, "What if some other girl had found you."



MR. SQUIRREL'S HOME

Look at the squirrels all jumping and running,
Long bushy tails, and eyes bright and cunning;
Some gnawing nuts with their teeth, sharp and white,
Others are climbing up trees such a height.
See! one has gone in a hole small and round,
That's where he lives and there can be found
All sorts of nuts that he's storing away
To feed on in winter, when home he must stay.

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Copied from the Free Press

CHRISTMAS CANTATA

The Caswell Training School choir, trained and directed by Mrs. Ramon Askew, gave a beautiful rendition of the Christmas cantata, "The Child Jesus," Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in the school auditorium. An appreciative audience was impressed by the clarity, harmony and perfect enunciation demonstrated by the group of 27 boys and girls. The solo parts were especially good.

The stage gave the effect of a choir loft in a church with a large three-paneled cathedral window in the background. The window mural was painted by Mrs. J. T. Hughes, art instructor at the school. It depicted the shepherds, the nativity and the wise men. Numerous candles lighted the scene.

GIFTS

On behalf of the staff and children of Caswell we wish to thank Mrs. David Dixon for her splendid gift, a victrola and large collection of records. We have placed it in the Central building and already used it for a square dance for the children and mid-day recreation.

Also, to the ladies of Kenly for their Christmas box of dolls and handkerchief bags. It would do their hearts good to see our little folks cuddle up their dolls! Even the little boys have come to the office and asked, "Please, Mrs. Harlan, may we have a sunbonnet baby too?"

CHRISTMAS COMES TO CASWELL

Never has Christmas been more wonderful than it was this year at Caswell and Santa's chief helper was Mrs. Idabelle Taylor. To her goes the credit of our abundant and lovely gifts. After weeks of preparation and anticipation, it arrived with glorious weather.

Christmas eve, Mrs. Askew, our music teacher, chartered the school bus and took the glee club for a carol singing jaunt, ending with a most delightful party at her home on College street. Assisting her were Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Register, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Higgins, and Mr. Troy Taylor.

By eleven o'clock that night, Santa had visited all the buildings. What a sight it was! The lighted Christmas trees, packages for everyone and a bag filled with candy, raisins, pecans, apples and oranges for each individual person in the building!

The weather Christmas morning was a little cloudy, but who thought of weather when all the packages were to be opened and goodies to be eaten? Happiness reigned supreme. Presents were exchanged and Christmas greetings filled the air!

At 1:00 the sun appeared, along with dinner—and what a dinner! Miss Bryant and her loyal crew simply "outdid" themselves! They served a turkey dinner banquet style, that was a credit to the finest of hotels.

Roast turkey with giblet gravy dressing, topped with cranberry sauce, light, fluffy creamed potatoes, English peas, hot biscuits, celery, pickles, nuts and mints with ice cream and cake for dessert. We ate, laughed, talked and ate some more!

It was a beautiful picture. Our large children's dining room was festooned with ropes of green and red paper from which hung myriads of many tables beneath. The staff headed by Dr. and Mrs. Register were seated with the children at tables placed in the large aisle between the boys and girls. The tables carried out the Christmas color scheme of red and white. Lovely potted plants served as centerpieces. With the happy faces there was no need of candles. Then, too, the sun shone through the window decorations casting the shadows of the bells and drapery like a lattice work over all. The berries on the holly Christmas tree almost outshone the lights and ornaments. Less showy, but more beautiful by its simplicity, was a mistletoe tree covered with its own white berries!

Miss Bryant and her staff were assisted in making Christmas dinner the most outstanding feature of the day by Mrs. Justice leading the carol singing, and the dining room girls, dressed in all white sewing with an efficiency that spoke well for their instructors.

The abundance of the dinner was more than remarked upon and how it did vanish! Not a soul could eat any supper! The rest of the day was spent in visiting with each other and admiring gifts. Extra fruit had been sent to buildings to be used for supper if necessary. A happy, contented group was put to bed. Many were weary, but happy in the fact they had helped make this the happiest Christmas that had ever come to Caswell.

Mrs. Harlan

CARD OF THANKS

We want to thank Dr. Register, Mr. Stroud, Mrs. Harlan and Mrs. Taylor for giving us such a nice Christmas and to Miss Bryant for the nice dinner she served us. We also thank Mr. and Mrs. Askew for the party they gave us. We had the happiest Christmas we have ever had.

Happy New Year to all of you.

The Wootin B. Girls

Do Star Students Fail?

Statistics recently compiled disclose the following ratio of graduates are recorded in "Who's Who": Common school, one out of every nine thousand; high school, one out of every four hundred; college, one out of every fifteen.

OUR boys and girls, inexperienced travelers on a new road, eager to be in the fashion, untaught as yet by hard experience, and easily misled by current fallacies and false traditions, especially if the falsehood is sugar-coated with a little truth and its acceptance furnishes a ready excuse for laziness or misconduct.

To this doubly dangerous class belongs the oft-repeated and widely-believed statement that the boy who leads his class in school is generally a failure in after life. Here is the lying tradition sweetened logic:

"To attain success in the fierce warfare of modern business demands pluck, self-confidence, red-blooded vitality, and a knowledge of men and things rather than 'book learning' and abstract scholarship. In fact, the students who make the very highest grades are not so apt to win promotion and success in after life as their wiser comrades who refuse to spend more time in study than is necessary to make reasonably fair grades, and are thereby enabled to participate more vigorously in the social and athletic activities of the playground and campus."

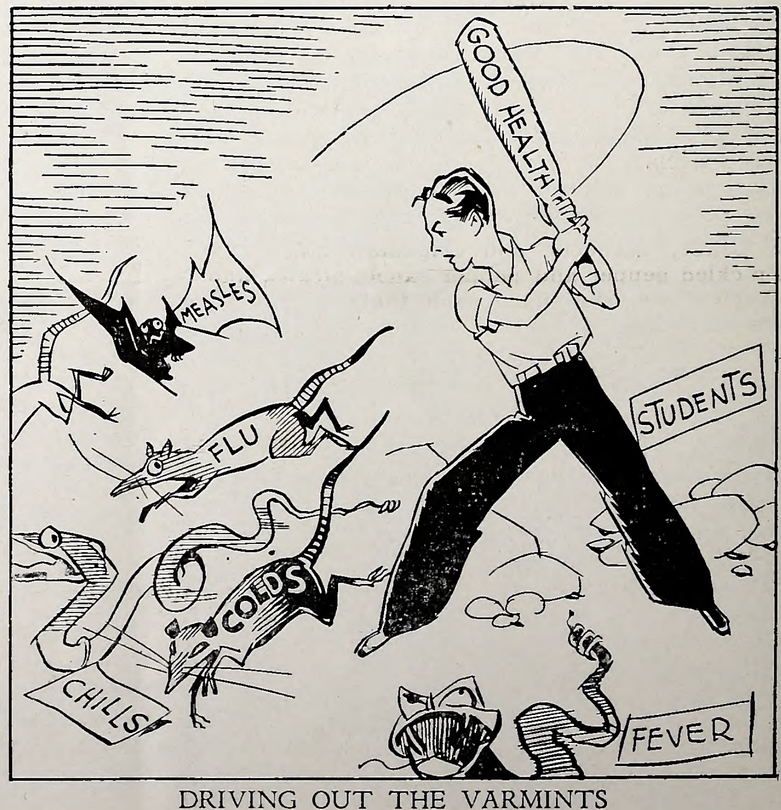
To the lazy and self-indulgent, to social dudes and tin-horn sports and overgrown children, to all who long to study less and play more, this theory is as fascinating as poisoned candy in a kindergarten. It not only excuses neglect of duty, but crowns the loafer as a man of far-seeing wisdom. It is a timely opiate when conscience stirs within, trusty armor when parents and teachers assail from without.

The truth is that those who outstrip their indolent or brainless competitors in school or college continue to do so when school days are over, and to win high scholarship honors in a first class college is almost a guarantee of success in life.

A careful study was recently made of the scholarship records and future history of nearly 9,000 graduates of five typical colleges to see how many of them had attained such prominence as to be placed in the "Who's Who" list of distinguished Americans. Other similar studies showed that of the 2,000,000 Americans who never attended school, some attained the "Who's Who" list.

Among 7,979 men, having all the advantages of modern college training, representing five institutions and 85 graduating classes, 348 (4 per cent) were differentiated from the rest solely by their very high grades. While this group was still below middle age, and 79 of them too young to have had a fair chance to win distinction, 131 (1 in every $2\frac{2}{3}$) had already won a place on the "Who's Who" list of distinguished men, which contains only 1-55th of 1 per cent of the total population. Omitting the 79, one-half of the remainder were already on the "Who's Who" list in 1911.

To sum it up from another point of view: The man who graduates with high scholastic honors, instead of being unfitted for success by his extra "book-learning," is about seven times as likely to become a distinguished man as the "all-around men" who received diplomas with him. As compared with the average college student, his chances are 20 to 1; compared with the average high school student, 200 to 1; and compared with those having only a common school education, 5,000 to 1. In this Age of Mind, as never before, Knowledge is Power, and the man who knows is the man who leads, and usually stays at the head.



DRIVING OUT THE VARMINTS

ALL-STAFF MEETINGS

During December and January, two interesting staff meetings were held in Caswell Training School. During the December meeting two dances were planned. Miss Wladkowski, the psychologist, spoke on the different types of mental defectives, and explained the differences in degrees of mental deficiency.

For the sake of the new employees who have not yet heard Miss Wladkowski speak on mental deficiency, she explained the meaning of such terms as chronological age, mental age and I. Q. These terms are constantly used in our discussions of our children and Miss Wladkowski felt everyone should be acquainted with their meaning. She also reviewed and explained the various degrees of mental deficiency.

During the January meeting thanks were given to Dr. Register for the Christmas dance. It was decided that the entertainment fee for each employee be raised from five to fifteen cents a month for dances and other entertainments and that everyone be allowed to invite one person to such entertainments.

Instead of making a talk, as she usually does, Miss Wladkowski answered questions and led a discussion on various every-day problems which confront the employees in their dealings with the children. Questions pertaining to the behavior and training of our children were asked.

Miss Wladkowski wishes the employees to bring up many questions for discussions at our all-staff meetings, which will help in our work with the children. She also emphasized again that matrons, attendants and other employees should feel free to come to her office when they wish help to clear up points about the children under their care.

Louise Holcombe, Secretary

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THANKSGIVING DINNER

All the children looked forward to Thanksgiving Day with great delight and everyone was very eager to help prepare Thanksgiving dinner. We have approximately 350 children to dine in the main dining room. All the tables were set with care, and silver properly arranged. Three tables were prepared in the center of the main dining room for Dr. and Mrs. Register, matrons and attendants.

Hot coffee, barbecue and cole slaw and cornbread, pickled pepper and pepper sauce, pickles and fresh apples were served on each table.

We have so many things to be thankful for, not only on Thanksgiving, but every day. We should take time off each day to thank our Father for the blessing bestowed upon us.

We are thankful that we have this institution. It is a home for the defective, a place where they are taught and trained to do so many things.

Now that Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, the children are eagerly looking forward to Christmas, just one month from Thanksgiving.

Miss Wiggins, Dish Room Matron

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SQUARE DANCES AT CASWELL

Among the most delightful school events of the holiday season were the two old-fashioned square dances given by the Administration for the emloyees and their invited guests. The first dance took place on Monday night, December 20.

KINDERGARTEN AND OTHER SCHOOL NEWS

The school children had a wonderful time Hallowe'en. The kindergarten started the ball rolling with parties at Cottage III for the girls and Cottage VI for the boys. Punch and cake were served. There were three night parties, one each for the Primary, Intermediate and Seniors, and for the music boys and girls. Then Mrs. Hughes planned a lovely picnic for the craft girls and others who had not attended a party.

The kindergarten gets new playmates every week. Victor comes over in his wheel chair and is a very enthusiastic learner. We have a new song book, "Toyland Songs." We are learning our arithmetic lessons in song.

The kindergarten is very proud that they have sold five aprons. Each girl who had a part got five cents. Two girls had their teacher buy a lovely coloring book. One day when a lady had on an apron Venie had made, a friend came to see her, she said, "Where did you get that pretty apron?" The lady answered, "From the kindergarten at Caswell." So the friend said, "It is just what I want. Please tell them to make me three." With the profit, which is small, we are to buy bananas for a Thanksgiving treat.

Sarah is rolling and whipping with blue thread some cloth for books. The boys are having a big time with their American logs. Manly is so proud that he can write a little **a** that he wrote a's all across the blackboard.

The children find time all too short in their pretty warm room and they are loathe to go when their period is over.

Mrs. Dawson, Kindergarten Teacher

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HOME WORK

The aim of the Caswell Training School is to make a true home for our children in the true sense of the word. To this end all employees are striving. We find the cottage housing system a great help. Where there are smaller groups there can be more individual care.

This fall the teachers have started a home work system where, each child who has learned to study individually, to some extent, is given work to carry home. These persons who have the care of them see, as mothers and fathers would, that their school work is prepared for the next day. It is most gratifying to see the marked improvement in their work. The most apt ones get their class work as before, and often prepare all of their written home work in school just as we find it in any graded school class. One of my little girls recently said, "I believe I can read 50 books during this school year, if I can carry them home with me. My matron will tell me the words I don't know." I truly believe she can and will read every book available for her class. The best readers enjoy reading aloud to the other boys and girls in their cottages. This is being encouraged as it is beneficial to all concerned. We as teachers are happy to find so beautiful a spirit of co-operation in our co-workers.

Mrs. Mark Hill, Teacher

SIDE LIGHTS

WHAT is said to be the largest motor generator type of electric locomotive in the world has been completed for service through the Great Northern Cascades tunnel. One of its unusual features is that it uses both alternating and direct current. A traveling substation in the cab picks up 11,000 volts alternating current from the overhead trolley wire and changes it to low voltage direct current to operate the driving motors. This oversized engine has been designed to obtain speeds up to 50 miles an hour. Its purpose is to conduct passenger and freight trains through this tunnel of seven and three-quarters miles.

HAULING trains over heavy grades is where Big Boy is expected to shine. The flexibility and wide speed range of the regenerative electric braking is said to be well suited to this purpose. Speed of trains down steep grades can be controlled with not much switching and kept at a desired rate while the gravitational energy of the train is transformed into electric power and sent back via the trolley wire to be used at stations or by other trains. Other electric locomotives are being built and their use in place of the familiar steam engine is increasing.

OF COURSE you have read stories in which the bad man of the wild and wooly west or the determined upholder of law and order blazed away with his two trusty revolvers at the same time until his enemies were extinguished or lost interest in the controversy. Grave and heavy doubt is cast upon these romantic tales by Capt. James B. Gillet of Texas in a magazine article. Capt. Gillet has some background himself, having been city marshal of El Paso when it was a lurid town of the frontier period and also a ranger and Indian fighter. He never saw a two-gun man.

RECALLING the days of long ago the former marshal admits that he had been told Wild Bill Hickock, one of the most famous of the western gunmen, could do the two-gun stunt, but adds he never saw him perform the feat and doubts if he ever did it. Shattering another cherished idea the veteran of the plains declares that in all his experience he never saw a man shoot from the hip.

ACQUAINTANCE with both officers and outlaws convinced Gillet that hip shooting was not in fashion. He found that either one would draw his revolver, hold it level from the shoulder, aim and then bang and may the best shot win. Capping the climax of his remarks, the former marshal expresses the opinion that he never heard of much stunt shooting until enlightened by fiction.

BORDER men took shooting as a serious business. It was very necessary to aim at the target, outlaw, Indian or game, and, as he puts it, they did not have time for exhibition tricks. Ammunition being none too plentiful, target practice was not the rule and a man learned to shoot by popping at something to provide a dinner or at some one who was equally determined to get him.

PERHAPS you have not heard of Dr. William Keil, He was not a two-gun or even a one-gun roamer of the western border, but the founder of a communist colony in Missouri more than 80 years ago, leading his followers to a promised land. Germans from Pennsylvania and Ohio were his adherents and quite in the traditional style they journeyed by wagon, train and boat to their future homes, which became the Bethel Communist colony.

THE leader had sent scouts, three of them, to spy out the land. They selected a tableland on the North river, property was obtained cheaply and by additions increased to 4,000 acres. Arriving, the colonists built a church and then homes and places of business. Every man and woman worked, children were educated and it is said that idleness, strife and lawsuits were non-existent at least for some time.

PUTTING 1,100 acres of the land total into a single field and cultivating it was one feature of the colony's arrangements. All funds were in charge of a treasurer and products were placed in a general storehouse from which each member drew what he needed. Deerskin gloves were among the products of the colony, also cowhide shoes, and spinning wheels and looms turned out the clothing. Furniture, wagons and farm implements were made by hand. A distillery provided considerable revenue for the colony.

DR. KEIL built for himself a three-story house. On the top floor was a banquet room where with his assistants he held meetings to make plans for the guidance of the colony. So well did the colony, which had started with 500 members, prosper that the leader planned to organize similar ones all the way to the Pacific coast. He did establish a colony in Oregon, where he died in 1877.

WHEN Keil departed for Oregon he appointed a successor to manage the affairs of the Bethel colony, but in 1870 differences arose among the members. The land was divided and the personal property distributed. Each man got his original contribution and $29.04 a year for each year he had been a member. Each woman was given half this amount by a similar arrangement. Communist schemes, however picturesque and well intentioned as they are at times, do not seem to satisfy human nature.

GARDEN DEPARTMENT

In the mid-winter gardening is sometimes very discouraging, but at this time we have an abundance of all kinds of greens to bring in daily. We planted this fall about 40,000 savoy cabbages. The weather was too dry for these cabbage to head very well. However, we have some already headed at this time. Our mustard and Kale is especially nice and these two varieties seem to stand the cold better than anything else. We are especially proud of our nice Jersey and Charleston Wakefield cabbage plants for winter planting. These cabbage furnish us with the first cabbage of spring.

J. H. Smith, Mgr. of the Garden Dept.

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NIGHT DUTY IN WOOTEN BUILDING

All of us working at Caswell Training School know that the children here have a matron on duty with them all night, but there may be some parents or friends who do not know just how the children are cared for at night.

In each building there is a matron who goes on duty at 6:00 in the evening and stays on until 6:00 in the morning. At this time the day matron comes on. Both matrons perform practically the same duties which any mother, housekeeper and teacher would do.

There are 34 healthy, happy girls living in Wooten building. After supper is the most enjoyable part of the day. Everybody is in from work and everyone with something new to tell that has happened during the day.

During the school months they have lessons to prepare at night. Most of them bring some embroidery in the craft room to work on at night, especially Vivian, Myrtle, Margaret, Martha, Naomi and Emily. They really are doing some lovely work. While they are enjoying their sewing, Madge is enjoying reading. Most of them like to read. It would be so nice if we could have a small library of more good books for the girls who enjoy reading. They are much happier when they have something to do.

Of course all girls enjoy the radio. They all have certain programs which they look forward to hearing. Nettie's mother gave us the radio last Christmas and it surely has been enjoyed by all who stay in the Wooten building.

At 8:45 everybody gets in bed and after the matron has read them a chapter from the Bible, they all repeat the Lord's Prayer together and then for several minutes you can hear "good night Stickie, good night Madge and good night everybody." The lights are turned out at 9:00. The matron makes rounds every hour or two to see that everybody is resting comfortably, that they have enough cover or not too much.

If a child gets ill during the night she is carried immediately to the hospital where there is a nurse on duty all night.

At 5:30 in the morning the girls who work out of the buildings are called so as to be ready to get to their work at 6:00. At that time the night matron goes off duty and the day matron comes on.

I. E. K., Matron

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CARD OF THANKS

I wish to express my appreciation to every one for the co-operation given me during Mrs. Harlan's illness.—Mrs. Idabelle Taylor.

WOOTIN A-BUILDING

The girls in the Wootin A are proud of their building. They are always trying to do something to make it look nice. We have two bowls of goldfish in our sun parlor. Mrs. Dickerson got us three lamp shades for our sun parlor lamps.

The girls who work in the Junior Ward get up at 5:30 a. m. and go to work. The others rise at 6:00 a. m., get dressed so they can hear Rev. Clifton Rice's sermon every morning. They enjoy his program very much.

Mrs. Dickerson and Miss Davis, Matrons

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THE POLLOCK BUILDING

The boys in the Pollock building have enjoyed the sand tables, blocks and other play things greatly during the cold, rainy days when they have to stay indoors.

Each and everyone was looking forward to a big Christmas. Some went home while others received boxes from home, and how happy it made them to get a box or even a letter from home. The whole talk was where are we going to put our Christmas tree and when are we going to start decorating.

We are all sorry Mrs. Harlan was in the hospital. We had missed her lots.

The other day I went in to hurry Millis to finish cleaning the bathroom. I told him he would have to quit using so much powder and use more elbow grease. After a moment of thought, he asked, "When will we get that grease?"

Mrs. Potter, Matron

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CHRISTMAS DINNER

Each and every child as well as employees eagerly looked forward a long time to Christmas day when we celebrate our Savior's birth. Each day they counted the days that were to follow before Christmas.

Decorations were carefully planned and prepared in the main dining room, where about 300 children dine. Some of the children anxiously helped hang the twisted ropes of red and green which were dropped from one light to another. Then the red fringe was hung across the windows and doors and with great care silver icicles were hung on all the ropes. A large holly tree was placed in the dining room equipped with five sets of colored electric lights. Another small bush of mistletoe was placed upon a small table.

Mr. Stroud landed a great surprise on the children Thursday when he walked in with Santa Claus while they were eating dinner. Shouts of laughter and glee could be heard from quite a distance as Santa roamed about among the children and each child told him what to bring him or her.

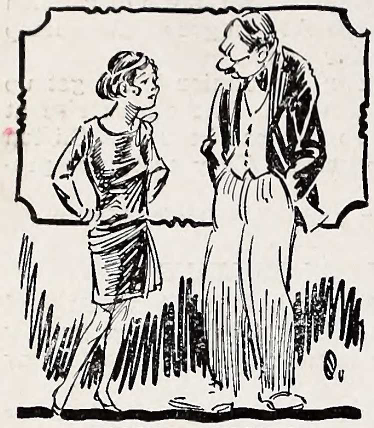
On Christmas day everyone was very busy preparing dinner. Three long tables were placed in the center of the main dining room for Dr. and Mrs. Register and the employees. The tables were set with great care and all arranged in lines as usual.

On each plate was served turkey with turkey dressing, cranberry sauce, butter and gravy, white potatoes, peas and pickles were served in dishes on the tables. Buttered Scotch pudding, cookies and hot coffee were also among the eats.

Everyone enjoyed the nice Christmas dinner together and were very thankful to have it, but were very sorry to know that it would be another year before Christmas again.

Mary Potter, Matron

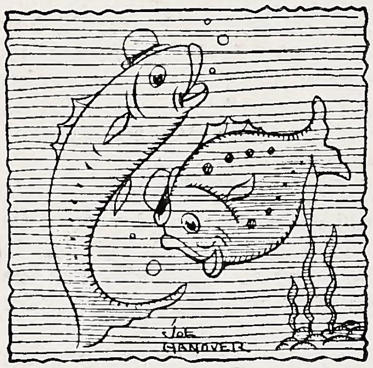
A Little Bit Humorous



HONK! HONK!

"Why, George, did you hear that father was robbed last night?"

"Why, no! He must be patronizing the same garage I am."

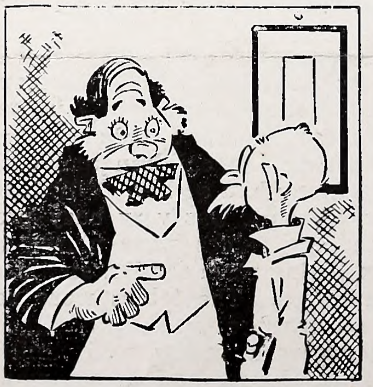


OF COURSE

"Do you know what fish would make a good aviator?"

"Of course not, neither do you."

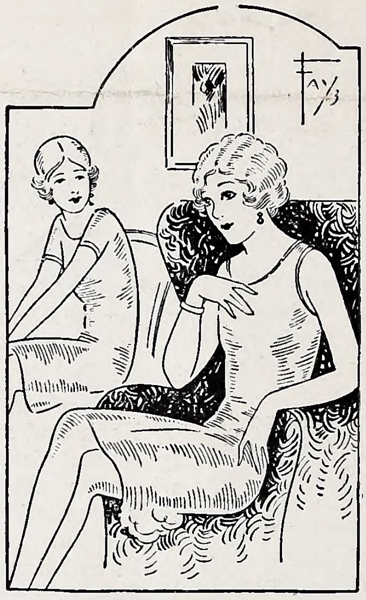
"Sure, I do. How about the flying fish?"



NEVER REGAINED IT

Doctor: "That man once lost his health, but I've guarded it now for twenty years."

Ex-Patient: "And that's the reason why he's never regained it, I suppose."

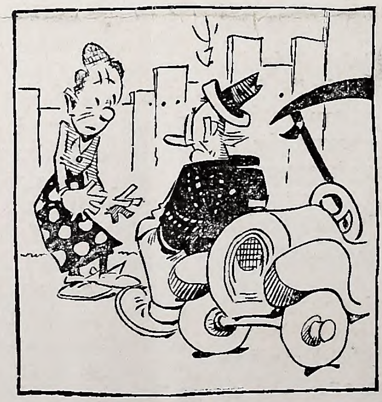


MORE CALLOUSED

"But why don't you ask father for the money to buy a new coat?"

"You know how he always raves at me."

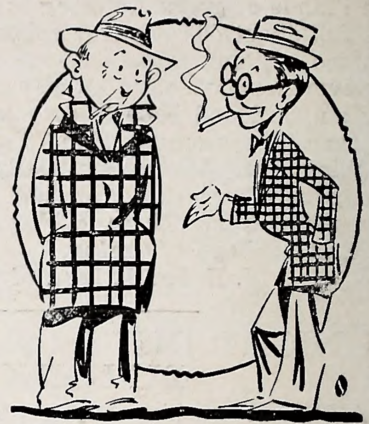
"I know, mother, but you're so much more used to it than I am."



HOW COULD HE TELL?

Wifie: "When are you going to stop swearing, John?"

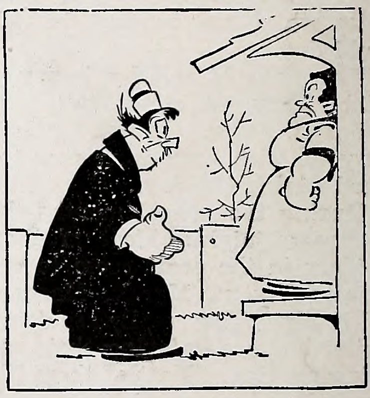
Hubby: "How can I tell when I'll be able to sell this old flivver?"



SIMPLE MATTER

First College Boy: Gee, Bill, but I'd like to get out of debt!"

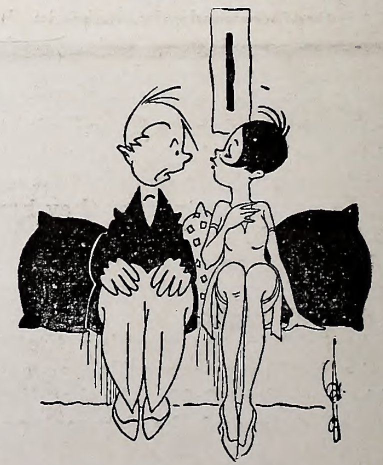
Second Ditto: "Aw, that's a cinch! Jes borrow the money that you owe from the governor."



IN SAME CLASS

Tramp: "An' lady, I ain't had no food for two days!"

Lady (who is reducing): "That's nothing, I haven't eaten anything for three days!"



ALREADY TOLD

She: "I'll tell your fortune for a quarter."

He: "You've already told it."

'38

The Caswell News

Volume 2

Number 12

"It Shows in Your Face"

You don't have to tell how you live each day,
You don't have to say if you work or you play.
A tried, true barometer serves in the place,
However you live it will show in your face.

The fake, the deceit that you bear in your heart
Will not stay inside where it first got the start—
For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace,
What you wear in your heart you will wear in your face.

If you worked hard and won in the great game of life,
If you feel you have conquered the sorrow and strife,
If you've played the game fair and you stand on first base,
What you wear in your heart you will wear on your face.

If your life is unselfish, if for others you live
For not what you get, but how much you give,
If you live close to God, in His infinite grace,
You don't have to tell it—'cause it shows in your face.

FEBRUARY, 1938

CHILDREN'S PAGE

RICHARD MAKES A PROMISE.

RICHARD twisted and squirmed in his seat. School was a very dull place. If a fellow could just be let alone and not sent to school! "I'd learn enough to do me, anyway," he thought rebelliously. "And I'd have plenty of time then to do interesting things like flyin' my kite and skatin' and goin' to the zoo. I wish I lived on an island where there wasn't any school. Daddy and mother and the law were all bent on giving him an education.

"Richard!" It was Miss Emory's crisp voice. "What is five times nine?" Richard's head was suddenly in a whirl. He wished earnestly that whoever it was that invented the multiplication table had never been born.

"All right, Richard! Five times nine?" Miss Emory's patience was running low.

"Er—five times nine equals sixty-three," said Richard desperately. He knew it wasn't right. But when he had to write five times nine equals forty-five, twenty times and hand it in, he was crosser than two sticks.

So he stopped by on the way home to tell Uncle Benny. Uncle Benny, mind you, was no more kin to Richard than he is to you or me, but there are some men every one calls "uncle," and Uncle Benny was one of them. Richard loved Uncle Benny. He was one-legged and old and rather dirty always. But he had a kind, funny, wrinkly smile and a soft, drawling voice, and he knew any number of first class stories. He had a tray that hung from his shoulders with pencils and shoestrings and matches in it. But he didn't have many customers; so he had time, nearly always, to talk to Richard.

So that day Richard stopped by and began to tell Uncle Benny how he hated school and how he could not learn the multiplication table, and then he said wistfully, "Did you have to go to school, Uncle Benny?"

The old man's leathery face puckered into a rueful expression "No, sonny." he said, "I didn't have to. I could a-went, though. But I was like you. I didn't like it. And them days they didn't make children go to school.

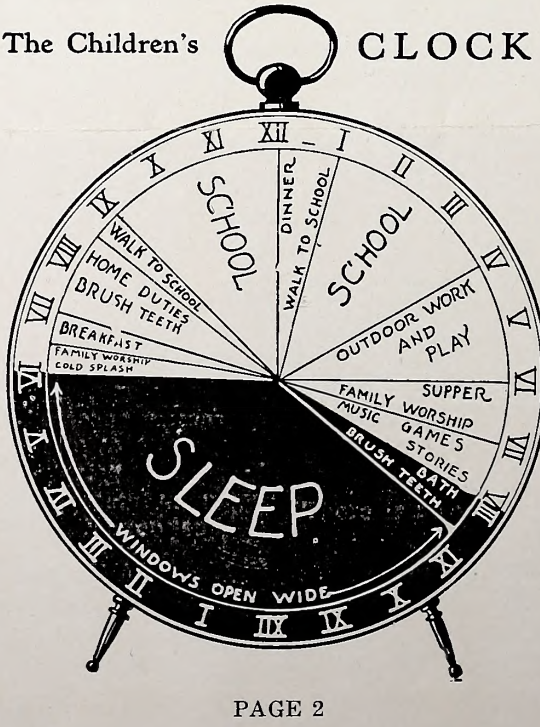
"I 'lowed I'd sell papers and get some money to do as I pleased with." Richard nodded. He had known Uncle Benny would understand. "And so," went on the old man, "I did, and I liked it fust rate. No teacher to boss me, and no books to bother me. I did just as I pleased. I got along all right them times. But after a while, when I was grown and married and had a little boy of my own, I wanted to do better.

"And, sonny, I found out then that you need to know somethin' 'bout books to get along much. And I didn't have no time then to go to school I had to work hard, to make enough to eat. And, long time later, when my little boy was grown and gone, I was too old to learn books. Then the street cars run over me and I lost my leg. I was in the hospital a long time, and when they brought me this wooden leg it was very hard at first to get about. I had been sellin' pencils and such ever since. Now you see, if I'd a learnt somethin' when I had a chance I could use my head now when my body's worn out, and I could live nice and decent. And my boy 'ud be proud of me, like you are of your daddy. I bet he studied at school!"

Richard's chest swelled a bit. "He did!" he said. "And he was very poor then. But he learned everything he could. And everybody respected him. And he kept learning till he got a fine job and made lots of money."

"That's it," nodded Uncle Benny. "Now when you get to hatin' school, you mind about me. And you think about what education done for your daddy. And when you're old like me, you won't be thinkin' about havin' to go to the poorhouse, either!"

Richard looked at the worn old face, so dismal and hopeless looking. He felt mighty sorry for Uncle Benny. But he nodded very solemnly and said: "All right, Uncle Benny, I'll remember." And he did. When Richard graduated from the college, he was given a responsible situation.


The Children's CLOCK

The Caswell News

Vol. 2 - No. 12 KINSTON, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1938 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

AN APPRECIATION

It was my misfortune to be sick for three or four weeks and unable to attend to my duties at the School. I said my misfortune to be sick, but I am coming to the opinion, in fact, I have really arrived at the fact, that it was not a misfortune at all because it confirmed beyond a doubt my knowledge of how loyal, kind and efficient were my co-workers.

I do not believe there is an institution in the State that would have done any better under the same circumstances. As to our children and their fine department, too much could not be said. Not a day passed, but came some fine message from some group of our children. My profound thanks go out to every one of our co-workers and to every child for their kindness to me.

F. M. Register, M. D., Supt.

THE ALL-STAFF MEETING

The All-Staff meeting took place February 7. There was a very good attendance. Of the over 100 employees, only those few who are on night duty did not attend. During the business session, Mr. Cayton discussed the Disability Insurance for the benefit of the new employees and answered questions regarding by-laws of the company.

Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, spoke on sex problems of mental defectives. She compared such problems of normal children and of subnormal ones. She cleared up many points for us and gave helpful suggestions how to deal with them. Miss Wladkowski also answered many questions at the end of her talk. She will continue to answer questions in the next meeting.

Miss Louise Holcombe,
Secretary All-Staff

EVERYTHING IS HAPPY AT CASWELL

My impression of Caswell Training School is a very happy one. All children are singing as they leave their cottage each morning to go to their daily tasks. As you meet them going to and from meals, it is a cheery "good morning" that greets you and a smile on their faces.

(Concluded on page 5)

DAY BY DAY

"Day by day in every way" Caswell is growing better and better. And especially do the attendants who have rooms in the basement of the hospital building think so. Last week the big, sunny room in the west end of the basement, corresponding to the office reception on the east, was cleaned and furniture was moved in in order that the men might have a lounging and reading room all "their very own." A settee, several chairs and some tables make it very comfortable and livable. With games and a few other articles of furniture, some rugs that are to be added later, this room will be a nice place for the men to visit together and have a pleasant time while off duty. Books and magazines will help, so if those who are subscribers to the current magazines will pass them on to the group it will be greatly appreciated. A vote of thanks is due Mrs. Lehman and her staff of boys and girls for getting the room in order and placing the furniture.

Too, Mr. Holder and his boys are doing splendid work on the grounds. The flower beds have never been better kept and new shrubbery is being planted daily. The warm sunshine which we have had for the last few days is making the grass so green and pretty, the flowers are beginning to bud and the narcissi have been blooming for weeks. The forsythia and spirae are bursting into masses of yellow and white and it would seem that Spring indeed is "just around the corner."

Day by day in every way we are growing better and happier, and next month we hope to write about some other things that tend to make us grateful and glad that we work and live at Caswell!

M. L. U.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

From early childhood, I have been a great lover of history. I read of great and daring men that had such a love for mankind that they forgot themselves and devoted their entire lives to the service of making others happy.

The one individual that stands out and will continue to be my favorite example of great love and patriotism is George Washington, the Father of Our Country.

Down deep in the recesses of my heart, I treasured the hope that I would some day come in contact with a living individual that in many respects would resemble this great and ideal character, George Washington. All through life, I had often contacted individuals that were doing a great work and those that reminded me of other great men, but I soon began to think that my treasured hope would probably prove to be a fantastic dream.

(Concluded on page 5)

Why Pupils Are Dropping Out of School

THE OLD, old question arises at the close of every school year: "Why so many failures and why such a small graduating class?"

The average typical public high school, according to U. S. Bulletin No. 37, issued by the U. S. Bureau of Education, has 40.1 per cent of its total enrollment in the ninth grade, or freshman year; 27 per cent in the tenth, or sophomore year; 18.8 per cent in the eleventh grade, or junior year; and 14.1 per cent in the twelfth grade, or senior year. Not all who are enrolled in the senior year graduate, or in other words, but 11 per cent of the total enrollment graduate annually.

The school will admit that it is not administering to the proper social needs of the child. That is due largely to the viewpoints the parents assume. The causes for a differentiation in viewpoints are both psychological and social. The present day change in attitude has come and with it the school is forced to cope.

It is almost impossible to over-emphasize the importance of the matter of proper home employment of leisure time. One is very safe in saying that the percentage of children injured in health through home study is negligible. The youth of questionable character and the loafer are products of misguided leisure.

The town type consolidated or community school furnishes the greatest problem. In this type of school the interests of parents differ too widely. Pupils come from the homes of farmers, business and professional men and laborers. In the average urban high school the social life is very simple and but little opportunity can be given pupils as a whole for participation in social affairs. This is due chiefly to the home environment. The child of the laborer does not have the same social environment in the home as the business or professional man's child. It is a real problem to get pupils to cast away acquired social habits and accept those provided by the school. Now, as never before, high school pupils are attending too many outside social activities on school nights and are not getting enough proper rest. Their minds are no longer strictly confined to their work while in the school room, but invariably wander away. Books are only a camouflage to make the parent believe the pupil is making use of his time and opportunities at school. Report cards to many are meaningless. Too little attention is given to the child's report. Among the pupils there are many who care but little for a high grade, simply a passing grade is high enough.

Too many parents are satisfied with the child's report card if the grades are high. Many parents go on the assumption that the child is progressing nicely if all grades are "passing" and that an injustice is being meted out to the child if a failing grade appears.

The delinquent list sheet provides for the name of the pupil, the subject or subjects in which the pupil is doing unsatisfactory work and the teacher's reason for the unsatisfactory work. Delinquent lists were handed to the superintendent every three weeks of the past school year.

A summary of the delinquent lists for grades five to twelve inclusive appears in the following table:

1. Classification Delinquents		1,208
a. Lacks foundation for work	633	
b. Work entirely too difficult, (should do work in a lower grade)	536	
c. Incapable	39	
2. Fails to make sufficient daily preparation		884
3. Laziness and indolence		457
4. Wrong attitude toward work		184
5. Irregular attendance, (sickness excluded)		103
6. Physical handicap, (sickness, injury and defective)		73
7. Dishonesty		29
8. Miscellaneous, (all other causes)		53
Total		2,991

The above table shows the number of subject delinquencies and not the number of pupils delinquencies as some pupils did unsatisfactory work in more than one subject.

Personal and parental pride account for most of the subject failures (See item 1.) The efficiency of the school has been greatly hampered by pupils in the various classes who attempted to do work far too difficult for them. When a pupil gets above the compulsory attendance in age and finds the work too heavy, he becomes discouraged and drops out of school. The child who is forced to repeat a grade usually shows signs of embarrassment early in the year, but when he finds that his work is satisfactory and he can make good grades he becomes contented and happy. In the junior and senior high school, some of the pupils have been pushed on and decidedly lack a proper foundation for the work. In such cases repeating the grade is of little benefit for the pupils. Many of these pupils drop out of school.

Item 6 speaks well for the teachers' interest and willingness to assist the pupils. Despite the fact that the school last year experienced two severe periods when a large percentage of pupils enrolled were absent because of sickness, only a very few subject delinquencies were reported and those were due largely to the pupils failing to make up the work they had missed. Most of the delinquencies in item 6 were due to physical defects, such as eyesight, hearing, etc. The home could do much in helping to reduce the subject delinquencies classified under items 1 to 5 inclusive. Parents do the child a great injustice by urging that he be pushed ahead when the pupil has not the foundation to carry the advanced work. Why sacrifice the future and the welfare of the child when closer cooperation between home and school would do much to bring about a proper solution for the problem?

Irregular attendance is not only responsible for many failures which mean a year wasted in the life of the child, wherein, had the pupil attended regularly, his promotion might have been assured. Not only has such a condition proved to be a great waste to the advancement in the life of the child, but it has been extremely costly to the taxpayer, as much money is wasted annually because of irregular attendance.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

(Concluded from page 3)

To make a long story short, for the past seven months I have contacted daily the individual that in many respects is a living George Washington, Dr. F. M. Register, the father of 700 children at Caswell Training School. Although Dr. Register, like Washington, is a childless father speaking from a paternal standpoint, he actually is an ideal father of love and kindness to every child at Caswell Training School.

George Washington often won his battles by sword and commanding words, for he was a great general, but Dr. Register wins innumerable battles with his winning smile, his kind, forgiving words that turn away wrath and his untiring efforts to establish happiness, peace, love, mutual understanding and loyal co-operation at Caswell Training School. In fact, his only rules of discipline to the 700 children to whom he is "Daddy Register," are love, kindness, forgiveness and sympathy.

Every true American citizen that ever contacted Washington loved and highly respected him. So it is with Dr. Register. He truly radiates the many characteristics of his outstanding personality to the individuals that meet him for the very first time.

Marguerite Thomas

———o———

CHILDREN'S DINING ROOM

The dining room girls come into the dining room at 6:30 o'clock in the morning. We start serving breakfast immediately. We have eight rows of tables to be served each time. After the meal is served each bell rings for the children to come into the dining room. We ring the bell again for the blessing and again for them to be seated and begin eating. After the meal is finished, the children march out and our dining room girls begin their morning's work. The dishes are put into trucks and taken to the dish room, where they are washed and dried. We then bring out our scrub-brushes and mops and clean the floors. The tables are set again for the next meal. At 11:30 o'clock we return to the dining room to serve dinner. At 12:00 o'clock the children again march into the dining room and the bell rings as at breakfast. After the meal is finished and the children march out, our dish washing and mopping is done and the tables set for supper. Our duties finished in the dining room, we are out until 5:00 o'clock, when we return to serve supper. The children march in again at 5:30 o'clock as at breakfast and dinner. After our work is finished for the day the children go to the building to chat awhile before bedtime. This is our daily routine of work, all under the supervision of Miss Mamie Bryant. We all enjoy our work very much.

Miss Wiggins, Dining room Matron

EVERYTHING IS HAPPY AT CASWELL

(Concluded from page 3)

The employees are very congenial and pleasant to work with, and as a nurse, I can say that Dr. Lee, Medical Director, and Mrs. Lehman, Head Nurse, are very nice, which also makes it pleasant to work here.

Miss Whitfield, Nurse

VISITING AT CASWELL

The other day a group of ladies came in our office and said if they would not be taking too much of our time, they would like to make a tour through Caswell. That is just what we want people to do, and what we like people to ask us to do—visit Caswell!

How can we ever make folks love Caswell if they do not come and see for themselves just what we are really trying to do? We are proud of our school, and what it has accomplished and what we hope to accomplish. We think we are doing a great work. When people really have their eyes and hearts opened and honestly tell us they think so too, we gather new energy and go after things with revived vim and vigor.

Would that we had the gift to tell you of the change of expression that comes over folks as we make our tour and explain a little of each department. They are really amazed and often times come back again and again. They can hardly believe us. Now don't get the idea that we have reached Utopia, for Caswell more than realizes that we have only made a small beginning of the vast undertakings ahead of us and the future generations in this work. But we do hope we have established the fact that our children can be trained and are being trained and that others will go forward where we have left off.

It has become a source of great satisfaction to see the interest and enthusiasm of the students of our consolidated schools on their visits to us. We wish we might quote a letter received from the secretary of one of the graduating classes of this year, but since we have not got time to get permission, we will have to quote later. So frequently we have high school boys and girls say, "It really makes me ashamed to think we have accomplished so little in comparison!"

We welcome visitors and wish more of you would come. We prefer your coming on Tuesdays and Thursdays, but you are welcome any day. Saturdays and Sundays are the only days we do not take visitors through our buildings. However, you may visit our office and your children even then, so come when you can. It is our pleasure to acquaint you with Caswell.

Mrs. Harlan,
Supervisor for boys and girls.

———o———

COTTAGE V

Christmas in Cottage V was enjoyed very much this year by the boys and also the matron. The boys were very proud of the candy, fruit and nuts that were furnished by the school. Also the toys, including footballs, tops, airplanes and gloves, were appreciated very much.

At meal time the boys here are very busy getting the tables set and ready for food to be served. When everything is ready, they line up and march to their places, give thanks and are seated. They certainly enjoy their meals.

We wish to thank Dr. Register, Mr. Stoud and all concerned for the nice things we had for Christmas.

Your Health Is Your Greatest Asset

Sixteen Rules of Hygiene

1. Ventilate every room you occupy.
2. Wear light, loose and porous clothes.
3. Seek outdoor occupations and recreation.
4. Sleep outdoors if you can.
5. Avoid overeating and overweight.
6. Avoid excess of high protein foods, such as meat, flesh foods, eggs; also excess of salt and highly seasoned foods.
7. Eat some hard, some bulky and some raw foods daily.
8. Eat slowly and taste your food.
9. Use sufficient water internally and externally.
10. Secure thorough intestinal elimination daily.
11. Stand, sit and walk erect.
12. Do not allow poisons and infections to enter the body.
13. Keep the teeth, gums and tongue clean.
14. Work, play, rest and sleep in moderation.
15. Breathe deeply; take deep-breathing exercises several times a day.
16. Keep serene and whole-hearted.

Periodic Examination

"TO MANY people," says Dr. Rankin, "the difference between being sick and being well is the difference between a horizontal and an upright position." They count themselves "not sick" so long as they are not forced to go to bed.

This attitude is giving place to a more sensible one. We find the life of an auto will be prolonged if we turn it in for a periodic inspection. Big troubles will often be nipped in the bud. Proper adjustments will be made.

The same attention should be given to your body. Far-sighted people are more and more presenting themselves for a yearly health examination. They are beginning to realize that medicine is divided into two great classes—preventive and curative. It is not always wise to wait for trouble to arrive and then attempt to cure. It is wiser to prevent trouble if possible. The sailor, when he sees the funnel-shaped cloud of the typhoon on the horizon, reefs in his sails at once and battens down his hatches. He is an example of preventive medicine.—Toledo Academy of Medicine.

Teeth and Health

AS A RESULT of wide experience in this field, the Life Extension Institute believes that as a part of the periodic health examination an X-ray examination of the teeth is a wise precautionary measure for all individuals, and imperative in all cases where extensive dental repair or pulpless teeth are present.

In a group of 20,000 people examined at the Head Office of the Institute, 63 per cent showed root infection; 94 per cent on the advice received took the X-ray films to their dentists; 78 per cent had extractions or treatment or both; 63 per cent of these reported improvement in symptoms or general health within six months.

The importance of thorough attention to general hygiene in order to build up resistance to mouth infection cannot be over-emphasized. Vigorous use of the jaws by thorough mastication and the eating of hard, resistant, crusty foods, should be part of the daily regime. The mouth should be kept aseptic, and the tongue and gums should be cleansed daily as well as the teeth. The teeth should be cleaned night and morning, and after each meal if possible, by rapid circular rotation of the brush, brushing from the gums toward the tips of the teeth, including both sets of gums.

Periodic examination and cleaning by the dentist are important safeguards. If the dentist has facilities for giving preventive treatment by special cleaning of the teeth, he should be visited every other month. If such a program is adopted it will generally be found unnecessary to visit him for any other purpose.

Weary Body Needs Rest, Not Food

AMERICANS have developed the habit of eating and drinking to relieve fatigue or merely to pass the time. When a person is tired the body needs a chance to recuperate and it is not advisable to take in quantities of food at such a time or to overstimulate the body with drinks and drugs, observes *Hygeia* editorially. Rest in times of fatigue will do more for the digestion than something thrown into the stomach.

The human being eats to provide energy for his daily work. The antidote to the desire to eat is the development of feelings of satisfaction. Those who go on eating merely because food is set before them overtax a system that recovers slowly from undue effort.

Do You Know?

THAT the human body is the only machine for which there are no spare parts. Therefore, learn to use rightfully those you have.

That if an organ of the body is not working properly it can in many cases be brought back to health, provided faulty habits and wrong methods of living are discovered and corrected.

That pure food, pure water, pure air, pure thoughts lose the jailor his job.

That health, like the highroad, is abundantly marked with sign posts. He who is not traveling too swiftly and will pause long enough to read the signs is sure to save himself trouble and disappointment.

That parents should recognize the fact that they are responsible to the child, rather than that the child is responsible to them.

That it is the parents' duty to develop the child physically, mentally, and morally.

That health is the foundation of success.

That every mother should know what a balanced diet is.

That children need pure milk during school hours.

That adenoids, bad teeth and impaired eyesight, if neglected, may prevent a child from supporting itself at maturity.

Deep Breathing

ONE of the most important factors in building and maintaining good health is to breathe deeply. Several times daily, stop and deliberately take half a dozen or more deep breaths. Inhale through your nose, and at the same time expand your abdomen and chest to their fullest extent. Exhale through your mouth, slowly, smoothly, deeply. Realize that deep breathing cleanses your lungs and fills them with life-giving oxygen. Enjoy the exercise and get the full benefit of its invigorating effect. Deep breathing is the basis of robust health. Remind yourself many times daily to breathe deeply, and continue this practice until it becomes an unconscious habit. The last thing at night, take several deep breaths at an open window.—Glenville Kleiser.

NOTES FROM OUR CHILDREN

My name is Mary. I was born on Jenken farm and then we moved to Oak Spring farm. I was taken to Caswell Training School when I was eight years old and have been here ever since. Now I will tell you why I was taken there. I would not stay at home and my mother would be scared to death. My favorite town is Tarboro, so you see that I am a tar baby.—Mary.

I had a nice Christmas and I know all the rest had, too. I was in the Junior Ward and I know all the children down there had a nice time.

I had a dress from Miss Hazel E. Wertman and I sure do like it. It is very nice of her to send me something. I thank Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. Taylor and Dr. Register for the things they got for me. I thank Miss Edith Wladkowski too for giving me a dress last Christmas. I thank Mrs. Askew for all she has done for me. I liked the Christmas program.—Katie.

When I came here I was a little girl and now I am 16 years old, and am having a good time. I like to go to the shows on Friday night and I enjoy them a lot. We went to Morehead last summer.—Jean.

When I came here I was eight years old, but I am 14 years old now. I am working in the sewing room. I make shirts and underwear. I like to make all the things in the sewing room. Mrs. Stokes is my sewing room matron and I like her.—Ora.

———o———

FLAT WORK IRONER

May I call your attention to the flat work ironer, which is the largest and most expensive single machine in the laundry department? It requires six properly trained girls for this work. One girl sorts and shakes out linen, placing it in reach of the two girls who are feeding linen through the ironer. Now there are two girls to receive the linen and fold sheets and other large garments one at a time and place it on a table nearby for the next girl to finish folding and packing. It is ready then for me to check and send the linen out to the department in which it belongs.

Inmates of the institution do this work and I get best results from these girls. I, myself, must be cheerful and agreeable, always ready to listen to their troubles and worries, trying always to amend any little misunderstanding that may come up; and by all means never lose control of my temper in their presence no matter how trying the situation may become.

Mrs. Sally Fisher, Laundry Matron

———o———

GARDENING IN JANUARY

The month of January is the time when one should prepare the soil for the hardy vegetables to be planted. It is also the best time to plant garden peas of the smooth seed variety.

The first cabbage of spring should be transplanted during January and February. There are many reasons why the work of the garden is so important at this season. Chiefly among these is to kill insects and get a fine seed bed.

At this time I also wish to express my sincere appreciation for the splendid attention I received while I was sick at the Caswell hospital the week before Christmas.

J. H. Smith, Gardener

THE SEWING ROOM

The sewing room is where all the overalls, dresses and most all the clothes the children wear are made.

We have 24 girls in this building, 18 of these are machine girls, four of these girls do all the button-hole work, two girls piece quilts together, which takes all the scraps so there is no material wasted. We have also been making Negro rag dolls. These dolls are sold for 75 cents a piece. The girls get 15 cents for every doll they make. The girls enjoy their work very much and often say they are so glad they have learned to sew. Some of the girls bring pictures and patterns of how they want their dresses made. The girls in the sewing room all plan how they want their dresses made. The girls in the sewing room also make their own dresses.

Mrs. Leonard, head matron of the sewing room, comes over every morning at 7:30 and always has a large smile on her face and, of course, this helps us to begin a pleasant day for the girls. The radio helps pass the day and everyone seems to enjoy listening to it. Everyone likes to work in the sewing room and we are all very happy.

Mrs. Stokes, Sewing Room Matron

———o———

COTTAGE I

We welcome the new girl, Lillie Mae, to our cottage. We hope she is going to enjoy living with us.

Peggy is greatly missed by all of us. She left us after Christmas for a visit with her uncle in Cramerton. We hope she will have a nice time while away.

We have started eating in the cottage. We like it much better than going to the big dining room through the cold and rain. Everybody is excited when the wagon drives up with the food. They begin asking, "May I help serve?" After the food is served and everyone is ready to eat, they form a line and march in the serving room, where we have three tables with six children to each table. When they are seated at the table, they return thanks. Each child is served individually.

The children spend the cold afternoons sewing and knitting. They seem to enjoy this very much. They were delighted with the picture "Maytime," as they like good pictures very much.

Mrs. Happer - Inez Stroud, Matrons

———o———

WOOTEN A BUILDING

We of the Wooten A building have a very nice group of girls to work with. The building girls, Bertha and Nellie, seem to take great pleasure in keeping the building spic and span. The other girls also seem glad to help when they are not busy elsewhere.

One of the things that the girls enjoy most is the program given by Rev. Clifton Rice every morning at 7:15 o'clock. We thank Vida Smith very much for the use of her radio, which makes it possible for us to get Rev. Rice's program, as well as many other interesting programs.

Mrs. Dickerson - Miss Davis, Matrons

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

Did you hear about the oculist who fitted the prize-fighter with a pair of glasses and said to him: "You only have to wear these when you work."

It pays to be careful. A guy at an auction sale the other day got a beautiful grandfather's clock by merely scratching his ear.

Cicero the Cynic Says: Don't question your wife's judgment—look who she married.

* * *

No, No, Horace, when it is said that a man has more money than sense, this does not necessarily mean that he is rich.

* * *

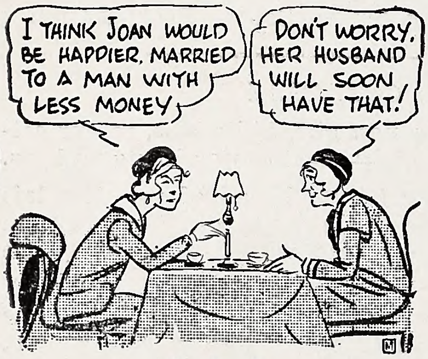
No, No, Maudie—A parasite is not the thing with which you jump out of airplanes. Sinus trouble has nothing to do with an inability to read signs.

* * *

Did You Know that the reason a Scotch bagpiper walks up and down when playing is because it is always harder to hit a moving target.

* * *

Among Us Girls.


I THINK JOAN WOULD BE HAPPIER, MARRIED TO A MAN WITH LESS MONEY
DON'T WORRY, HER HUSBAND WILL SOON HAVE THAT!
M

* * *

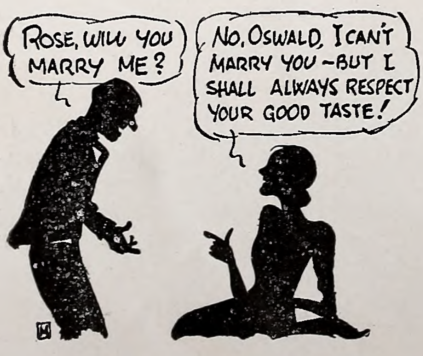
A Street Car Story. Once upon a time there was a man on a street car who got up and offered his seat to a lady. The woman fainted. When she recovered consciousness she thanked him. Then he fainted.

* * *

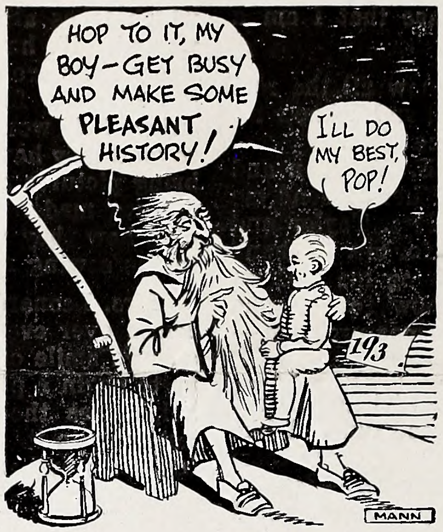
So the Story Goes: Once upon a time there was a Dubb who wanted to get into the Art Game. He knew nothing about drawing. Strange to say, his first attempts brought him luck and he was acclaimed by the critics as a Great Modern Artist. Despite this meteoric success, he was afflicted by a gnawing doubt. He feared that if he kept at this work long enough he would learn how to draw.

* * *

Consolation.


ROSE, WILL YOU MARRY ME?
NO, OSWALD, I CAN'T MARRY YOU—BUT I SHALL ALWAYS RESPECT YOUR GOOD TASTE!
M

Happy New Year!

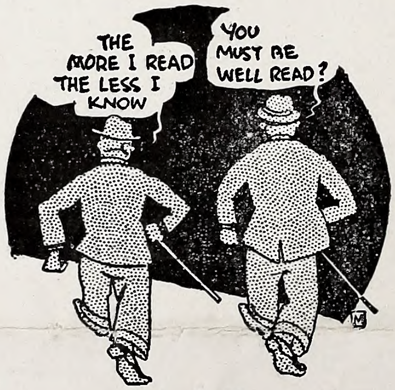

HOP TO IT, MY BOY—GET BUSY AND MAKE SOME PLEASANT HISTORY!
I'LL DO MY BEST, POP!
193
MANN

* * *

More Than Likely. A subscriber to one of the book leagues is sojourning in a penitentiary. He wrote them very indignantly that he had not been receiving his December books, adding the comment, "There must be a bunch of crooks around here."

* * *

Literary.


THE MORE I READ THE LESS I KNOW
YOU MUST BE WELL READ?
M

* * *

Political Note. A man who can wear a silk hat and a tail coat without looking as if he were going to a wedding has all the elements necessary to make a good statesman.

* * *

The Most Optimistic Man we know was the fellow who bought five of these inventions guaranteed to save 20% of the coal bill, thinking that he would save buying coal altogether.

* * *

Travel Note. A fellow just home from the South Seas was telling this story to his friends. "Every spring," he said, "there's an outbreak of head-hunting among the natives. The whites don't mind. They just call it, 'Gathering nuts in May.' "

Police Court Note. Life is made up of trials, with an occasional conviction.

* * *

Sure Thing. "He's got a very promising future; he's got a job as a bill collector."

* * *

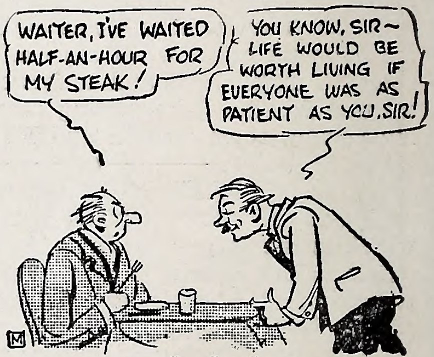
Terpsichorean. She called her boy "Mustard" when they were dancing, because he was always on her dogs.

* * *

Misunderstood. A minister went to a library the other day and asked for "The Kentucky Cardinal." He demurred when the librarian began to look under "Religious." "This cardinal was a bird," he protested the minister. "I'm not interested in his personal habits," said the librarian.

* * *

Well! Well!!


WAITER, I'VE WAITED HALF-AN-HOUR FOR MY STEAK!
YOU KNOW, SIR—LIFE WOULD BE WORTH LIVING IF EVERYONE WAS AS PATIENT AS YOU, SIR!
M

* * *

When a man says he is self-made, it is difficult to know if he is boasting or apologising.

* * *

Among the Internes. "What would you do in the case of a person eating poisonous mushrooms," asked the medican professor. I'd recommend a change of diet," suggested one student.

* * *

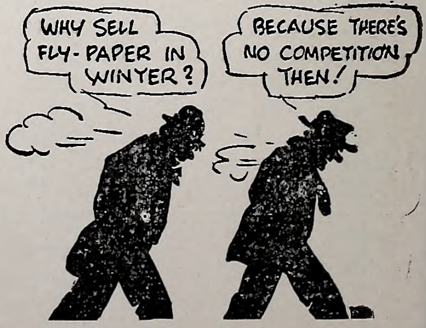
Warning To Hunters. A deer has antlers. Beware of an animal wearing a cap with a pipe in its mouth. This probably is not a deer.

* * *

Domestic Note. Many a parent who was eager to teach the baby to talk, now spends a lot of time teaching him to keep quiet.

* * *

A Bright Idea.


WHY SELL FLY-PAPER IN WINTER?
BECAUSE THERE'S NO COMPETITION THEN!

NORTH CAROLINA
STATE LIBRARY

The Caswell News

Little Boy Blue

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face,
And they wonder, as waiting these long years thru,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field

Volume *3*

Number *1*

MARCH, 1938

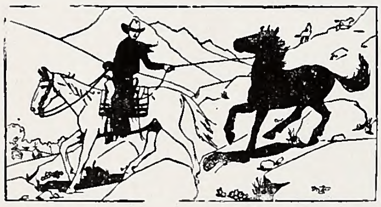
CHILDREN'S PAGE

BRONC

BRONC was a mountain pony with short, sturdy legs and a stocky little body. His life was free and happy, and he spent most of his time wandering about the hills in search of the tenderest grass and clearest streams.

One day, as he dashed over the top of a hill, he was brought to a sudden stop by a lasso pulling tightly about his neck. The cowboy brought him to his new home among strange horses.

Bronco was to be trained and it took many days to learn all the new and difficult things expected of him. It was hard to stand quietly, for instance, when he felt something jump on his back. He always wanted to throw it off by dashing round and round and kicking up his heels.

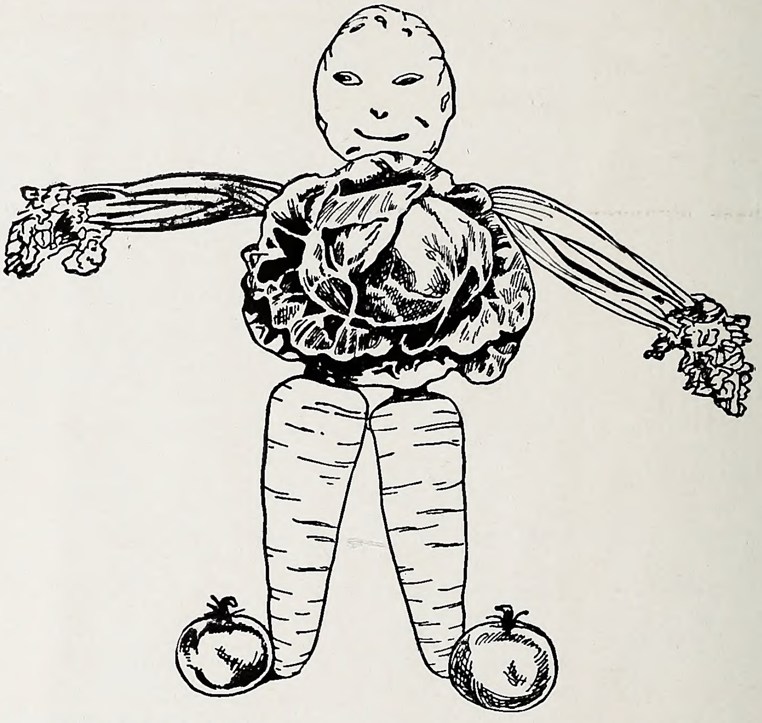


He learned to stop and to go when told to do so, to turn at a tug of the rein, and to follow at the end of a rope without pulling back.

One day he was sold and taken away from the hills where he had always lived. His new home was different from the old, and daily the children were clamoring about him or proudly riding upon his back. One afternoon while standing in his stable he was startled to see two strange boys hiding in the hay. Whispering together they untied the haltar rope, and leading him out through the alley way, jumped on his back. When they had gone a short distance, Bronc felt a sudden jab of pain in his side, and his startled jump only caused a gale of laughter from the boys. In a few moments the same thing happened again, and in fear and pain Bronc dashed ahead at a rapid trot. By this time the boys were bobbing up and down on his back, and their heels were digging into him as they made an effort to cling on. At every dig of their heels the fearful pain would come again, until Bronc was galloping madly, he knew not where. Dashing across a roughly plowed field, Bronc suddenly stumbled and fell. Both boys tumbled to the ground, jumped up, and ran toward home.

Bronc made an effort to get up, but it was useless. One leg was doubled beneath him, and he neighed with pain as he tried to straighten it. Just then he heard the welcome voices of his little masters and mistresses. They led him limping very slowly toward home. Then a clean new bed of straw was made and fresh water brought for him. When the doctor came he said gravely, "Bronc must go back to his mountain home again. There, with rest and care, he will become as strong as ever again."

So Bronc traveled back to the hills, and as he neared his old home he lifted his head to sniff the fresh mountain breeze. The gurgle of the water over the rocks reminded him of the children's voices, with whom he would again be playing as soon as his ankle became strong again.



THE VEGETABLE MAN

I've drawn for you the best I can
A queer little, fat little Vegetable man.
His body's a cabbage, his head's a potato,
His legs are long carrots, each foot's a tomato.
Two slim stalks of celery arms for him make,
And he will be finished if you will just take
Your crayons and color this Vegetable fellow
Green and light brown and scarlet and yellow!
And when you have finished perhaps someone can
Make a vegetable stew, from the Vegetable man.

The Caswell News

Vol. 3 - No. 1 KINSTON, N. C., MARCH, 1938 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS

Again we wish to call attention to psychological examinations. We give the service free, when appointments are made. Always write in for appointment allowing plenty of time for an answer on account of slowness of mail as we are on a RFD route, Kinston, N. C.

A psychological examination of a child means a great deal in entering a child in Caswell Training School. By a thorough examination of a child we find that we could take a child, while the application blank alone would indicate that we had no place for the child.

Entering children by the quota due a county is the only fair way as we see it for entering children at Caswell Training School. We have only one school for a large population. We have 1000 on the waiting list and would have more if there were any hopes of entering them in our school.

Every county is due a certain number of beds in our school according to population. Of course, we cannot exactly go by this in all cases because some counties have had more than their quota for years. Of course there are several factors that enter into this quota business that we could only explain by letter. We will say this, however, we do our best to give every county "a square deal."—F. M. R.

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WHY I LIKE TO WORK AT CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

I am glad to be a part, however small, of such an organization as the Caswell Training School. It is good to live and work where every effort leads to the happiness of children. Every day brings opportunities for making life brighter and more worthwhile for others, the employees as well as for the children. And then I like to think of the homes represented here—the fathers and mothers who are happier because their children are well-cared for, safe and happy. Too, I think of the many throughout our state who contribute to the upkeep and upbuilding of this school, by work, taxes, or in any material way. We, as employees of the school, are a part of a dream—a dream, the fruition of which is the happiness and wholesome living that we see around us. I am glad to be a part in making this dream come true. Life here is routine, more or less, but along with the routine every day brings a challenge for radiant living. Every employee here is a distinct personality, making his own contribution to a worth-while organization, an organization which is weakened when anyone of us fails to "measure up" so to speak. The old adage that no chain is stronger than its weakest link is true, if trite. No association is stronger than its least loyal member, each cog in the wheel must function if the wheel as a whole is to function successfully. So I repeat, it is good to live and work at Caswell. I am glad of the daily contacts that I make with the employees here. Every one has something to contribute to my becoming a bigger, finer person, and I hope this thought will be with me and bring to me the courage, the patience, and the humility to absorb these contributions, thus helping me to be a more efficient cog in the wheel of life as lived at Caswell.

"Life? And worth living?
Yes, with each part of us—
Hurt of us, help of us,
  hope of us, heart of us,
Life is worth living.
Ah! with the whole of us,
Will of us, brain of us,
  senses and soul of us.
Is life worth living?
Aye, with the best of us,
Height of us, depths of us—
Life is the test of us."

M. L. U.

o

PIGGERY REPORT

Again we are proud to say for the past twelve months that we have been very successful with our hogs. We raise each year on our farm around 375 Hampshire hogs. Now that we have a refrigerator plant we do not have any trouble keeping our meat.

It is a real pleasure to walk through the dining room where 400 boys and girls are served and watch the smiles on their faces while they are enjoying a serving of this meat.

Since August 15, 1937, we have killed 250 hogs which weighed over 200 pounds each. From these hogs we placed in our meat room 54,404 pounds of nice meat; 1830 pounds of sausage and 7550 pounds of lard. We now have on hand 45 hogs that will be killed within a short time. Prospects for good country meat look very bright here at the Caswell Training School for the next twelve months as we now have 185 young Hampshire pigs.

Best of luck to you, Mr. Braxton, and we hope another report of this type can be published next year.—S. H. Stroud, Business Manager.

School Costs And The Public

HOW inexpensive good schools are! It is one of the tricks of the retrenchment propagandists to set forth increases in school costs without taking into account the large expansion in other phases of our life. School costs have increased remarkably, but not so rapidly as have the demands which the public has made upon the school. The standard of living has gone up and education is an essential element of that standard. How inexpensive schools are! According to Bureau of Education figures the total expenditure per capita of population for education was only $16.25 in 1924; $17.15 in 1925, and $17.50 in 1926. Divide $17.50 by 365 and the quotient is less than five cents a day per capita for the education of the nation's children—the most important single activity of organized society.

The United States is saving about fifteen percent of its income. Certainly a nation which can show such a record need have no fears over the expenditure of 2.68 percent of its income for education. The health, skill, and purpose of the people constitute the wealth of the nation. To deny youth the adjustment which schools can give is virtually to deny life itself and to destroy the security of this basic human wealth.

The public schools are the public's schools. Let parents and citizens once appreciate their real significance and they will support them generously. Among things which teachers may do to fortify the schools against unreasonable attacks are the following:

Let every teacher and school officer make sure that the schools are doing the best work that can be done with available resources.

Let every child understand the importance of the schools in his life and his obligation as a citizen to protect and support them.

Encourage influential citizens to acknowledge their debt to the schools.

Make the birthday of Horace Mann, May 4, each year, an occasion for a study of his contribution to American life.

In every promotion and commencement ceremony call attention to the school's importance and its large contribution to the life of the community along lines indicated by each of the seven cardinal objectives.

Let American Education week each year be a time of educational revival, when parents, teachers and citizens will unite in appreciation of the school and its service to the community.

Efficiency counts. We need not delude ourselves into thinking that the nation can afford to do less than its best by all its youth. People move about easily and depend much upon each other. We are one in the end and our children will be more intimately dependent upon the intelligence and good spirit of their fellows than we are today. The slow and sure process of education is the only way out. Our people have started upon that way and they dare not turn back, for it is the way of freedom and achievement. All that we put into the schools comes back manyfold. We put a dollar into education and gather two from our commerce; we built technical schools and found new industries; we draw four million of our young people into high schools and lay the foundation for a new civilization. We cannot afford to starve education—fundamental alike to individual success and national security. Let us rather insist that money wisely spent for good schools is an intelligent investment which every community should make according to its resources, its needs, and its ambitions for its children.

'Round Home

by Chas. S. Kinnison

Old-Fashioned Flowers

The old-fashioned flowers seem sweetest to me,
For some fancied reason or other—
In each fragrant petal there's something I see
That always reminds me of Mother.
The mem'ry it brings me is winsomely sweet,
A mem'ry that never shall perish—
And in it the two of us smilingly meet—
A love-laden mem'ry I cherish.

We stroll through the garden, and stop here and there,
Admiring the colorful splendor
Of flowers she's planted and nurtured with care,
With hands that were loving and tender.
We stop at the roses and chat for a while—
She tells me how sweetly they're scented,
And there 'midst the flowers our hearts are a-smile;
How happy are we, and contented!

And here are the zinnias, the dahlias, and phlox;
The sunflowers, nodding and lazy,
And threading among them are neat little walks—
And there is an old-fashioned daisy!
And now as we're leaving the garden, I find—
For some fancied reason or other—
The old-fashioned flowers seem gentle and kind,
And so they remind me of Mother.

CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTER

One of the purposes of this institution, as prescribed by Consolidated Statutes, is to disseminate knowledge concerning the extent, nature and menace of mental deficiency. In this respect Caswell Training School is giving the State a good service, and is helping to eradicate some popular but false conceptions concerning the nature of mental deficiency in general, and the State's Institution for Mental Defectives in particular.

A great many of the visitors to this institution (and Caswell Training School has been visited almost daily) still come with the idea in mind that the population here is made up of mentally diseased people. Others imagine all mental defectives to be very low-grade helpless idiots, and are surprised to find here individuals who differ very little from some whom we encounter daily outside an institution of this kind. Our visitors experience many surprises, one of which was recently experienced by one of our visitors, a pastor, who came here with little knowledge about the Institution. After listening to the glee club, made up of some of our children, he asked the music teacher to tell him how come these individuals sing so enthusiastically. He complained that he cannot make his parishioners as enthusiastic about singing as these children seem to be. The music teacher rightly replied that her glee club members sing just because they want to.

Of late not only groups of college and university students have come to Caswell Training School, but classes of high school students with their teachers have visited this place for the purpose of learning something about mental deficiency. Many of these classes come from long distances which indicates how great the desire is for information about this institution and about feeble-mindedness in general. Their reactions to explanations given to them are indeed very favorable and their numerous pertinent questions indicate even more the importance of disseminating knowledge of the nature and extent of mental deficiency. Caswell Training School is eager to serve the state by helping spread information which will help in the training and control of mental defectives, and such groups of visitors which have been coming to Caswell Training School should be encouraged to continue their visits and to send others.—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

A STUDY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

The advanced girls and boys are showing a lively interest in their study of North Carolina. Several weeks ago they began the study of North Carolina's wild flowers and quite a number of boys as well as girls have painted some very creditable pictures.

We began this study not only to develop an appreciation of our wild flowers, but also to show the importance of conserving them. Although flowers give much pleasure to many people, their real purpose is to make seeds. If the flower did not make seeds, there would be no flowers. Several kinds of wild flowers are becoming so scarce that soon there will not be any left. There are several reasons for this. One is that people have picked so many of some flowers that there are not enough left to make seeds.

Often people are not careful when picking flowers. They tear up the leaves and roots of the plant, or pull off great branches of the shrubs. When left to grow the next year, there is nothing to grow. The flowers in the woods around Caswell are lovely. I hope all the boys and girls will take walks to the woods this spring and enjoy the wild flowers. If you do try to remember that you can help to protect our flowers, gather only a few flowers of each kind. If the flowers are scarce, do not pick any of them. Pick flowers carefully and be sure not to disturb the roots. Do not pick flowers that wilt easily.

"I like hyacinths in flower pots and bulbs on window sills. I like sweetpeas in trellises and wild flowers on the hills. I like bright pansies in a bed in your yard or in ours. I like rock-garden blossoms, too. In fact, I just like flowers."—Mrs. B. S. Barnes.

KINDERGARTEN

The kindergarten girls and Mrs. Dawson's sewing class at Cottage I have had a happy time making and embroidering aprons and tea towels. They have an order nearly ready for ten aprons which will make 16 sold this year. Each girl gets a nickel out of the 15 cents, the price of an apron. Part of this goes to the older girls who do the machine work, the balance to buy embroidery thread and material. The little boys wanted to sew too, so several made marble bags and their nice matron, Miss Davis, embroidered their initials on some and put some feather stitching on others. Our new project is for each girl in Cottage I and II to make a napkin with their initials and some other embroidery.—K.P.D.

BRIDGE

The Caswell teachers gave a benefit bridge for the Legion Auxiliary Tuesday afternoon, February 22, at 3:30 o'clock. Twenty ladies played cards in the music room where Mrs. Hughes had recently hung soft red draperies. Mrs. Askew arranged many bowls of lovely spring flowers and tall jars of gorgeous pear blossoms. The tallies were paper hatchets and the score pads carried out the patriotic idea. Mrs. Barnes' cooking class served fudge cake, coffee, and salted nuts. A prize for high score was given at each table. Mrs. J. L. Aycock got the general high score prize, a pedestal ash tray donated by Quinn and Miller. Several who could not come sent contributions totaling ten dollars.—K.P.D.

THE REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT

Our refrigeration department consists of five refrigerators. We keep the cooked food in the first one, raw meat in the second one, and raw vegetables, sandwich spread, salad dressing, and canned beef in the third. The milk and butter, pickles, canned vegetables, and eggs are in the fifth.

There are two other rooms to the department that have no refrigeration. The ice cream freezer is in one of them and jars that go to the employees are washed and filled in the other one.

These seven rooms are kept clean. Shelves are scrubbed and mopped and clean cloths are put over the food and milk. Everything is very clean and handled carefully.—Jessie Turner.

COTTAGE IV

Cottage IV was opened October 25, 1937. We came to the Cottage with eight little girls. We wanted to see just how happy we could make them. The Cottage was also to be used as an experiment in teaching low grade mental defective children.

Of course the first step to happiness is cleanliness, so our first motto was "cleanliness is next to Godliness".

Then came our large supply of blocks and beads and many other things for the children to play with. Miss Wladkowski, the psychologist, made trips almost daily to our Cottage to give instructions and new ideas on how to make the little folks happy and to teach them to be able to do things for themselves. Mrs. Dawson, the kindergarten teacher, also comes three times each week and gives them some training.

We would like for everyone to know just how happy we are in Cottage IV. Come to see us.—Mrs. Victorian and Miss Wagstaf, Matrons.

COTTAGE II

We have 18 happy little girls in Cottage II, and it is wonderful to know that as each day goes by they are still growing happier for they are looking forward to something new that we have planned to do the next day to make our cottage a better and more home-like place in which to live since we are serving and eating our food in our own little serving room. It is a real home, just a big happy family.

We want to thank Mrs. Register very much for the beautification of our yards and we are very eager to see them completed. We are willing to cooperate with Mrs. Register in every way possible to keep our grounds beautiful. We are indeed very glad to have Dr. Register back with us again, and we sincerely hope he will continue to improve.—Miss Surles and Miss Martin.

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has had many requests for programs to be given to schools and churches. We are glad to comply with these requests whenever possible.

During January we worshipped with the Gordon Street Church of Christ at their 5:00 o'clock vesper service. The Glee Club sang three hymns. "The Lord Is My Shepherd", a spiritual, "Were You There?" and "Now the Day is Over".

On February 10, we visited the Wheat Swamp School at the monthly meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association. We gave them a 40-minute program including songs by the Glee Club and Harmonica Band and several dances by the boys and girls.

We have given many impromptu programs for visitors at the school. These have all been well received and we have had much pleasure in presenting them.—Mrs. Ramon Askew, Director of Music.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Emma Grady wishes to express her heartfelt appreciation to Dr. Lee, the nurses and to all who were so thoughtful and kind to her during her recent illness.

THE SQUARE DANCING

A new feature to an old custom has taken place in our social activities at Caswell. We are dancing. The boys and girls are enjoying the square dances to the fullest. We have had two already and hope to continue having them at least once a month.

From the way our young people are learning and the rhythm they have, it will not be long before they can be entered in all square dance contests. Around 30 or 40 couples attended the dance on March 2. The music was furnished by the Cauley String Band. The feature was a most delightful surprise to all. It was obtained through the efforts of Dr. Register and Mr. Stroud.

Little Miss Cauley was the star performer of the **musicians.** She is a little seven year old lady and sings and dances most delightfully. Our boys and girls especially enjoyed her and gave her encore after encore to which she responded with almost as much enthusiasm as her audience.

Mr. Hubert Smith called the figures and with Mrs. Smith led the sets. "You swing mine and I'll swing yours" was the choice figure. How those boys could swing the ladies! How those ladies could dance around!

During intermission the refreshment committee served most delightful orange juice made from real ripe oranges and using only the unadulterated juice.

That is another wonderful treat we have had. Oranges! But that belongs to another item of good times.

After two hours of fun, most of us were ready to call it a party and wait until next month for another. The musicians were enthusiastically thanked and applauded and after saying good night to the chaperones, the boys and girls hurried away to their buildings to tell their less fortunate classmates the fun they had missed.

The employees helping and chaperoning were Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Smith, Misses Potter, Stroud, Smith, Scott, Thomas, Mrs. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Higgins, and Mr. and Mrs. Harlan.

THE MORNING CLINIC

The most interesting duty as a nurse here is the morning clinic. We come in contact with every type of child.

In the basement, we treat the older high grade children who are unable to come to the clinic. Everything is very systematic. Each group of children with the attendant or matron marches in very quietly and waits its turn to be treated. The ones that can talk always say "thank you" and a smile from the ones that cannot talk.

We then visit the Dawson building where the babies are. It is very interesting to watch the matrons and working girls going about their work. As we approach the McNairy Dewey and Cartwright buildings you hear the happy greetings for some are standing at the windows to say "hey nurse", or "good morning". Some of the children crowd around you and demand treatment first.

It always makes them happy if you show them some special attention. Frances and Vernon especially like to be noticed and are the first to greet you for the morning "hug".

The matrons, attendants and working children are always very nice to assist in every way.—Doris Thompson.

Newest Notes of Science

An automobile polish has been developed in colors to match the finish of cars on which it is used.

The Italian government is planning two systems of subways to cover a total distance of about twenty-seven miles from Rome.

To assure quiet it is planned to pave the streets around hospitals and churches in Melbourne with rubber blocks.

More than two hundred acres of land for suburban development will be added to Panama City by filling in a portion of Panama Bay.

For lubricating the inner sides of railroad rails at curves, a pneumatic, hand-operated grease container has been invented.

An English invention is a potato-digging machine using link motion tines that practically imitate the action of a hand fork.

Operating by electricity, a portable pipe organ console has been invented that can be moved to any part of a building for use.

With a triangular top and three feet a camp stool has been invented that folds compactly enough to be carried in a coat pocket.

Ten main highways to cross the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and a greater number from north to south have been planned.

In the 26,800,000 homes in the United States there are 18,000,000 telephones, 17,000,000 passenger automobiles, and 11,000,000 phonographs.

To save the use of push buttons a German has invented a cable for light electric currents that can be squeezed at any point to complete a circuit.

A commodious metal body that can be attached to almost any automobile chassis has been designed for tourists who camp out while on their journeys.

To lighten the loads carried by football players suits padded with foam rubber instead of fiber, without lessening their protection, have been designed.

Radio broadcasting service is now available in almost every inhabited region in the world, a billion persons living within the zone of constant reception.

Inflatable rubber bags have been invented for attachment to canoes to make them unsinkable.

California has the only known farm in the world on which giant cactus are cultivated for their fruit, which is made into preserves, jellies and candies.

Consumption of all kinds of paper in the United States in 1927 has been estimated at more than nine million tons, an increase of one million tons from 1926.

Increasing their daily capacity from fifty-seven thousand tons to seventy thousand three hundred and fifty tons last year, Canada's paper mills plan an additional twelve hundred tons increase by the end of this year.

After ten years of experimenting two Englishmen have developed a method for making bricks from the sand that goes to waste after being used to polish glass.

The builders of an all-metal English airplane have installed the motors in the wings with a view to obtaining maximum of efficiency from them.

Natives of Columbia weave blankets and clothing and make fishing lines from the silk-like fiber of a plant that sometimes grows fifteen feet long.

A new reel for garden hose can be attached to a faucet and the hose used without unwinding more than the amount needed to reach a desired place.

A new heater for enclosed automobiles utilizes the exhaust gases to warm fresh air and eliminates the danger of back pressure on a motor.

On the average each ton of ore taken from the famous Rand gold mines of South Africa contains about six and a third pennyweights of the precious metal.

Made of spring wire that adjusts itself to all sizes, a drying form stretches all the fingers and all the rest of a glove evenly after it has been cleansed.

After extensive experiments a Bavarian naturalist decided that it is doubtful if birds can distinguish one color from another.

A bracelet has been invented to hold a ball of yarn on a knitter's wrist.

An inventor has combined a check book holder and check protector with a billfold.

Aluminum is coming into general use in Germany as a substitute for copper in electrical devices.

When the porcelain top of a new kitchen cabinet is slid back an ironing board can be raised for use.

Rumania, Bulgaria and China are among the few nations in which radio broadcasting is prohibited.

Lightning is said to strike trees with rough furrowed bark more frequently than those with smooth bark.

Sunflower pith, which is eight times lighter than cork, is being used in life preservers in Germany.

It is proposed to heat the entire city of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, with water pumped from the island's hot springs.

Portable apparatus has been invented in Germany for pumping hot air into new buildings to dry them quickly for occupancy soon after their completion.

The British army has been given a transport airplane that can carry twenty-five fully equipped soldiers and a hospital plane of the same size.

According to a Cincinnati expert the loss sustained in the United States each year from smoke and its effects amounts to $1,870,000,000.

British medical authorities have recognized radio reception as a valuable treatment for nervous ailments as it soothes those who are so afflicted.

The Chilean government is experimenting with a process invented in that country that makes use of iodine in solution in the extraction of copper.

A PAGE OF FUN FOR EVERYONE

Tamale: "What became of Schmidt?"

Carne: "Why, he went to America and made a name for himself there."

Tamale: "How?"

Carne: "He calls himself Smith now."

* * *

Teacher: "If you subtract 14 from 116, what's the difference?"

Johnny: "Yeah; I think it's a lot of foolishness, too."

* * *

Young Scribbler and his bride were alone for the first time in their new home. "Darling," she cried, "I must make a terrible confession to you—I can't cook."

"Aw, that's all right, dear. I've a confession to make, too. I'm a poet and there won't be anything to cook."

* * *

"A man came here this afternoon and took the census."

"Couldn't you keep up the payments?"

* * *

Film Magnate: "Who's that runt?"

Director: "Why, that's Napoleon."

Film Magnate: "Why did you get such a little man to play such an important part?"—London Passing Show.

* * *

Floridian (picking up melon): "Is this the largest apple you can grow in your state?"

Californian: "Stop fingering that grape."

* * *

My wife's sense of humor is bad. The other day I heard a good conundrum and decided to catch her on it.

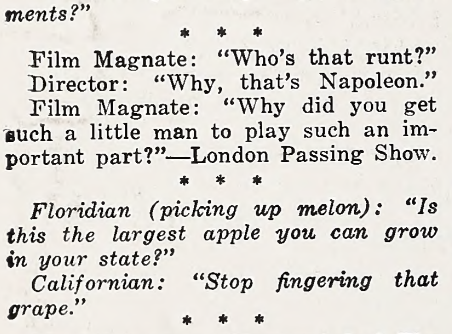
"Why are men like mules?" I asked her when I went home.

"Don't judge all men by yourself," was her meaningless answer.

* * *

"Is he financially embarrassed?"

"He's in debt, I believe; but it would take more than that to embarrass him!"



—Cartoon by Jacobbson.

When he stood up he was spellbound. The big and jubilant audience dazed him, and as he stammered and stuttered in an attempt to get started, one of the members of the audience halloed: "Tell 'em all you know, Bill. It won't take long."

That was just enough to rile Bill.

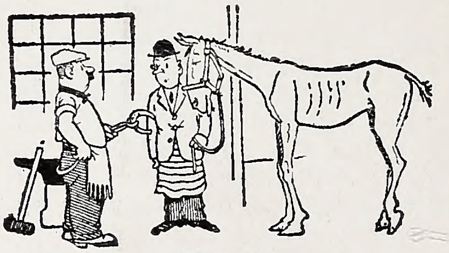
"I'll tell 'em all we both know," he shot back. "It won't take any longer."

* * *

"Which travels faster—heat or cold?"

"Heat, because you can catch cold easily."

* * *



Whoa!

The village milkman bought a horse for the morning round. It was not exactly a thoroughbred, but it had four legs.

One day he took his bargain to the blacksmith to have him shod. The smith regarded the weary-looking animal critically, paying particular attention to his lean body and spindly legs.

"You ought to have a horse there some day," he said at length. "I see you've got the scaffolding up."—Tit-Bits.

* * *

Father: "If someone strikes you on the right cheek, you must turn your left cheek. Now, what should you do if a boy hit you?"

Son: "How big a boy, daddy?"

* * *

The owner of a cheap watch brought it into the jeweler's shop to see what could be done for it.

"The mistake I made, of course," he admitted, "was in dropping it."

"Well, I don't suppose you could help that," the jeweler remarked. "The mistake you made was picking it up."

* * *

Modern progress is indeed wonderful. It has made it possible for a man to get indigestion and a remedy for it at the same drug store.—Louisville Times.

* * *

First Visitor: "My dear, these cakes are as hard as a stone."

Second Visitor: "I know. Didn't you hear her say, 'Take your pick,' when she handed them around?"—Denver Clarion.

Lodger: "This steak is like a cold day in June—very rare."

Landlady: "And your bill is like March weather—very unsettled."

* * *

"Did you have much snow this year?"

"A fair amount, but my next door neighbor had more."

"How could he have more?"

"He has more land than I have."

* * *

Teacher was giving a lesson on the idiosyncrasies of March.

"What is it," she asked, "that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?"

"Father," replied the smallest pupil.

* * *

Seasick Passenger (on friend's yacht): "I say, what about going back? After you've seen one wave, you've seen them all."

* * *

Doctor: "It's most essential that you should refrain from doing headwork during the next few weeks."

Patient: "Yes, doctor, but it's my living!"

Doctor: "Oh, are you a scholar?"

Patient: "No, I'm a barber."

* * *

"Now, Robert," said the teacher, "can you tell me what human nature is?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Robert. "It's people 'fore they get into society."

* * *

"I heard that you made $50,000 in Chicago in a week. Is it true?"

"Sure it's true, but it's wrong in four places. It wasn't Chicago, it was Toledo. It wasn't a week, it was a year. It wasn't $50,000, it was $5,000, and I didn't make it, I lost it."

* * *

Doctor: "Your heart is quite sound. With such a heart you ought to live to be seventy."

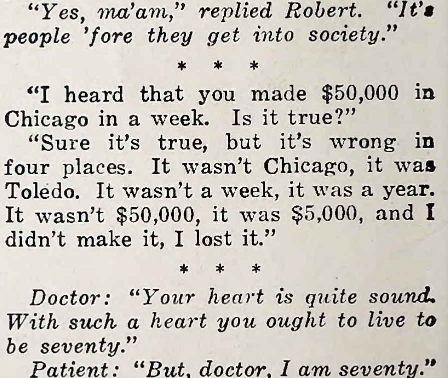
Patient: "But, doctor, I am seventy."

"There! What did I tell you?"

* * *

Mistress: "The main thing here is honesty. The last maid stole the silver spoon!"

New Maid: "You needn't fear anything from me, Ma'am. I'm on probation for stealing at my last place!"—Pathfinder.



—Cartoon by Jacobbson.

The Caswell News

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There's Someone In My Garden

There's a someone in my garden and He makes my flowers grow,
Colors all the blossoms 'till they're brilliant and they glow.

Gives each plant a fragrance that they claim as all their own,
Making a glorious spot of beauty where my seeds and bulbs are sown.

My seeds and bulbs are dormant, but He cuddled them with care,
Performed miracles of wonder in my garden plot out there.

First a sprout and then a blossom, now my flowers keep calling me,
Wonderful in their beauty, clothed in colorful majesty.

My flowers are far too numerous to call them all by name,
But each plant is clothed in glory and my garden is aflame.

Just a rioting of colorings, hiding ridges and the scars,
Ever drinking in the sunshine or nodding at the stars.

There's someone in my garden, not a stranger, though, to me:
Side by side among the blossoms do we both dwell happily.

For I know His hand must raise them, push them gently through the sod.
I just planted seeds and bulbs there, leaving all the rest to God.

—J. C. Glassford

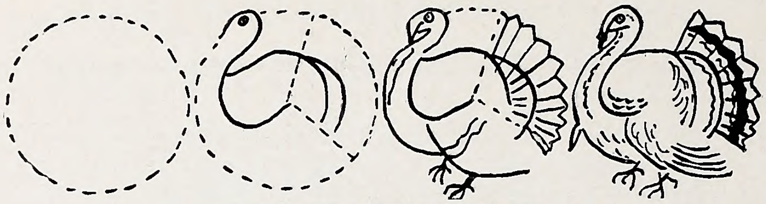
—A poem written for Caswell Training School
by J. C. Glassford, Grand Junction, Colorado.

APRIL, 1938

OUR CHILDREN

TWO BRAVE KNIGHTS

SIC! Sic! Sic 'em," Tom heard as he came down the street. Then a sharp barking, a hiss and a splutter, a short race, and the barking, growling dog had his paws on a poor frightened cat that had happened to be crossing the street.



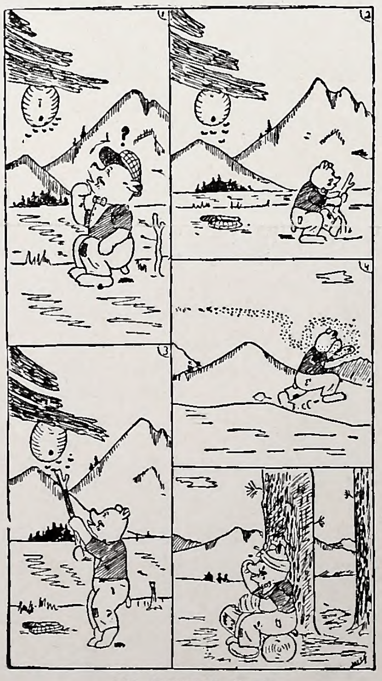
YOUR DRAWING LESSON

Draw a dotted circle first,
(Do your best instead of worst)
Next make heavy lines to stay,
(Later dots are rubbed away).
Now you make a sort of fan
Add a head (of course you can)!
Draw two feet, so small and perky,
Soon you've made a handsome turkey!

As the dog was about to take hold with his teeth, Tom sprang forward and seized the dog by the collar. Now Tom was not a strong boy, but he was brave. He gave that small dog one jerk and lifted him away from the cat. The poor pussy ran up a telephone pole, very much frightened by such treatment.

"Well done, my boy, well done," said a kind voice behind Tom. "You are a brave knight."

Tom and the two boys who had set their dog on the unlucky cat, looked around.



IF THEY DID

If everyone should look and speak,
And try to be like me,
And eat and walk and act the same,
How good I'd have to be!

"A brave knight, I say," the old man repeated. "Shall I tell you of another brave knight I saw last summer?"

"Yes," the boys said. All boys like stories and they were very attentive while it was being told to them.

"Well," said the stranger as the boys crowded around him, eager to hear every word, "you know a knight is anyone who stands up for the weak or helpless or some one who is in trouble. I was out in my orchard one day, and I heard the angry screams of four or five jay birds, up in the trees. They were dodging this way and that and seemed to be after something. You know a blue jay is a handsome bird which has a coat of blue feathers with its wings sprinkled with a sort of black and white feathers. The male bird has a small cluster of feathers on its head which make him appear to be superior to the other birds of the feathery tribe. Well, those angry birds looked anything but handsome as they screamed after what proved to be a poor little scarlet tanager—a beautiful red bird with black wings.

The boys seemed very interested and began to draw themselves closer as the story progressed.

"I really believe," continued the stranger, "they would have killed that poor bird if a brave, bird knight had not darted down from a tall tree. He was a kingbird. With one swoop he struck the nearest jay, gave a squawk and started for the woods located nearby. All the rest followed, with the kingbird close behind them. When he had chased them far away, he flew back to his tall tree where he could watch for someone else to help.

"The pretty tanager had escaped and hidden among the leaves. Now, boys," the old man asked, "what do you think of that brave knight?"

"I think it was lucky he was there," replied Tom.

"And I guess it was lucky for the cat that Tom was a better knight than we were," said one of the other boys. "Come on, Towser, we won't chase any more cats."

Then the boys and their dog went down the street, while the old man and Tom coaxed the cat to come down from the pole.

"There, now, kitty," said the old man, "you can go on your way. And you, Tom, just keep on being the bravest, best knight you know how, and you will grow up to be a good, kind man."

"Thank you," said Tom. "I will do my best." Then the old man and the young boy each went on his way, both happier that they had done a good deed and that the old man had happened by and told them the story of the knight bird which came to the rescue of t. beautiful tanager.

The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor .... F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor .... Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor .... Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor .... Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager .... Miss Mary L. Utley

MORE ABOUT CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

There seems to be some misapprehension about our school, not only among our citizens, but even case workers. We often have such questions as these asked: "What do you do with a child when he gets 21 years of age chronologically?" Or such a question as "What percentage of your children are cured?" When a child gets 21, he or she stays right on here, except in a few cases when they go back home or with some good family. In the majority of cases they want to come back home, or those who have taken them home want them to come back. "There is no place like home." This is especially true of our children.

As to curing them, they are not sick. We have a large number who are perfectly helpless. This, of course, is a mental condition and cannot be helped. We have to be careful and not admit too many helpless or our machine will bog down in the middle of the stream. We are trying to give each county its proportion according to population. In this allotment we also have to consider the number of perfectly helpless from one county. We also have to balance the amount of cash paid by counties according to population. Of course, it is hard to balance a school of this kind when it has been out of balance so long, but we are on our way.—F. M. Register, M. D., Superintendent.

THE ALL-STAFF MEETING

The April all-staff meeting again proved interesting. There was a good attendance, though perhaps not as good as at other times.

Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, did not give a formal talk at this meeting, but answered questions and led a discussion concerning problems of our children. The questions and answers related to various disciplinary problems with which we have to deal and also to the condition of our children's mentality. A discussion will also be led at the next meeting.

During the business session it was decided that at the next social we will have a weiner roast and fish fry.—Miss Louise Holcombe, Secretary.

TACKY PARTY

At the March social, held as a tacky party, Caswell employees cast aside duties, worries and cares at what turned out to be one of the jolliest events of the year. Music for square dancing and round dancing was provided by an electric victrola rented for the occasion. Those not dancing found lively amusement in singling out individuals from the kaleidescopic mixture on the floor. Costumes, charming or tacky, picturesque and colorful, a gallant pirate swinging a coy little girl, a debonair tramp flirting with a six-foot masculine lady attired in form-fitting blue lace, were all to be seen at this party.

As the evening progressed a grand march brought all in line in a parade for inspection by the judges. After some deliberation the prize was justly awarded to Mrs. O. J. Fisher for her clever makeup and impersonation of a prim and much ornamented old maid of former days.

Further entertainment was provided by a "Can You Answer This?" contest, for which prizes were given to those who successfully answered a number of questions on local and general topics.

The crowning event of the evening was the serving of delicious refreshments prepared by Miss Mamie Bryant, our dietician. Especially enjoyed was the luscious orange ice which she had frozen in our freezing unit. Thoughtfully planning to facilitate serving with a minimum of time and trouble, she had it frozen in cups, all ready for use direct from the freezer.

All in all it was a delightful evening which we all enjoyed; and when we reluctantly broke up at last, it was the hope of another happy get-together" next month.—Mrs. Leila Higgins.

CHILDREN'S SQUARE DANCE

On March 29 the usual monthly square dance for our children took place in the Central building. The attendance was very large and, due to the excellent music, was most enjoyable. The Boney Whitehurst Music Co. kindly loaned us their electric victrola. Those who did not dance, greatly enjoyed watching the records change and play. As one of the boys said, "This machine can wait on itself, can't it?" and it really could.

Set after set was called and danced. The usual chaperones helped with the figures, and after refreshments were served, escorted the young folks to their respective buildings.

The last dance, of course, is always the best, so the young folks are looking forward to their next dance, April 26.—Mrs. Harlan, Supervisor for Boys and Girls.

FROM THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK

DO YOU like people? If not, it is because you do not know them. If you have an enemy, get acquainted with him. It does not seem possible for us to like all persons equally well. There are some to whom we seem bound by closer ties than we do to others; but, while acquaintanceships may not always produce friendship, they can dispel enmities. Edward Carpenter, noted English writer, in a pamphlet published during the World War, declares that English and German soldiers in opposite trenches became so friendly that they would not kill each other, and their commanding officers found it necessary to have them moved to other sectors. Enmities can only be preserved by distance.

* * *

BEAUTIFICATION of female patients at the Illinois State Hospital for the Insane proved so effective in helping restore their mental balance that a separate building has been set aside for the purpose. The patients make appointments for beauty treatments at the new parlor just as women do in the world outside. In a room lined with mirrors, expert "beauticians" use the newest beautifying devices. Dr. Robert Smith, superintendent of the institution, explained the success of the idea thus: "When you can get a woman to look into a mirror and see that her face is much prettier, she's feeling better and takes a new interest in life."—New York Times.

* * *

ST. LOUIS traffic court judges, who handle actually 50,000 traffic violation cases, are said to be unanimous in listing the 10 greatest public traffic enemies as: Bluffing road hog, impatient driver, careless pedestrian, driver who insists on being at the head of the pack, driver who won't signal, double parker, driver who won't dim his lights, driver who turns in the middle of the street, driver who weaves in and out of traffic and horn blower. Add the drunken driver—and you have a list by which all drivers may profitably check their weaknesses. One of the St. Louis judges believes that "plain, garden-variety rudeness bears more blame for automobile accidents than any other cause." Another of them says: "The average motorist's short temper at traffic situations is very often translated into recklessness." Courtesy makes for safety.

* * *

DURING the panic of 1907, Bernarr Macfadden realized that there must be thousands of people "down on their luck, but too proud to ask for help." These were the people he wanted to help. He worked out the idea of his penny restaurants, five of which are now in operation. They serve an average of 12,000 meals a day at an average of six cents. Soups are a penny. Creamed codfish is another penny, and fresh meat cakes two for five. A complete dinner is provided for 10 cents. Most of the patrons are persons who don't want charity. The restaurants, now self-sustaining, began with only small capital—and a big idea.

* * *

THERE have been times in my life when I have passed a railroad station as a train pulled out and had a difficult time to keep from jumping on and going with it. I have watched a switch engine starting and stopping, backing, coughing and snorting, and I didn't have any such impelling desire to get on, but rather a feeling of impatience at its apparent waste of time, energy and fuel. There are church members and parents who, like the switch engine, appear futile and funny in their lack of purpose and sense of direction. Then there are the virile, purposeful, happy folks who know where they are going and why, and the radiance and contagion of their living draw friends and children with them into quest for the abundant life.—"The Observer."

* * *

ACCORDING to a study made by Paul Popenoe, director of the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, the number of childless marriages is at least twice as high among divorced people who remarry as it is among successful monogamists—those who uphold the principles of marrying but once. He says somewhere between one-third and one-half of divorced people remarry; that those who do remarry are more likely to be men than women, and that the male divorcee is more apt to marry a young single woman than a divorced woman. Incidentally, Milwaukee's famed pre-divorce court is said to have patched up 40 per cent of the marriage squabbles in that city since its inception in January, 1935.

* * *

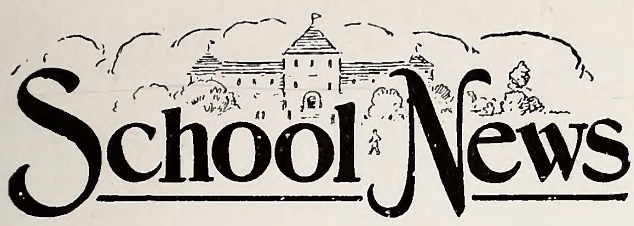
IN ATLANTA there used to be a delightful family who, unfortunately, had lost almost all they had owned in the war, so they had to cut down expenses as well as they could. Their servants helped them beautifully. Ice, for instance, was dear in the south in those days; but always at the table in the house was to be heard the tinkling cool sound of ice bobbing against the sides of the silver water pitcher from which the butler refilled the glasses. The daughter of the house one day peeked into the pitcher when the butler was not looking. Inside instead of ice was a shining napkin ring. She never told, and the clinking went merrily on from meal to meal, no one apparently the wiser.—Alice Mulhern.

Don't Tell Me

Don't tell me what you will do
When you have time to spare;
Tell me what you did today
To ease a load of care.

Don't tell me what you will give
When your ship comes in from sea;
Tell me what you gave today
A fettered soul to free.

Don't tell me the dreams you have
Of conquests still afar;
Don't say what you hope to be,
But tell me what you are.



School News

"THE MAGIC DREAM"

"The Magic Dream," a one-act operetta, text by Montayne, with music by Scarmolin, was presented by the Pre-primary and Primary classes on Tuesday, March 15. We were delighted to have Dr. Crane, Dr. and Mrs. Register and Miss Wladkowski among our audience. Due to the fact that a number of the school girls were canning apples and unable to attend, we gave it at our regular chapel on the following Wednesday.

The story tells of Archie, forgetful of his toys and apt to overlook his home work, who falls asleep and dreams that his toys, as well as his studies, come to life. The four toy soldiers march in, dressed in white trousers, blue coats, wooden swords and paper hats. They sing the "Toy Soldier's Song," assisted by the Primary Class.

The clown, dressed in an orange and black suit, enters with a quick handspring and continues his tricks as the children sing the "Clown Song." In marches Arithmetic, Spelling and Reading, carrying shields of paper numbers, words and sentences to represent their work. The Arithmetic Song, Spelling Song and Reading Song as sung by them should make any child more interested in his home work when he is inclined to neglect.

Hearing Archie's promise, the Spirit of Happiness, clad in a white fairy-like dress, enters and through her song the Spirit of Happiness bids him happiness always.

When Archie awakens he goes with his sister Jane to do their work and decides not to be so careless in the future.

— Characters —

Archie	Thomas
Jane	Katie
First Toy Soldier	John
Second Toy Soldier	Odell
Third Toy Soldier	Harold
Fourth Toy Soldier	Arthur
Clown	Andrew
Arithmetic	Annie Mae
Spelling	Louise
Reading	Dorothy
Spirit of Happiness	Annie Ruth

Supported by the remainder of the Primary class.

—Miss Rowena Tull, Pre-Primary and Primary Teacher.

---o---

NATURE STUDY

On the first day of spring, March 21, a group of girls who are studying Carolina's wild flowers went on an expedition in the fields and woods to see how many specimens they could find. They were accompanied by their teacher, Mrs. Hughes.

The girls scrambled over fences, through bushes and briars, water or anything, if there were flowers ahead. There was a moment of real excitement when Myrtle almost saw a bear. It turned out to be a good sized black hog.

There was much exclaiming over birds, violets and yellow jessamine, both of which were in full bloom. The pitcher plant, though not in bloom, was one of the most interesting plants found. It is carnivorous, feeding upon insects which get trapped in its pitcher-shaped leaves which hold water.

On Friday morning another group is planning to go. They hope to find that rare plant called Venus flytrap. It grows nowhere else in the world except in North Carolina.

---o---

CRAFTS

The work in the crafts room has progressed in a satisfactory manner this year. Many things have been done of which we are proud. For one thing we have made draperies and a wall hanging for the reception room leading to the offices in the hospital building. Draperies and a couch cover were made for Mrs. Barnes' office in the school building, and for the music room, draperies and wall hanging were made.

A good deal of attractive embroidery has been done. Orders for aprons and other articles have been filled. These sales have enabled us to buy nicer materials to work with, such as linen for cut work. Three girls, Mildred, Mary and Vivian have learned to do needlepoint beautifully.

In embroidery work Ada's and Madge's work is outstanding. Ada and Minnie also have made lovely hooked rugs and chair mats. In loom weaving, Thomas, Sallie, Eddie and Lander have done excellent work.

Both boys and girls have had a good time painting with tempera colors. Scores of paper plates have been decorated, some with realistic paintings of wild flowers, others with conventional designs. These plates, after being shellaced, are attractive to use to serve at parties and lend touches of gay color when used in breakfast rooms or kitchens.

A number of children have tried their hand at clay modeling with fair success. The thing that arouses most interest at the present, perhaps, is weaving on small square frame looms with looper clips. These squares are to be made into bedspreads. George was one of the first to learn this method of weaving.—Mrs. Ethel Hughes, Teacher.

---o---

THE KITCHEN DEPARTMENT

The wind is blowing and the sun shines warm. It is April. To all of us that means spring is nigh, and spring means fresh green vegetables. We are all looking forward to the time when we can get fresh green vegetables. They are more healthy and taste better than canned or dried vegetables. We have already had fresh onions and beets. This winter we have had an ample supply of kale, mustard, cabbage and turnip salad.

We wish to express our thanks to Dr. Register and Mr. Stroud for the splendid co-operation we have received from them, and to Dr. Register we hope a continued improvement in health.—Edward Reynolds.

WHEN MARY CAME HOME

MARY stood there in the old farm doorway, a picture of health. Her eyes were bright with apple red, and her hair shone golden in the sunlight. She had risen early this first day of hers at home. She wished to find if she possessed the old joy in the view of the hillside and, listening to the song of the brids, she knew that in spite of her many years away she still could feel the full glory of that home in the hills.

She had been away to many schools, here and there, following a course of study all her own, and because her patient father and brother urged her to accept the many invitations to visit different parts of the country during vacations, and because she had felt that she would gain a larger view of life by so doing, she had not been home for a very long time.

When she came in last night her old room had looked the same. But as she came through the small sitting room this bright morning she had been struck with its air of just standing there, never being lived in, lack of something bright and warm. The kitchen had been better. There were the worn easy chairs at each window, and by the snapping wood fire old Shep lay. He had been old when she left. The red table cover was neat and clean, the milk pans shone in the morning sun. Everything on the wash bench by the door was in order. The towel still hung on the same old nail. Things had not changed, but as the men came up from the barn her father seemed more absent, and her brother—she could hardly say, but even as he waved and smiled she felt he had lost something.

John said: "Mary, you sit and rest, and I'll get breakfast." But she would not have that. She hurried in and began to look in the same old spots where she knew things had been left when she was at home and Mrs. Brown was there. She had wondered why they had never had someone else come.

She had never known a mother's love, but her father and John had given her so much love that, except at times, she had not missed her so much.

Now, unconsciously, she was taking stock of things here at home. She wondered what some of her friends would say, their way of living was so much different. While she expected to make a sacrifice of many things, as she had studied to be a social worker, still the old home kept impressing her with its lack of something necessary to making life worth living. It seemed that there were plenty of the things just bought but not very much of a supply of others.

She made them light pancakes and cooked bacon and eggs. The coffee scented the air. She set the table in the dainty way she had become used to. When John came in from washing he stood in the door and a look came over his face that she found hard to understand. And how her father ate! The one thing that went home the most the first morning were her father's words, "Mary, it seems as if your mother was back here with us again. She gave up many, many things to come up here in the hills with me. Perhaps, if she had stayed I might have accomplished more, and given John a better chance. But we are both glad you have had your chance and we don't expect you to waste your talent on us here."

During the days that followed, the neighbors came in. Some wanted to know what she planned to do, others just took it for granted she was home on a visit, but old Mrs. Grey said, "Mary, do you realize what it has meant to John and your father to have you gone so long? You are planning to stay with them now, I suppose."

After she had gone Mary sat down to think. No, of course she wasn't planning to stay, except for a while this summer. After that her plan led her away to the crowded parts of the city to teach ignorant mothers better cooking, better care of babies, better everything. But crowding in on this came the thought that there was need for her here as much as away off there.

Another day she came upon John working on some plans and drawings, and it seemed he had been studying at home, but had given it up. There always seemed something hidden from her.

Then came that church fair she never would forget. They asked her to give a talk on the work she had planned to do, and what she had seen done in the city.

Everything went smoothly until in the evening she stood for a few minutes alone. Then Minnie Stevens came up to her. Minnie had never semed to like her and had always caused more or less trouble wherever she went. Now she said: "My, Mary, you certainly are selfish. I would be ashamed to be so selfish as you. You have never been as other girls. You seem to take a different attitude toward everything. Your father cooking and working day and night. He has not had a moment's rest for sometime. John has been giving up his hopes and plans which he has cherished for some time. Elizabeth Jones is crying and waiting for him to get money enough to marry and has had her plans made for some time. You have been away living on the best of the land! Why don't you use some of those things for us you are planning to do for other people—stranger people. Why don't you give a little and not take so much?" She turned away, but quick as a flash Mary was at her side.

"What do you mean? Father had money enough when I left!"

Minnie turned. "Didn't you know that he signed a note for William Smith and he skipped with the money? Your father and John have been paying it it back all these years!"

"No! I never knew," said Mary. And now like a great light she understood so many things — why father had no new clothes, why the roof leaked, why John had stopped studying, and, oh! so many things.

She slipped away to the quiet graveyard where her mother lay, and as she sat there it seemed that the thought of her mother came and gave her strength to know what to do.

The next morning at breakfast Mary broke out, "Well, Daddy, you did not know when you sent me to school that I was coming home to teach you and all those around here! Because I love it too much to go away again. I am going to stay and John is going to make Elizabeth Jones a real husband!"

The look on the faces was all the reward she needed for her brave decision.

THE JUNIOR WARD

Please permit me to say a few things from my experience in regard to night and day duty in the Dawson building, or as we call it, the Junior Ward.

I try to make my work a great pleasure to myself and others with whom I work, because co-operation is important. Of course, things sometimes creep in on us unawares to mar our happiness and bring sadness such as an occasional death among our children. But, after all, it is such a consolation to us to realize that God knows best and has His purpose, and death will some day come to each of us.

We have many problems that confront us in connection with our work, and I fear we will fall far short if we don't take much thought over these things. We all have a big job in Caswell Training School, but if we are faithful to our duties entrusted to us we will remain with a clear conscience.

We have only one child in our building who is able to talk, and that is Elizabeth. So every night and morning she repeats her prayers and a certain quotation from the Bible. Sometimes I read or tell her a bedtime story. We have other children who try to pray and sing with Elizabeth.

Elizabeth has also been taught to return thanks for her meals. Some other children try to do the same. Others wait while grace is being said, so I think we are making a little progress in training. At night Elizabeth says "good night" to all other children. This, to me, is one beautiful picture to look at.

Our working girls have a big part in working with the matrons and children, and we try to teach them kindness and patience. Without those, we three matrons would feel a great loss. Children here, and mostly we, realize what a sweet home we were brought up in, and we surely want these children to feel we are doing all we possibly can for them in every way.—Mrs. Justice, Matron.

THE HOSPITAL

What is the hospital? The hospital is an institution where the sick and afflicted are cared for and treated by doctors and nurses. The Caswell Training School has set aside one large building that is used as a hospital for the children.

This hospital consists of two large wards, one ward for the girls and the other one for the boys. The private rooms are used for employees and the very sick patients. There is a daily average of approximately 35 patients who are given medical attention by Dr. Mike Lee, the medical director of Caswell Training School.

The nursing staff consists of the head nurse, Mrs. Lehman, and six other nurses. The day nurses assume their duties at 6:30 a. m., continuing through to 6:30 p. m., when they are relieved by the night nurse.

Under the supervision of the head nurse and her nurses, part of the work in the wards is carried on by working girls, who are given a weekly allowance for their duties. The work is carried on as quietly and smoothly as possible, avoiding all unnecessary noise.

The nursing staff appreciates co-operation from the matrons and attendants.—Miss Doby, Nurse.

AN APPRECIATION

At last Old Man Winter has stolen quietly away and the sun-kissed flowers are fluttering in the spring breeze. As we admire the beauty of the flowers, we are often prone to forget that it takes time, work and careful planning to have flowers attractively planted and kept separated from weeds that are continuously springing up.

Caswell Training School can boast of very beautiful flowers and well-kept grounds at all times, and to Mrs. F. M. Register and her helpers we owe, without a doubt, the beauty of Caswell Training School which makes it a happier and brighter place in which to live.

For the past four years Mrs. F. M. Register has put her talent whole-heartedly into the beautifying of Caswell Training School. The cottage grounds that were once rugged masses of red clay are now smoother plains of sand, and the sun that once cast its golden rays directly on every corner of the cottages now sheds its radiance on the recently-planted shrubbery. It thrills our hearts to know that besides the humanely warm welcome that visitors receive at Caswell, the many flowers and shrubs daily nod their little branches and blossoms to each and every person that comes our way. Even the little birds seem to chirp a song of thanks as they flutter from flower to flower, for they have such beautiful surroundings in which to make their future homes. The twinkling stars at night seem to know that they are winking at the beautiful faces of the many flowers and seem to be inspired to shine their brightest. Best of all, even the faces of the employees and children brighten daily as they are greeted the first thing in the morning by the dew-sprinkled flowers and shrubs of many kinds. With every flower that has been planted by Mrs. Register and her helpers, thousands of seeds of joy and sweetness have filled the lives of the innumerable people who have been inspired by their beauty.

Although Mrs. Register's work has been an outstanding success and a work that has received innumerable compliments, a certain part of each day still finds Mrs. Register lost in thought, thinking of further ways to beautify Caswell Training School. Mrs. Register's work expresses one of the noblest of emotions and the finest of motives in that she has sponsored "a thing of beauty which is a joy forever," and has faithfully given of her talent and time without a cent of compensation.—Marguerite Thomas.

COTTAGE I

We welcome Peggy back to our cottage. We hope she had a pleasant vacation. The children are enjoying this beautiful spring weather. They spend most of the time outdoors jumping the rope.

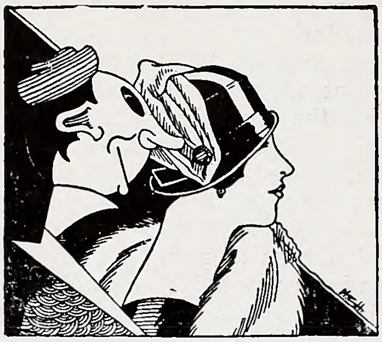
We want to thank Mrs. Harlan and Dr. Register for making it possible for us to see Shirley Temple in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The children enjoyed it. They came back with a new idea of curling their hair every night so they might have curls like the little star.

The children spend some of their time rehemming and mending their dresses. They also have home work to do. We all enjoyed the talk Rev. Moye from Snow Hill gave and the music furnished by Mrs. Moye and daughters. We hope they will come back soon.—Mrs. Happer and Miss Stroud, Matrons.

THEN HE WENT

He (at midnight): "I feel all wound up this evening."

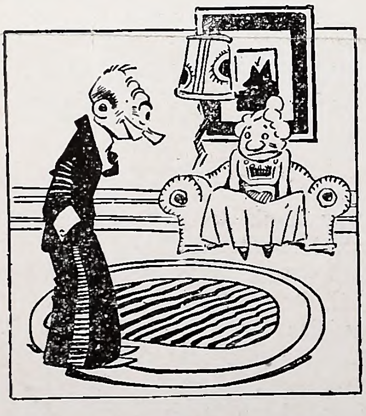
She (wearily): "Your main spring must be broken, or you'd surely go."



SOME BURNING NOW

Mr. Woodby Swelle: "Ya-a-s, my dear, I have ancestors to burn."

She (a trifle bored): "And some that are probably burning now."

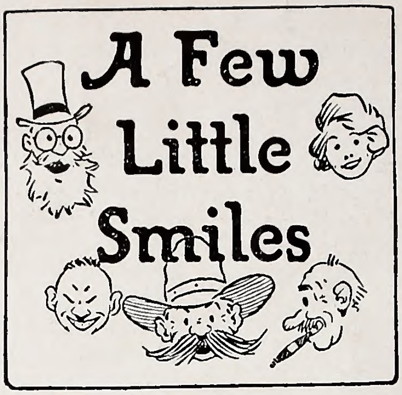


HARD TO BELIEVE

Nephew: "Up among the snows and glaciers of Alaska, Aunt Sally, I hunted bear."

Old Aunt: "I can't believe it, John, you'd gotten pnuemonia and died."

A Few Little Smiles



COMING OR GOING?

He: "Really, I don't know what the young girls are coming to."

She: "And some wonder where we're goin'."

LOUD TOGS

Editor: "Well, if you found that actor dressing for the street, why couldn't you have had a talk with him?"

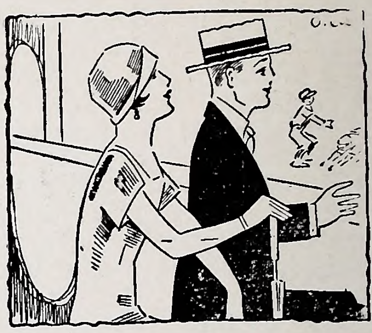
Reporter: "Couldn't hear a word he said for the suit he was putting on."

ALL OVER

She: "This can go no farther, Reggie; our love is all over."

He: "What! You don't mean"—

She: "Yes—all over town."



BASEBALL LANGUAGE

"They caught him at home."

"I thought you said he was out."

"I did."

"Well, how can he be at home, if he is out?"

JUST SAY IT

He: "I love you more than anything on earth."

She: "I wish I could say the same of you."

He: "Why can't you? I did."

NORTH CAROLINA

The Caswell News

Volume
3

Number
3

The Songs My Mother Sang

I hear them in the whispering winds,
The forest's rhythmic strain,
The chime of bells, that sinks and swells
The patter of the rain.

I hear them in the vesper call
Of birds from copse and tree;
Each note prolongs the dear old songs
That mother sang to me.

I hear them in the ocean's voice,
The prattle of a child,
The dashing rill, the fountain's trill,
The tempest fierce and wild.

I hear them through the silent night,
In dreams they echo free,
Since memory throngs with tender songs
That mother sang to me.

I heard them when a babe I lay
Upon her loving breast,
And when a child their charms beguiled
My eager brain to rest.

I hear them now, and some last hour
Across death's swelling sea
My soul shall wing, while angels sing
The songs she sang to me.

Lalia Mitchell

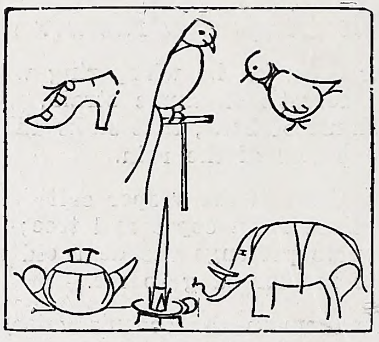
MAY, 1938

OUR CHILDREN

PRINCE'S STORY

I had never been out of town and I felt quite excited when my mistress tied a fresh blue ribbon on my collar one bright morning and we started for the city. I did not like the noise and confusion, and in the crowded station and out on the sidewalks I felt very nervous, so when my mistress said "Keep close beside me, Prince," I was very glad to obey.

THE WORD-O-GRAPH



In the pictures find the letters in each that spell the name of the object drawn.

We went through several more noisy streets and suddenly I thought I was in the country again, for grass and trees grew all about me. My mistress said it was a park. I took a good roll in the grass and played a while with a Newfoundland dog. Then I followed him across a street and was having a fine time, when suddenly I remembered that my mistress had told me not to leave her side! I thought I could find her right away, but I hunted and hunted among all the people hurrying by, and not one of them was my mistress. It began to grow dark and I realized I was lost. I was so wretched and tired that I lay down under a tree and began to whine softly to myself.

Suddenly I heard a kind voice say, "Poor little dog, what is the matter?" There stood a little girl and a boy.

The boy, who carried a hand-organ on his back, offered me a cooky and oh, how good it tasted! "He's hungry, poor thing!" said the girl, "He must be lost. Let's take him home, Beppo, and give him some bread and milk."

I gladly followed them and at last we stopped before a house in a narrow dark street. We went up ever so many stairs until we reached a little attic room. There a woman was cooking something over a stove.

"You are late, children," she said, "Were there many pennies today?"

"Oh, so many, Mother, see!" and Tessa held up a box half full of shining pennies. "And see, we found a poor lost dog. He's to have half my supper."

The next day Tessa took me to the park. We wandered about, looking everywhere for my mistress, but in vain. Day after day passed until Tessa said she feared we should never find my real home, but that I need not worry for they would care for me. I was very grateful and I tried to help them earn pennies when they went out with their hand-organ by holding Tessa's basket and doing tricks before the people I saw at the windows. Tessa said they never earned as much before they found me.

One day when I had been left behind with Tessa's mother, Tessa came running home with a great spray of lilacs. "Oh, Mother," she said. "See these lovely flowers! Tommy, who sells papers in the depot, told me that a lady comes in from the country every morning with flowers for the children who can't go to the fields to pick them. When I told her I never had any before she gave me all these and told me to come again for more."

After that Tessa would run every day to meet her new friend and one morning she said: "I want my lovely lady to see Caro, that was the name they had given me, and I'm going to take him to the depot with me." So off we ran together. When we reached the great depot we stood near the doors through which the people were coming from the trains. Soon Tessa cried, "There comes my flower lady." I looked the way she pointed and my heart gave a great leap. Could that be my mistress coming toward us?

As she came near she spoke, and when I heard her voice I knew it was my mistress. I rushed to her and put my paws on her shoulders. She dropped all her flowers in a heap on the sidewalk, and, throwing her arms around me, cried out: "Oh, Prince, where have you been?" Everybody stopped to look at us, and Tessa and Tommy and my mistress all talked together about how I had been found, and how she had advertised my loss in the papers and almost broken her heart about me.

After that we all went back to the little attic and my mistress thanked Tessa's mother for their care for me. She also thanked Tessa for sharing half her supper with me the first night we came home together. Tessa showed my mistress the organ and the money basket I used to carry, and told her how I performed by doing my tricks before the windows while Beppo played the hand-organ

But now Tessa and Beppo do not have to play the organ in the streets any more, for my mistress has found better work for Beppo and his mother and they have three nice rooms in which to live, and Tessa goes to school, so she doesn't miss me, and my mistress sends them baskets of fruit and flowers.

You may be sure I shall never run away from my mistress again.

The Caswell News

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Associate Editor .... Miss Edith Wladkowski
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BRINGING CHILDREN TO STAY IN CASWELL

We are so often prone to think about what will help this one or that one, rather than the one most intimately involved. At Caswell Training School we get many letters daily from parents and others interested in our taking into our school, children who have become a burden at home, to the community or the county. As to behavior or expense to the different segments of our old State, seldom is there made mention of the child's happiness or welfare, the innocent party to the whole transaction. Seldom do we have parents or friends of parents visit our school to see what kind of people we are, and talk with our employees and our children. I am sorry to say the most of the visit is spent in our office pleading that the child be taken regardless. They seem to be trying to put an expense, burden and care from their shoulders on to the State's. Our friends do not realize that in 98 percent of our population it is a life-time proposition and while the State does furnish the necessities of life and while we spend our appropriation to the best advantage, we are not satisfied, but want to make a real home for our children. About 50 of our counties at Christmas time make a contribution to our Christmas stocking fund, also some individuals. Just the same we are extremely thankful for this help and it makes us feel extremely kind toward those making these contributions to help the Christmas spirit. Every child should have some one interested enough in his happiness to contribute a few dollars per month to the children's fund in order that the children can have certain things that children like and certain things that the State does not furnish.

In the future we hope that everyone will think about what is best for the particular child under consideration, also how the addition of this particular child to our group will help or harm the group as a whole. Our motto is "The greatest good to all with the least injury to any." Our goal is to make our school a happy home for all and a home that every child will be proud of and love.

F. M. Register, M. D., Supt.

MISS WLADKOWSKI SPEAKS AT THE CONVENTION

Caswell Training School deems it quite an honor to have had our psychologist among the outstanding speakers at the convention of the American Association on Mental Deficiency, which convened in Richmond recently.

Miss Edith Wladkowski spoke most efficiently and impressively on "A Preliminary Study on Mental Growth After the Age of Fourteen Years in an Institution for Mental Defectives."

In Miss Wladkowski's investigation as to whether mental defectives grow in mentality after the age of 14 years, and if so, to what extent as compared with mental growth, before the age of 14 years. Using the Stanford-Binet Test, she made a study of 234 subjects arriving in conclusion that mental defectives grow at a more rapid rate in mentality before the age of 14, to a lesser extent after the age of 14, and to a still lesser extent after the age of 16. Many individual differences are found especially for the older mental defectives. She stressed that further research should be made along this line, including separate studies on male and female mental defectives.

Dr. Harry W. Crane, of Chapel Hill, who gave the formal discussion on this paper, made some very favorable comments about her procedures in her research and stated that he had known Miss Wladkowski's work to be careful and thorough. Other points were brought out by others before Miss Wladkowski gave her closing discussion.

Mrs. Mark Hill, Teacher

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HEALTH, THE FOUNDATION OF LIFE

If we wish to be successful in life, we must first have a solid foundation. We are very young when we begin building the foundation upon which we are to base our future life, a condition which will either prove us famous or a failure.

When we first begin the journey, we see innumerable hardships that lie upon the rocky road that we are to travel and we know that we have to face them all.

Every day of our life helps to build this foundation and we may not realize that every day spent unwisely is one gone and nothing accomplished.

It is a sad fact that so many people, especially young girls and boys in search of pleasure, are forgetful of some of the most important things which will insure their future happiness. The fun of the moment seems to make them entirely oblivious of the most important things in life, which is health.

Miss Snuggs, Nurse

HEALTH AND OLD AGE

OLD age. What shall it be? A comfortable home, the children well situated, a comparative degree of good health, freedom from financial cares, and an abiding faith in God, are some of the features that should make for happiness in the evening tide of life. Fortunately the status of senile life is at least partly under our control. We are in that respect to some extent the masters of our destiny. We have the power to make old age what we want it to be. Not so with our childhood days. The beginning of life and our youth are entirely in the hands of others. Poverty or richness, or a moderate means of sustenance, a Christian training or a Godless one, cleanliness or filth—these and all other elements in the makeup of our environment were wholly up to our parents or guardians. We had no voice in our mode of living. As the years went on, life's duties and obligations were put upon us, and eventually we found ourselves facing life's responsibilities all alone, for ultimately every man must work out his own salvation.

Old age. What shall it be? Shall it be the result of careful planning and wise provision not only in matters pertaining to money and property, but likewise with reference to our health and strength. Are we going to acquit ourselves of our task and responsibility towards the preservation of our health and body vigor in a satisfactory manner, or are we going to neglect the best interest of our bodies and let them come as they may for good or evil? Shall we say that life and death, health and sickness are matters that are so far beyond our comprehension that there is so little we can do about them either one way or the other; and so we will just proceed upon life's journey, trusting that all this will somehow adjust itself. That kind of an attitude would be altogether wrong and entirely out of harmony with the manner in which we are wont to attack other problems of life. No, we cannot afford to slight the needs of our precious lives, and we are duty bound to consistently, from early youth on, practice the wisest and closest thrift and economy in the matter of body structure and function—as much so, and perhaps more so, than we do with our dimes and dollars. We need to live in harmony with the laws of health, and it is incumbent upon us to acquaint ourselves with these laws, in order that we may have happiness and comfort. It will be the best kind of old age health insurance that is obtainable.

If some one told you of a medicine, the use of which was supposed to restore youth, bring you back into the vigor, the sunshine and the charm of the springtime of life; put roses on your cheeks, and revamp your muscles and nerves that have stood the wear and tear of many winters, you would at once dismiss the proposition as a huge joke, or a preposterous piece of bunk. Of course you would, for everybody knows that there is no such medicine. And there is no known method by which we are enabled to do life all over again. The utter impossibility of a physical rebirth stands out as strongly today as it did 2,000 years ago, when Nicodemus, the learned Jew, asked the master, "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?"

Old age is an inevitable part of the cycle of every normal life, and can no more be avoided, if one is fortunate enough to attain it, than death. We know there is no such thing as a fountain of youth, an elixer of life, and the modern gland operation for the rejuvenation of youthful vigor and energy continues to make the front page from time to time, but has as yet failed to show its efficacy in the way of transforming tottering old men into youthful giants of dash and energy.

What we are interested in, and desire to accomplish, if possible, is to preserve our strength and health, and focus our efforts upon a happy and comfortable old age. It is the quiet and persistent carrying out of a health program, without resorting to any spectacularism, that will be helpful. It is through the simple measure that many of the great and enduring things of life are brought about.

What are some of the important numbers on this health program? How can we help in the preparation for a comparative degree of health and strength in old age? We do not know the extent of the years of our life. If the extent of our life is 40, we cannot make it 70. However, we need not concern ourselves with that about which we do not know anything, or very little, but rather avail ourselves of the use of that information and those facts that are clearly revealed, and firmly established. They will be helpful in showing the way. Thanks to the present system of education, in which ample provision is made for instruction in personal and public hygiene, giving our children information and valuable lessons in right living. The entire range of health laws and health needs, such as the proper foods, proper living conditions, the matter of work and rest, of play and exercise, of the essential need of fresh air and sunshine, is brought to the attention of children beginning in the grades and continued in the secondary schools and in the colleges. It is necessary that a proper mode of living be followed from early childhood on, if the desired results are to be realized.

Besides the important general health rules, there are some special needs upon which special emphasis must be laid. In this machine age of high pressure living we are apt to forget that our heart and blood vessels constitute the very life of our organism, and that in the rush and whirl of living these vital organs are frequently overtaxed, both regarding their structure and their function.

Heart disease is a common form of illness, and one that entails much weakness and disability. The aged are frequently disabled only because of a weak heart. The Chicago Heart Association refers to heart disease as "the greatest single cause of death," and in one of the association bulletins, prepared by Mrs. Gertrude Howe Britton, the writer shows the constant increase of deaths from heart disease in the city of Chicago during a period of twenty-one years. There were, according to the figures quoted in the same bulletin, 6,960 deaths from heart disease in the city of Chicago during the year 1927. Heart disease deaths in the United States registration area for 1924 totaled 176,671.

High blood pressure is closely associated with many serious forms of heart disease.

THE SIXTY-SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION

of the American Association on Mental Deficiency

The annual convention of the American Association on Mental Deficiency no doubt proved to be very valuable to everyone who attended it the latter part of last April, in Richmond, Virginia. Those who in one way or another are connected with institutions for mental defectives or those who are engaged in work with subnormal individuals in communities at large, should have particularly profited from the many papers which were presented on various phases of mental deficiency and from the contacts made with those working in different states in this country, thereby gaining from the experience of others.

Roughly, the types of papers which were presented could be classified into three major groups. One group of papers dealt with the nature of mental deficiency from the medical, psychological, social and educational angles based on researches. These researches not only elicited a wealth of material throwing greater light on the whole subject of mental deficiency but also indicated clearly the need for even more research work so greater understanding and knowledge could be gotten on the nature of mental deficiency. The greater our understanding will be of the various problems of mental deficiency and the more facts we will have at our disposal, the more can we hope to accomplish in the training and control of mental defectives. Realizing the importance of greater research, some institutions have especially set up laboratories equipped with medical, psychological and other research workers who are engaged in no other work but research. It is really to be hoped that in time every state institution for mental defectives will have a staff of trained workers for the purpose of research work.

Another group of papers dealt with mental defectives in various institutions especially in state institutions. These included considerations of administration and of medical, psychological and educational work with these individuals.

One important problem of administration concerns the types and ages of mental defectives to be admitted. No state is prepared to segregate in institutions all existing mental defectives, making the above problem very vital for all state institutions. Education and training for mental defectives in institutions is another important problem which has for a long time deeply concerned authorities. Not all state institutions have equally good facilities for their educational and training programs. While some institutions have carried on intensive educational and training work, thus fitting, in a great many instances, their mental defectives to adjust outside institutions, others have relatively poor facilities for adequate training, making extramural adjustment on the part of mental defectives very difficult, if not impossible. It is encouraging to know, however, that in most state institutions attempts are being made to improve and enlarge educational and training facilities.

Since, as mentioned before, no state can institutionalize all its mental defectives, the third group of papers presented dealt with the big and grave problems of adjusting those mental defectives in their own communities who are not placed in institutions. Relatively, only a small percentage of mental defectives can be cared for in state institutions, and for this reason every state must consider an adequate and rigorous program of academic and vocational training especially suited for its subnormal individuals. Since such training should be given early in the person's life, it must necessarily be a part of public school instruction. This means the establishment of special classes for mental defectives in the public schools where instruction could be especially designed and planned to meet the capacities and needs of subnormal individuals of different mental levels. Some states in this country already have an adequate system of special classes. Other states are now actively engaged in organizing such clases, while still others are still woefully behind in this respect.

In conjunction with training mental defectives in vocations, there is also the problem of giving them constant and adequate supervision. A large proportion of mental defectives could be trained to do many things which affords them to be entirely or at least partially self-supporting. However, these individuals cannot be made normal and they are therefore always in need of supervision coming from special agencies, placement homes and other sources.

Many interesting and worthwhile papers were also presented on various other problems relating to mental deficiency. The types mentioned above present some very grave problems with which many states are faced and for which solutions must be found if we are to exercise the badly needed more adequate care and control of mental defectives.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist

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EXHIBITS IN RICHMOND

One of my main purposes in attending the recent convention at the Jefferson Hotel in Richmond of the American Association on Mental Deficiency was to see the exhibits of handiwork and where possible visit the class rooms or places of demonstration and see the work actually being done.

On the main floor, and near the desk for registration, was an excellent exhibit of the various kinds of weaving. Some very beautiful and complicated patterns were shown; designs that call for a four or five harness loom. Other designs were very simple but effective, in bags, scarfs, belts, afghans and rugs. I was especially interested in a baby's afghan of soft white wool woven on the "Weave It" frame like the one some of our children have learned to use.

The Rosewood State Training School of Maryland had an exhibit in which I noted a great variety of crafts things; among them, bed quilts, round woven mats, simple woven rugs, examples of sewing, tatting, embroidery, crocheting, basketry, chair bottoms made of cane and of splits and coloring with water color. Two things I noticed that they have which we do not, was shoe mending and work in copper and brass.

In the exhibit of the special class of the Richmond Public Schools there was a serviceable tacked

(Concluded on page 7)

VALUE OF MUSIC IN SCHOOL

MUSIC in the public schools is often looked upon as a pleasant pastime. While its presence can even be justified on this ground, it has also an educational value. When music is correctly taught, nothing in the whole curriculum compares with it for general usefulness. Let us see what facts we can marshall to prove these statements.

Let us first look at the mental side of music study. A pupil goes to school to train his mind so that he can use it in a rapid, accurate manner. While in every other study accuracy is demanded, little or nothing is said of the speed with which the mind should move. Though speed is one of the main elements of efficiency, in the education of the child it is often ignored. In reading music the pace is set, and the brain must keep up. This cultivates a habit of rapid mental action that is useful in all lines of activity. If a person reads music, his mind works rapidly and rhythmically.

If a child learns to play or sing, he can give pleasure to others. When he is a member of a chorus or an orchestra he will learn to do his part well so that others may do their parts well. Thus the great lesson of co-operation is brought home to the boy or girl that is most effective. Baseball, football and basketball teach this co-operation to a few, but in chorus, orchestra and band work all can learn it.

The practice of music is recognized to be a great value as a means of physical development. Singing develops the lungs. The playing of an instrument has a direct and beneficial effect upon the brain. The physical control necessary for the successful playing of any instrument or in singing will induce habits of physical poise and mental equilibrium that make for culture, strength of character and ability.

The greatest thing we can develop in any pupil is initiative. The pupil who has initiative will be able to go out into the world and carve a place for himself far more easily than the one who simply does what he is told. There is a fine field for the development of initiative in music classes.

Every school should have the inclusion of music in the curriculum on an equality with the other basic subjects. It stands foremost in developing an appreciation of the finer things of life.

It should be placed in every rural school, in the belief that no single development will so greatly lessen the extreme differences now existing between rural and urban education.

In many schools the executive head extends sympathetic interest and co-operation to the teaching of music, and in such school systems music becomes a vital subject and functions so potently that definite educational benefits can be estimated from its inclusion in the school curriculum.

Every teacher should help lead the children to love good music and fully appreciate the many qualities of beauty represented in this divine art.—Selected.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Minus Proffit lives in Penine, Tenn.

Australia and New Zealand have a combined total of 30,842 miles of railways.

Seven states are visible from the summit of Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn.

North Dakota has more below-zero weather than any other state in the Union.

The Philippines are a paradise for motorists, possessing more than 5000 miles of fine macadam roads.

The "1733 Amusement Park" at Kearney, Nebraska, is 1733 miles from Boston and 1733 miles from San Francisco.

To make one auto tire requires as much rubber as is collected from two trees over a period of two years.

Not many years ago there was a man who took a delight in experimenting with rubber, trying to discover some way of hardening it. One day, when he had a kettle full of it on the stove, he accidentally spilled some sulphur into it. The sulphur vulcanized the rubber, and so Mr. Goodyear made the discovery which gave the world one of the most useful present-day materials.

Approximately 15,000 people are burned to death in America yearly.

Nearly one-third of these are children under ten years of age.

Two-thirds of the total are burned to death in homes.

The number of dwelling house fires has increased 50 percent in the last six years.

Forty percent of the losses in farm fires are in the dwellings.

There are five fires in schools every 24 hours.

An average of five church fires occur every day.

During the mating season ravens show off to attract mates. They dive, somersault and even fly upside down.

The loss of life on farms and rural communities is a little over one-third of the total loss of life through fire.

The fire loss on American farms and rural communities including towns of 25,000 population is approximately $260,000,000 annually or $700,000 per day or $500 per minute.

EXHIBITS IN RICHMOND

(Concluded from page 5)

rug and a beautiful hooked rug in three tones of one color. There was crocheting, weaving, free hand painting in water paints, also painted gourds. There was a spinning wheel made of wood, placques, book ends and magazine stands. Figures of cave men cut out of wood and painted were interesting. A doll bed with a bunny at the head and foot attracted much attention.

The Deveraugh Schools of Berwyn, Pennsylvania, probably had the most interesting display, but could well afford to, as it is a private school well equipped and with many advantages which most schools do not have. There they make costumes and costume jewelry. Many attractive and useful things were made of metal: for example, candle holders, lamp stands and hot muffin holders. Articles of wrought iron also were made, a coffee table with a glass top and andirons. Of course there were all kinds of needle work, including cross stitch and needle point. There were cunning animals cut out of sponge and pretty things made out of inlaid wood. A table and chairs made of wood for porch or breakfast room was most unique. One lovely idea I "borrowed" for our own use here at Caswell was how to decorate a wooden bowl in a most original manner, but let's keep that a secret until next fall.

The exhibit from Caswell Training School though small, called forth many favorable comments and showed up well in comparison with the others.

All the Caswell teachers visited the Madison School in Richmond, where special class work was being done. One teacher there, Dr. Higgins, in the boys' shop, was very courteous and helpful in explaining his work and making suggestions. The boys seemed happy and busy with their tools and work benches. I also visited another happy bunch of little boys in a private class on Grace street. They were making miniature airplanes at that time.

In the Jefferson Hotel was a most impressive scientific exhibit in charge of Dr. Canavan of Massachusetts. It was, of course, too technical for the average person.

The New York State Department of Mental Hygiene showed interesting posters describing the "Village Home Life," and "Domestic Care" of pupils in private homes. A poster explaining the colony of the Rome State School was very interesting. There were more things to see and hear than we could possibly take in. I feel that the trip was very beneficial as well as pleasant to all who had the good fortune to attend.

Mrs. Ethel Parrott Hughes,
Teacher of Crafts

———o———

WILLIAMSBURG

On April 20, Dr. and Mrs. Register, Mrs. Lehman, Mr. and Mrs. Harlan, Miss Wladkowski, and the teachers, motored to Richmond to attend the conference of the American Association on Mental Deficiency. People came from all over the United States. A lady from Oklahoma was at our place of residence. The meetings were held at the famous old Jefferson Hotel, made festive by the many tall baskets of calla lilies.

Thursday afternoon the Association adjourned to visit Williamsburg, the restored first capital of Virginia, the first permanent state settled in 1607. Williamsburg was named for the king of England, and his and Queen Mary's full length portraits hang in the governor's mansion there. William and Mary's College is the oldest in the United States with the exception of Harvard, in Massachusetts.

The lady who conducted our party knew so many interesting things about the beautiful antiques. We visited the capital first, with a room for the Burgeses and one more beautifully panelled for the upper house. At the Raleigh Tavern, 2,080 paid guests had been there that day, not counting the many passes. The hostesses were charmingly dressed in colonial costume. From the tavern where so many famous people had gathered in the early days, we went to the Governor's Mansion. It would be impossible to describe the beauty of old polished wood, the draperies, the handsome silver and burnished brass, the gorgeous chandeliers and beautiful old china. We were charmed, too, with the gardens and the numerous varieties and harmonizing colors of the cut flowers.

Two days we attended the special class sessions at the Madison School. These special classes were brought over from the other schools because the Madison School was only two blocks from the Jefferson Hotel. In this room there were two work tables at the back of the room where the children had been engaged in woodwork or painting. I visited a first grade class. We had a wonderful visit at Miller and Rhodes Book Store, where I bought a few books for our kindergarten, part of the money being earned by our school girls.

Mrs. Wilbur Dawson, Teacher

———o———

THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT

Large quantities of fresh vegetables are brought in daily from our gardens and prepared for cooking by Mrs. Freeman, Miss Jackson and six girls. They have also been very busy recently washing the walls. Everything looks fresh and clean.

They enjoy their work very much. The girls look forward to Saturday when they are given a dime each for being obedient and doing their work well.

There is an enormous amount of work done in the kitchen, where food is cooked for over eight hundred people. There are four cooks who have different tasks to perform. After breakfast is cooked and served they start preparing dinner. Containers are filled with food for all the out buildings by Miss Jackson.

The kitchen is thoroughly cleaned each morning. The floor is scrubbed, pots cleaned and the coffee urns shined. The kitchen is a very busy place indeed.

The bread, cakes and various other things are cooked in the baker's shop by Mr. Overby and Mr. Reynolds.

Miss Sessom cuts a portion of the bread, serves desserts and serves several trays. She has many others small tasks to perform which keeps her very busy. Miss Jackson also helps her in the bread room.

Mrs. J. F. Freeman

Statistics prove that a locomotive is not afraid of an automobile.

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

Illustrated Review of Various Things

All the dumbells are not in gymnasiums.

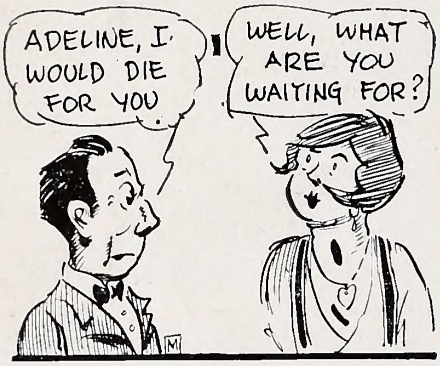
Editorial—On reading the life stories of most successful business men, this fact stands out prominently above all others—*they all began life selling newspapers.* To the unsuccessful, this fact is some consolation; they know now *why they failed.*

* * *

Book Reviews Done Here—A large volume, generously illustrated and edited by Mr. Sears, though not in the best seller class is undoubtedly the most read volume of the season. The runner-up is a book similar in format, edited by Mr. Montgomery. Both have a large literary following.

* * *

What's Wrong Here?


ADELINE, I WOULD DIE FOR YOU
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
M

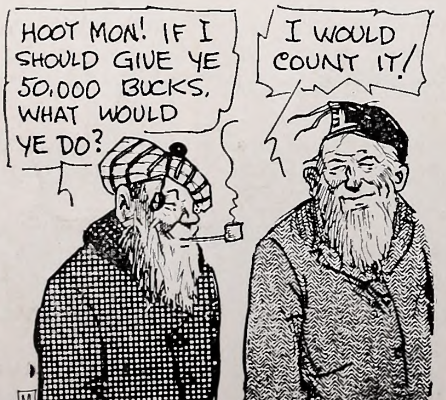
A young lady should never become so unsympathetic towards a poor nut, as is shown above. Adeline's harsh words are not at all merited. She should know that sacrificial utterances of this kind denote a temporary lapse from sanity. Much better would it have been if she had replied, humorously, "No, no, Cuthbert, you are entirely too young to die!"

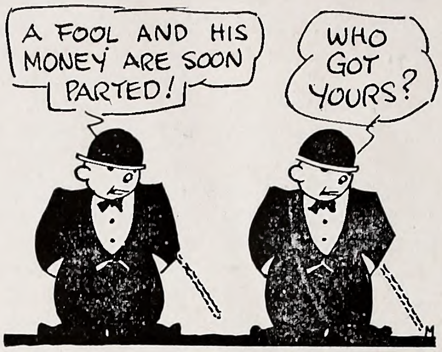
* * *

The Saddest News of the Month is about the man who allowed a debtor chiropractor, owing him fifty dollars, to take it out in trade.

* * *

Financial.


HOOT MON! IF I SHOULD GIVE YE 50,000 BUCKS, WHAT WOULD YE DO?
I WOULD COUNT IT!
M


A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED!
WHO GOT YOURS?
M

Court News.

Prosecutory Counsel to witness: "Where were you on December 25 between 10 and 11 p. m.?"

Witness: "I—I—"

Defending Counsel: "I object to the question."

Judge: "The question is inadmissible."

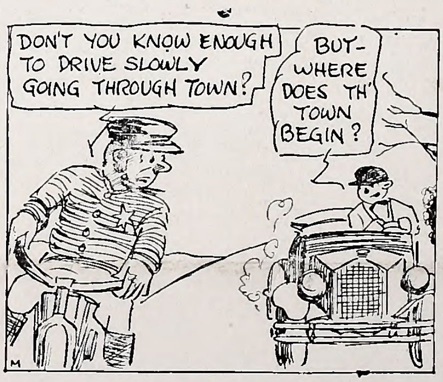
Prosecutory Counsel: "I insist upon it relevancy."

Judge: "All right, I will allow the question."

Prosecutory Counsel: "Where were you on December 25 between 10 and 11 p. m.?"

Witness: "I don't know."

How to Die Young!


DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO DRIVE SLOWLY GOING THROUGH TOWN?
BUT-WHERE DOES TH' TOWN BEGIN?
M

* * *

Revised Definition—A parasite is a man who walks through a revolving door without doing his share of pushing.

* * *

Short Story.

The door-to-door salesman encountered a sharp-tempered housewife who growled: "No, I don't want your baking-powder. I ain't got no time to waste on peddlars." The salesman apologized. "Come to think of it, ma'am," said he, "I wouldn't care to sell you any powder. This little kitchen of yours is too low in the ceiling; the bread wouldn't have a chance to rise."

Fairy Story: "How delighted I am," said the tired business man to his wife, "that we are to attend the Smither's bridge party tonight."

* * *

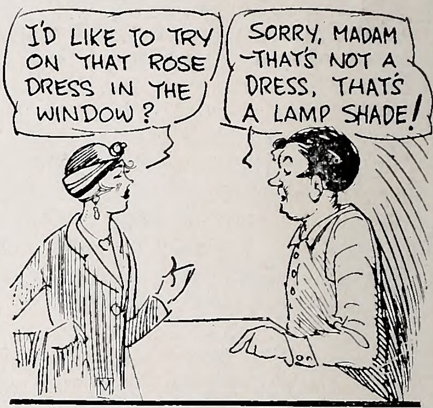
Health Hint—One way to take your cold bath these wintry mornings is to take it with hot water.

* * *

Etiquette Hint—It may not be proper to use opera glasses at a musical comedy but it shows good form.

* * *

The Art of Salesmanship.


I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT ROSE DRESS IN THE WINDOW?
SORRY, MADAM -THAT'S NOT A DRESS, THAT'S A LAMP SHADE!
M

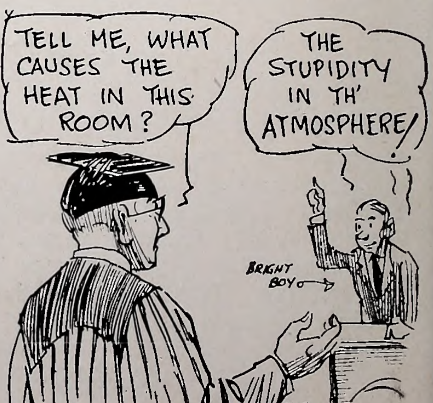
Lesson No. 22266—In the above picture you will observe an illustration of poor sales ability. Remember, it is always bad policy to contradict a customer. This particular prospect may feel insulted and never enter the store again. Never forget the maxim of all successful merchants, "Give 'em what they ask for."

* * *

Ad.—Hot air artists should invest in our improved "Bunko" Gauge. Tells at a glance the pressure one is carrying. At all Hardware Stores.

* * *

Educational.


TELL ME, WHAT CAUSES THE HEAT IN THIS ROOM?
THE STUPIDITY IN TH' ATMOSPHERE!
BRIGHT BOY
M

The Caswell News

Volume
3

Number
4

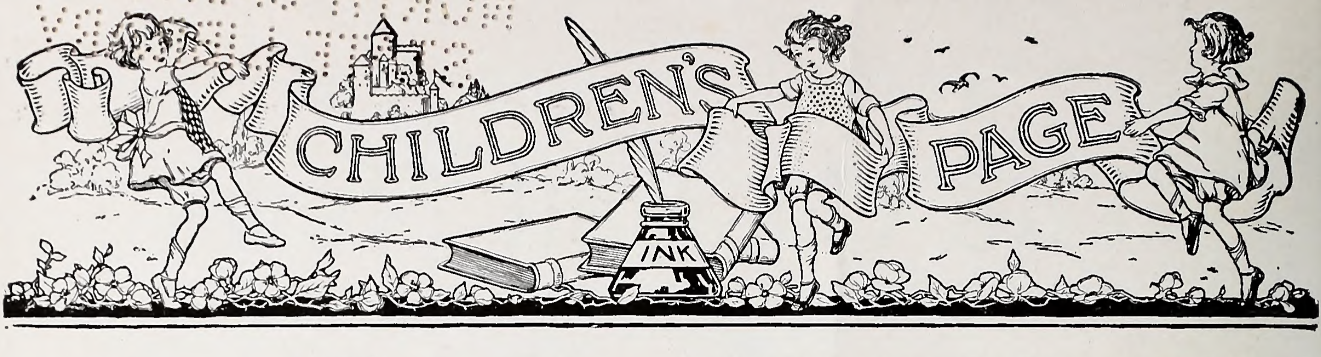
It's natchural enough, I guess,
When some gits more and some gits less,
For them-uns, on the slimmest side
To claim it ain't a fair divide;
And I've knowed some to lay and wait,
And git up soon, and set up late,
To ketch some feller they could hate
Fer goin' at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' cause the earth don't shake
At every prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied:
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that, counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed grate success
Is mixed with troubles, more er less,
And it's the man who des the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

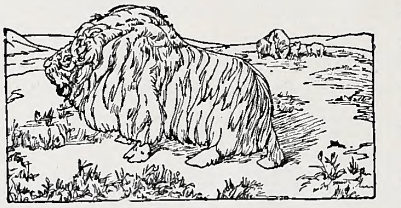
—*James Whitcomb Riley*

JUNE, 1938



SAVED

Stocky, the small, sturdy musk-ox, sniffed the breeze suspiciously a second time. There was a taint in the air that he could not place. For a long time he peered about the white tundra wastes, upon the bleak Arctic scene. Again the odor came to Stocky's keen nostrils.



Then it was that he placed the familiar smell. It was the same one he had noticed when an Eskimo spear, whirring through the air, had slain his mother. The scene came again, dimly, to Stocky's mind.

He had been frightened almost to death. He had not known what to make of the strange happening. But something told him to flee, and he had run his hardest. None too soon had he taken refuge in flight, for another spear whirred through the air, just grazing Stocky's back, in its swift flight.

Ever since that time he had feared the Eskimo scene and now that it again tinged the air, the young musk-ox was more afraid than ever.

And yet, other feelings than fear stirred in Stocky. He was now mated and had two young oxen to protect as well as himself. Stocky was in a panic. He wanted to flee, but still he knew he must protect his family who were helpless without him.

What worried him particularly was the fact that the Eskimo scent came from the north. And to the north, grazing quietly, were Stocky's three charges. What should he do?

Cautiously, he moved northward. At the top of a knoll he saw something, which caused him to shiver with fright. Between Stocky and his family of three, crept two Eskimos. Directly towards the unsuspecting musk-oxen they crawled, face downward.

For a moment Stocky watched the creeping Eskimos without being able to know what course he should pursue. At last he decided. He would rush suddenly down upon them. They would then turn their attention to him alone, and his mate and the young oxen could escape unharmed.

No sooner had Stocky made up his mind to follow this course than he broke into a run. The Eskimos turned around. When they saw the angered musk-ox rushing upon them, their eyes opened wide with fear. Never in their experience had they known of a timid musk-ox attacking a man. They felt certain that the beast had gone mad. Standing upright, they waved their spears, hoping to frighten the charging animal. But Stocky was not to be thus easily frightened. He was going to save his family at all costs. Hs rushed toward them.

Stocky's mate was aroused from her grazing at the sound of his rushing hoofs on the hard, frozen tundra. For perhaps a half minute she watched the scene before her. Then she saw the need for flight. Her two calves followed her as she plunged away from the Eskimos further toward the north.

The Eskimos found that waving their spears and shouting had no effect upon Stocky and he was almost upon them when they turned away, both men running swiftly in different directions.

Stocky stopped in his head-long flight. He could not understand why the Eskimos ran away. He felt certain that still they would turn and throw their spears at him, and that he would fall, as his mother had done before him. He had been willing to run into this danger to save his family. Again he broke into a furious run. The Eskimos, quite breathless, stood directly in his path.

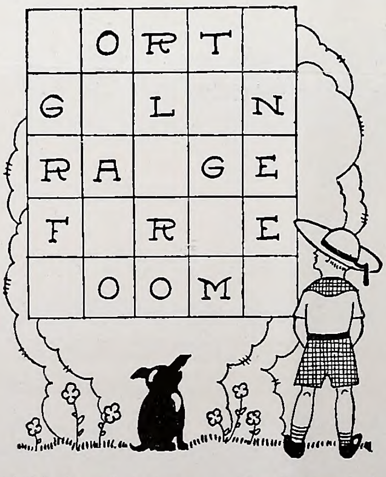
Again they took to their heels. Stocky slackened his pace. But whenever they slackened theirs, Stocky rushed toward them, driving them on. Thus he continued his pursuit for a long time, until the two worn-out Eskimos finally staggered into the Eskimo village, where Stocky did not dare to follow.

Here he halted, snorted his disgust at these two frightened man-creatures, and trotted back the way he had come, finally overtaking his mate and young.

And now the Eskimos remember Stocky by his strong and sturdy build. When they see him on the Arctic tundra they say to their companions, "There is the musk-ox who fears no one. We dare not molest him."

DIAGONAL PUZZLE

From the upper left hand corner to the lower right hand corner write a five-letter word meaning TO IMAGINE. From the upper



	O	R	T	
G		L		N
R	A		G	E
F		R		E
	O	O	M	

right hand corner to the lower left hand corner write a five-letter word meaning GLORY or FAME. When you have done this correctly you will have completed the unspelled words.

The Caswell News

Vol. 3 - No. 4 KINSTON, N. C., JUNE, 1938 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor ....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

PATIENCE

One often hears about the patience of Job. I do not desire to disparage his patience, for we all know he had many things, both great and small, to up-set a man that did his best.

A job at Caswell requires much patience and understanding. While we at Caswell do not pretend to have the patience of Job, we do say that we are in the group of those that ran. We have a great many children to teach and one of the most essential things to teach them is patience. Teaching others to do things that you know so well how to do is a slow process. If you want children to be patient and stick to the job, you must give your pupils daily examples of this virtue. When the most trivial matters are brought to your attention, you must not cast them aside as too insignificant to be worried with. Always we must never lose an opportunity to exemplify patience about the smallest thing. We must know how to handle pennies before we can become possessers of dollars. A penny does not mean much to a great many people but they mean much to some. Be patient about giving librally of your time. This does not cost much, but means so much to a great many. Give freely of your grey matter. Others probably are not so liberally supplied. Be patient, helping the lame walk, the blind to see and the deaf to hear and the dumb to talk. Be patient with all that are less fortunate than you.—F. M. R.

SPRING

Should one doubt spring has come to stay, watch the flower beds and children around our buildings, and all doubt will melt away.

Hoes, rakes, spades and trowels are being used with vim and vigor and with grand results. The yard of the Austin Building is lovely with petunias and purple verbena. Wooten's garden has masses of red and pink verbena, flox and snapdragon, while over in the Dewey's yard most all kinds of things are blooming and look so pretty through the trees. The McNairy and Dawson are all dressed up, too, with flowers in their yards. Our pine trees look like gigantic Christmas trees with their new growth standing up like candles. It is an easy job to get the yards raked these days for everybody wants to be out of doors planting, digging, raking and sweeping. The lawn mowers are all sharpened and being used. The grass is growing and so rapidly.

Jump rope is the favorite pastime of the girls, while marbles and hoop-rolling seems to be the choice of the boys. Our employees are strolling in couples more and the restlessness of their dancing feet pretend the trend of their thoughts. Fish fries and picnics are in the making. Yes, spring is here all right and summer just around the corner.—Mrs. Harlan, Supervisor for boys and girls.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE

If we are to get the most out of life, we must get the greatest possible enjoyment and happiness. It is something to be thankful for that the old idea that everything which was pleasant was very likely to be wrong is not recognized as mistaken.

How can we get the most out of living? This may be done principally by developing new interests. Because the fuller our lives are with interests and worthwhile things, the less we are going to care for the cheaper sort of pleasures and the easier it is going to be to summon bravery to pass them up.

There is such a thing as being very poor in imagination and ideas. If we have not any resources in ourselves, we are almost sure to fall for some shallow, stupid entertainment out of sheer boredom. The habit of constantly doing one thing indicates a poverty of ideas. This tends to get our emotions over-stimulated without any outlet for them.

We should all check on ourselves as to what our interests are and what our ideas of a good time are. Are you the type of person who searches for ways to kill time, or are you the kind who has so many interests, so many things you want to do and find out that there is never time enough?

This world is so full of thrilling hobbies that each and everyone of us should be able to find one that suits us. There are so many things that can be done with our minds and hands alone and with other people who make for us a more interesting world.

Take time for developing interests which will gain for you the most out of life. Use your time wisely and rightly and it will bring you much helpfulness, enjoyment and happiness.—Miss Rachel Rose, Nurse.

Information worth while

FACE POWDER FROM SEA

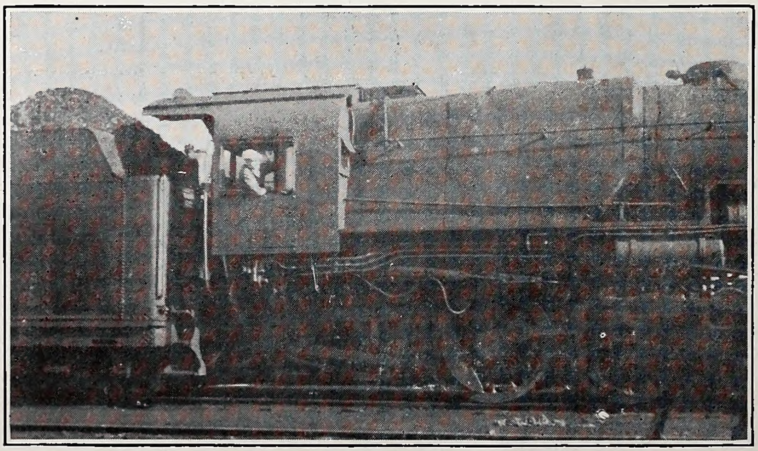
In both salt and fresh water live countless millions of microscopic creatures known as diatoms. These build tiny shells of almost incredible thinness, and when they die their empty homes form a deposit known by the rather forbidding name of diatomaceous earth. Experiments have shown that from this earth can be made a powder which is ideal for toilet purposes.

When dry, diatomaceous earth is easily reduced to very light powder, finer and more porous than that made from rice or starch. At present, all good toilet powders are made from one or other of these two substances. Before long diatom powder made from material collected from the seashore or the beds of lakes and rivers is likely to made a strong bid for the popularity of this very necessary part of milady's toilet.

o

MILES OF HENS

The largest poultry plant in the world, operated at Reseda, Calif., sells more than 150,000 old hens each year and maintains a flock of 500,000 hens, says the United States Department of Agriculture. The statistically minded can calculate that if these 500,000 chickens were marching in a line a foot apart, the parade would extend more than 90 miles.



—Photo Courtesy Pennsylvania Railroad

If you use an automobile or go by bus, on that business trip or week-end excursion which you are planning, you are thirteen times more likely to be killed than if you travel by train.

o

COLORING GOLD

The simplest way to produce the various colors of gold is to alloy it with other metals, copper giving it a reddish tint, silver a white tinge, while an alloy of gold, silver and copper may have a greenish tone. An alloy of three parts of gold to one part silver is green, while three parts gold to one part copper is red. In the same way, special alloying gives the popular white gold. The wearing quality depends on other factors besides the amount of gold in the alloy, as expressed in carats.

o

SEALSKIN PRODUCTIONS

Sealskin is obtained by dressing, which necessitates the removal of the coarse water hairs which grow beyond the fur. It is accomplished by shaving down the flesh side of the skin to cut off the roots of the hair, which grow deeper than the fur. The hairs are then pulled out, and the fur, originally a rusty brown, is dyed black, the process requiring seven dippings. Both these processes are trade secrets, and they require great care and skill. Experienced and successful work at once doubles the value of the skin.

o

UNICORN PROBLEM SOLVED?

Chinese scientists believe they have solved the problem of the unicorn.

The fabulous animal actually existed, in the opinion of oriental archeologists.

Dr. Li Chi, Harvard graduate, is the man principally responsible for this opinion. In ancient ruins he found a carving that strangely resembled the one-horned bull. an Asiatic press correspondent reports.

The characters were found to mean that the animal represented by the carving had been captured by hunters. The carving was apparently more than three thousand years old.

o

When we cease to learn, we no longer are children, and we find the door of heaven shut.

CINDERELLA

The operetta, "Cinderella", was given by the pupils of Caswell Training School, Tuesday evening, May 24, and was enjoyed by all. The curtain rose on a song and dance by the fairies and gnomes. Cinderella was especially graceful in her dance and song, "Look at Me", after her fairy godmother had robed her for the ball.

The second act opened with a song and dance by the ladies and knights attending the ball. The stage was beautiful with flowers and the harmonizing colors of the dancers. The singing was fine and all those taking part did well.

Mrs. Askew directed the operetta and Miss Doris Whitfield the dancing. No small part of the success of the operetta was due to the lovely costumes. They were designed by Mrs. T. J. Hughes and made in the craft room by the following girls: Ada, Madge, Minnie, Myrtle, Martha and Effie Pearl. The lovely tapestry over the mantel was the handiwork of Ada.

Between acts, little Katie and William danced an attractive tap dance which brought much applause. Some of the boys played the harmonicas before the last act. The operetta was declared by many to be the best ever given here.

Among the out-of-town guests were Dr. Harry W. Crane and Dr. Mabel E. Goudge of Chapel Hill. —Mrs. Dawson, Teacher.

Commencement Exercises

Like other schools, we have commencement exercises at the close of school. We had a very interesting one May 23-24 of this year. The school children gave a presentation of "Cinderella" with added attractions of dances and songs.

The children in our building, Cottage VI, talked about Cinderella several days before and after commencement. It was a play they all thoroughly enjoyed because their teachers had read the story to them. With this background of the story the children understood the play better.

The children are looking forward to another good play next year.—Miss Scott and Miss Gray, Matrons.

THE FARM

The farm prospects are very bright for a good harvest this summer and fall. We are proud to state that Mr. Gene Brown, our Farm Supervisor, has all of the crops in good condition, free from grass and weeds. We have recently been blessed with several nice rains and it is not a difficult task to tell the little plants are growing from day to day. Harvesting our Irish potatoes will be in full swing in a few days. After examining many plants in several sections in the twenty-two acre potato field, we are sure that the yield will be good. Steps have been taken to take care of the potatoes as the potato house has been prepared, old potato crates re-worked and new ones made.

Our children are very fond of watermelons and cantaloupes and they are always happy when they see the farm truck loaded with melons enter the campus for they know that a real treat is on hand. Therefore, special attention is being paid, at this time, to our watermelon and cantaloupe fields, and judging from the plants, our boys and girls will not be disappointed this year.

Since taking a walk through the bean field the other day we know that it will only be a short time before Mrs. Leonard and her canning group will be preparing beans for next winter. We are hoping to can several thousand gallons of beans this season. Besides beans, we will also be busy canning egg plants, beets, pickles, tomatoes, squash and other vegetables. Mrs. Leonard is quite an authority on canning. She inspects each can or jar as it is being prepared and packed and she very seldom loses a container.

Mr. Brown and other farm employees are quite busy these days cultivating several hundred acres that have already been planted in corn, beans, tomatoes, squash, melons, sweet potatoes, peanuts and other plants besides preparing the hay and ensilage corn land. Again let us say that our farm is looking very good here at Caswell and we are certainly proud of it.—S. H. Stroud, Business Manager.

Playtime at Cottage IV

Can one train a two-year-old child? That is our problem at Cottage IV. If you can train a two or three-year-old normal child, then why not do the same for these children who are two and two and one-half years old mentally?

Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, has furnished us with much constructive material with which to carry on this work. We appreciate it very much and try to carry out her suggestions as near as we can.

Along with this constructive work, the children are being taught their health habits, table manners, how to set a table and how to wash and dry dishes. Our efforts were rewarded by the beam of pleasure on Dr. Crane's face the other day when he visited our cottage and so heartily approved of the manner in which the children were being taught.

We want to thank Miss Wladkowski for all the lovely play things and most of all, her help.

It takes just a little more time to walk down to our cottage than it does to the other ones, but we do wish everyone would come to see us.—Miss Wagstaf and Mrs. Mozingo.

Cottage I

A weiner roast was enjoyed by the children of Cottage I at Mitchell's Folly. Mr. Mitchell treated them to drinks. They had a good time feeding the ducks and cracking walnuts.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Harlan, Dr. Register and the Paramount theater for making it possible for us to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs".

School closed today and vacation time is here. Two of our girls have gone home and some of the others are expecting to go. However, we are glad to welcome Dorothy to our little group and hope that she will be happy with us. Cottage I wishes every one a very pleasant vacation.—Miss Stroud and Mrs. Happer, Matrons.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE CLOSE-SHUT HOUSE

"I HAVE to go to the Farlee home sometime this afternoon to air out the house, water the ferns, and see that the pet rabbit has something to eat," said Gracia Macon to her friend, Veta Clark, who had run in to spend a couple of hours with her. "Would you mind walking over there with me? I promised Mrs. Farlee I would attend to it every day this week while she is out of town."

"Shouldn't mind it a bit," assented Veta agreeably. "In fact, think I would rather enjoy the walk. Besides I have a pair of shoes at the cobbler's which I left there the other day to be half-soled. We could come back by his shop so we could get them, couldn't we? It isn't much out of the way."

"Sure, we can. It will be only two or three blocks farther for us to walk," answered Gracia.

"All right; whenever you want to go, just say so."

"Then suppose we go now and have it done with; then we can have the rest of the afternoon to do as we please. On school days I stop there on my way home from school and attend to it, but this is Saturday and I'd like to get it done early."

Veta readily agreed, and the two friends set off on their errand.

"Isn't a closed-up house the stalest, mustiest-smelling place you ever saw?" said Gracia, as having unlocked the door they entered the front hall.

"Phew! I'd say so," answered Veta. "The air in here almost suffocates one."

"Mrs. Farlee always likes to have all the blinds on the sunny side of the house pulled down, and that makes things here seem still more damp and musty. She is afraid the sunshine will fade her draperies and rugs," commented Gracia, as she stepped quickly into the living room, raised a blind, and threw the window wide open. "For my part I believe I'd rather risk the fading and have more sunlight in my rooms."

They went from room to room, raising blinds and windows, and enjoying the rush of clean, fresh air as it flowed through the house. Then they watered the ferns and went outside to feed the rabbit.

Fifteen minutes later, when all the various little tasks had been done, they passed the home of Mr. Yontz. The owner was out in the yard, raking leaves. His manner was grouchy, and he scowled at them in a forbidding manner when they spoke, then turned his back towards them ungraciously.

The two girls smiled a little to each other over his crustiness as they walked on. "Do you know," began Veta thoughtfully when they were out of hearing, "what old Mr. Yontz makes me think of?"

"Well, I'm not a mind reader," laughed her friend, "and I'm not so very clever at guessing. What's the comparison?"

Veta laughed, too. "Just this," she answered. "He makes me think of the close-shut house we've just been to see. I don't believe that man ever opens the windows of his soul to the sunshine and fresh air, and the glad, warming influences of the outer world."

"So he does," said Gracia. "All true enough. How nice it would be if some one could only teach him the value of letting fresh air and sunshine into his soul, and thus disperse some of the gloom and mustiness that surely must pervade his inner life."

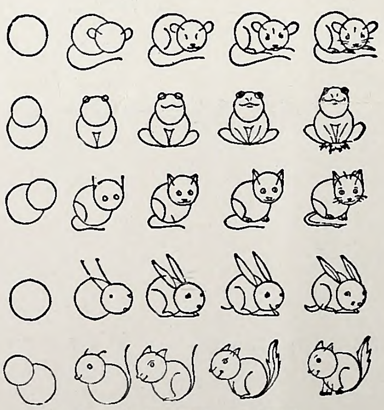
A moment later they came to the cobbler's shop. It was a busy little place. The floor was littered with scraps of waste leather and paper. The old cobbler looked up from his work as they entered, a genial smile on his kindly face, a pleasant greeting on his lips. He searched out the right pair of shoes on the counter and wrapped them carefully in brown paper.

Outside the door they both turned to each other, the same thought in the mind of each.

"Yes," said Gracia, "I know what you're thinking of now. The good, genial old soul of Mr. Trum has its windows always open to the sunshine and life-giving atmosphere. I don't believe there are any musty, gloomy rooms in his inner life. They always seem to be full of cheerful thoughts, pleasant reminiscences, and hopeful ideas. The boys all like him, and he sometimes entertains them by the hour with experiences of his own boyhood. My younger brothers think there is nobody like him."

"Well, we've had quite an illustrated lesson during our short walk," laughed Veta. "A lesson on the close-shut house. I'd like to impress it so firmly on my mind that I might always try to keep the rooms of my heart sunny and smiling, with a healthy atmosphere, as good old Mr. Trum does, and never allow them to be darkened as Mr. Yontz has done. He not only makes life miserable for himself, but all those of his household as well."

"Yes, I think no one would like his inner life to be like the close-shut house," mused Gracia, "and we'll both do well to remember the lesson and apply it in our own lives."



FUN WITH COINS

From a quarter and a ten cent piece you can make yourself a whole menagerie. The quarter makes the body of all the animals and the ten cent piece placed in different positions makes the head. Then add the tails and ears in your own way. The pictures above give you a few suggestions.

SHOW DAY

Every boy in Cottage VII was wide awake when the matron went into the dormitory to call the children at 5:30 on Saturday morning. They hurriedly cleaned the building so they could dress and be ready by 9 o'clock a. m. to go to town to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs".

With the help of the matrons and several of the larger boys, every boy's shoes were shined and each one was dressed in his best attire.

At 9 o'clock the children marched over to the Central Building and got on the school bus. The driver stopped the bus in front of the theatre and the children marched quietly inside.

While we were waiting for the show to begin, Mrs. Harlan gave a brief resume of the story of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". She told the children that she would ask them questions about the picture after they had seen it. This made them pay closer attention to the show.

Everyone seemed to have enjoyed the show very much. As soon as it was over, all the children came outside, climbed into the trucks and bus and rode back to Caswell.

All that could be heard for the rest of the day was, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs".

We wish to thank Dr. Register, Mrs. Harlan and the business men of Kinston for making it possible for us to attend the picture.—Miss Morris, Miss Eunice Mae Smith, Matrons.

Cottage II

Everything is running along smoothly in our lovely little cottage. Everyone is well, happy and seems to be enjoying this beautiful spring weather just fine.

We have added to our list of happy, smiling girls two new ones, Rachel and Georgia Lee, who seem to be very happy with us. The other children of our cottage are proud of the little new girls and they treat them very nicely and, therefore, they feel very much at home. This makes us a total of twenty girls.

Now, maybe some one would like to know what we do for entertainment in our cottage. Well, we have something for every minute in the day. First we rise at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, make twenty beds and get the morning toilet. Then we have breakfast. We form a line in the center of our sun parlor, each child marches to her place at the table and returns thanks for the food and then enjoys the meal that has been prepared for them. After breakfast each girl goes about her assignment of house cleaning with a smile and soon our building is in order. By the time our cleaning is complete it is time for school. Since all do not go to school at the same time, those who are not in school are entertained by playing games and writing on the blackboards, which were sent to us some time ago.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock we receive dinner and this is served in the same way as breakfast is served. After dinner we take two hours rest, then we are ready for some more play and fun. We go out in our yard, which is now beginning to be pretty with green grass and shrubbery which Mrs. Register has planted and play ball and other outdoor games until time for supper, which is delivered to us about 4:30 o'clock.

When supper is finished, we begin our fairy tales and bed-time stories. At 7:30 o'clock we have Bible reading and by 8 o'clock everyone is tucked in bed with a prayer.—Miss Surles and Miss Martin, Matrons.

Cottage V

We have grown devoted to the children in Cottage V. I enjoy my hours with them and the work is very pleasant. Each child has certain work to do and they are always anxious for Saturday to come to get paid for their week's work. The larger boys have the privilege of going to the show over in town on Saturday afternoons. The smaller boys enjoy buying drinks and candy. They also look forward to taking hikes late in the afternoons and picking wild flowers. Saturday, May 28, Mrs. Harlan arranged for the children to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". The children certainly did enjoy this and it will be a picture they will long remember. We are most grateful to Mrs. Harlan for being so kind to us, and we want to do all we can possibly do to please her, so she will be proud of the children and matrons. We all must realize that Mrs. Harlan has a great responsibility.—Miss Hooks and Miss Smith, Matrons.

The Pollock Building

It is a very busy time around the Pollock Building now that we have many peas and beans to be picked. Of course, many of our boys work out at various other tasks, so after they have gone out we select those who can work and take them to the field to pick beans, water trees or to do other work.

All enjoyed seeing "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". We wish to extend our thanks to Dr. Register, Mrs. Harlan and to everyone who made it possible for us to see this wonderful picture.

Some of our boys have gone home on their summer vacation, while others are hoping and planning to go.

They are talking about the watermelons and cantaloupes we are going to have.

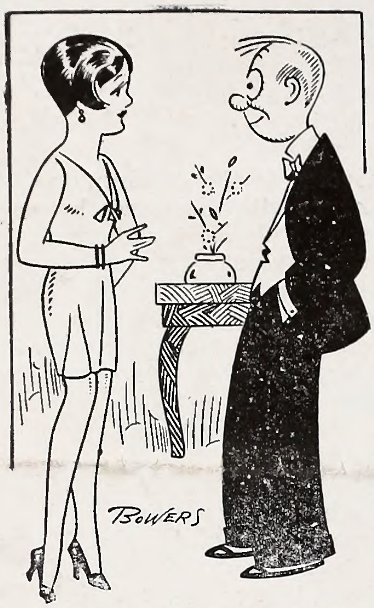
We were all very sorry when Mr. Provost left and we wish him success in his future work.—Matrons and attendants of the Pollock Building.

Austin B. Building

On May 6 we had a very nice weiner roast down on the river. There were fifty-two girls, Mrs. Harlan and I present. It was indeed a lovely sight to see each girl roasting her own weiners and marshmallows. To our surprise, Dr. Register came by and brought us candy, which we enjoyed very much. —Mrs. Idabelle Taylor, Matron.

We may lose our temper a thousand times and yet have not a whit the less; but woe to the person to whom we lose it. A bad temper makes a poor present.

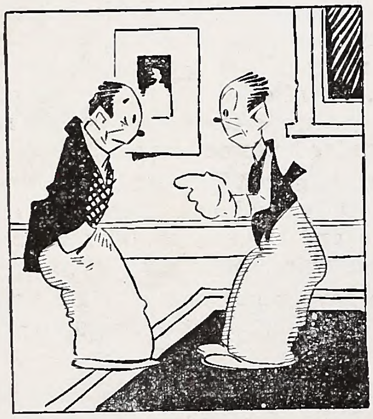
A
Little
Bit
Humorous



AL FRESCO FOR HER

He (simple cuss): "Do you know any parlor games?"

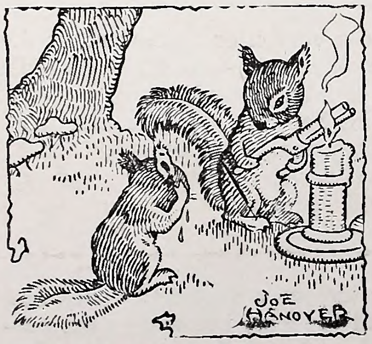
She: "No, all my flirting is done out-of-doors."



OF COURSE HE HADN'T

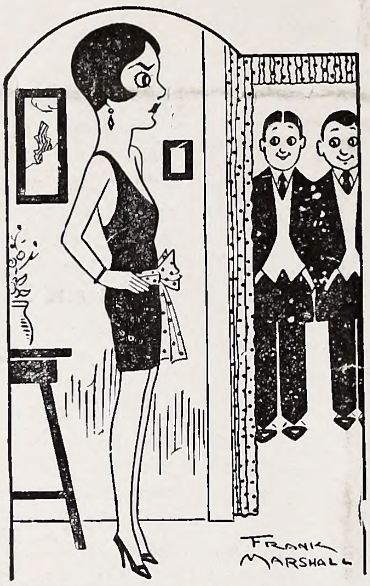
"I've no use for gold-diggers."

"You haven't a girl friend in that case?"



POOR LITTLE SQUIRREL

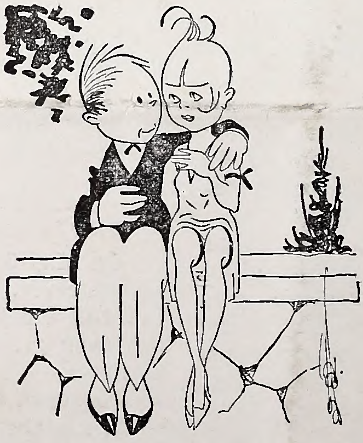
"Boo.hoo, mamma, I don't want to get my tail curled!"



WAS NOT HER OWN

"She gave me an ugly look."

"Well, it couldn't have been her own, as she still has it."

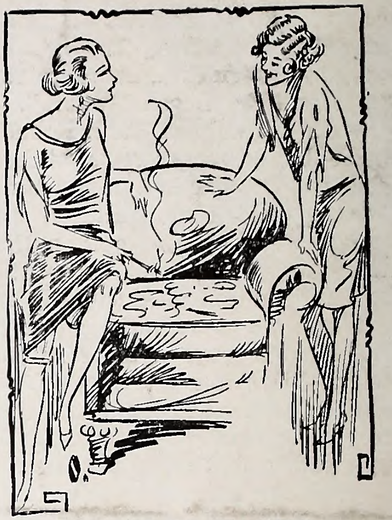


SEES HIM TOO OFTEN

She: "What do you say to a companionate marriage? You could see me once a week by appointment."

He: "But I'm seeing you every evening now."

She: "That's just the trouble."



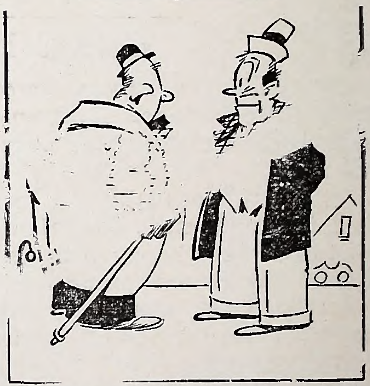
CAME IN HANDY

"Do you think a mud-pack is any good?"

"Well, it saved me the other day at Doctor Jones'."

"Why, how was that?"

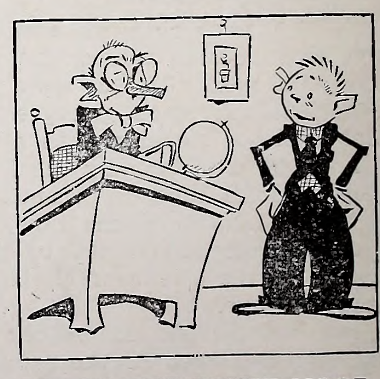
"My husband didn't recognize me."



GOOD PROTECTION

"How can a man protect himself against love at first sight?"

"By taking a second good look."



NOT IN THE RIGHT MOOD

Teacher: "Why can't you conjugate this verb, sir?"

Pert Stude: "Don't think I'm in the right mood."

Jul8 '38

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The Caswell News

Volume 3

Number 5

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
O ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have young heart, though your
hair be gray?
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray;
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
O ye who have lost the way.

—*Katherine D. Blake*

JULY, 1938

Running the Human Engine

It should be borne in mind that there is no one-track road to health, and that in the ideal living program every phase of hygiene must be practiced in a rational way.—Dr. Lyman E. Fisk.

Increase in Efficiency from Physical Training

PHYSICAL training means an increase of the efficiency with which the chemical and physical processes of life are carried on, reports *Hygeia*, popular health magazine.

Studies made recently showed that a trained man can perform a given amount of work with a smaller consumption of oxygen than an untrained man and with less demand on his heart. The trained man breathes more slowly and more deeply and his heart beats less frequently. As a result of systematic exercise, the subjects of the study felt better and were more alert, their appetites improved, muscles developed and capacity for physical work increased.

Decision Means Mental Health

DECISION is the keystone of mental hygiene. Indecision or halfheartedness signifies a mind warring with itself and wasting its energy in internal friction. After a preliminary period of consideration in which the pros and cons are debated, a decision without reservation should be adopted and a whole-hearted course of action inaugurated. Usually we do not make full use of our reserve power; we allow part of our mind to hold back. One who follows clear-cut decisions with whole-hearted action is certain to enjoy mental health and effectiveness.

Cleanliness More Than Skin Deep

CLEANLINESS is something bigger than a cake of soap and a tub of water," declared Dr. W. W. Peters before the Cleanliness Institute. Cleanliness has ethical values as well as the purely physical ones, and has decided effect on such matters as self-respect, pride, behavior, manners, bodily comfort and well-being and even optimism and tolerance.

One cannot pay a man a higher compliment than to say that he has led a clean life, observes Dr. Peters. This, of course, means not mere physical cleanliness, but a clean mind and a clean soul. However, in building character it is important to start with tangible factors. One progresses from physical cleanliness to mental and moral cleanliness, to success in every department of life.

Ours may truly be called the "Bath Age," thinks Dr. Peters. On the purely physical side cleanliness is at the basis of every health activity and public health workers all report that a high standard of cleanliness is a direct asset to them in their work.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to look after his tools

Folly of Vegetarianism

By DR. FREDERIC DAMRAU in *Hygeia*

VEGETARIANISM is nothing more than a burlesque on dietetics.

The person who makes the sweeping assertion that all animal foods are injurious is simply airing his lack of technical knowledge.

From the health point of view the arguments in favor of vegetarianism are as meaningless as a cigaret advertisement. Their premises come chiefly from the fertile fields of medical fiction. The various arguments urged in favor of this fad are based on half truths or misunderstood theories.

The fact that meat sometimes contains dangerous parasites is no reason for not eating meat, as with careful food inspection and thorough cooking of meat, all danger from parasites is eliminated. While some primitive men live on an exclusive diet of vegetables, others apparently just as healthy live entirely on meat. Even civilized man can change to a meat diet exclusively without suffering in health, as was proved by the arctic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

What mankind really needs is a well rounded diet using the greatest possible variety of all foods. No single article of diet can be considered intrinsically beneficial or injurious. What the outraged human stomach would beg for, if consulted, would be the abolition of all food fads.

There are few things more necessary to a normal life than to have purposeful work. This is one of the greatest blessings, but too many miss the joy of it. Work, when done with a zest, is a wonderful tonic.

All Disease to be Banished by 1950

ALMOST every disease prevalent today will be conquered by medical science by 1950, in the opinion of Dr. Lee K. Frankel, vice president Metropolitan Life.

"In the past ten years there has not been a single case of cholera, typhus or yellow fever reported in this country," he said. "In the past year not a single death occurred in this country from smallpox, that dreaded malady of fifty years ago.

"We know today with the knowledge we have, that there are certain diseases that can be completely and forever eliminated. In ten or twenty years we expect not only to have conquered every disease, including cancer, but to have found preventives for most of those ravaging mankind today."

Drink Water and Be Well

WHEN you drink water it flows through the system to make its exit by way of the kidneys and the skin, carrying impurities with it. That is why it is so important to drink plenty of pure water; it literally washes the inside of the body. The Japanese, who drink an average of three quarts of water a day, rank as one of the healthiest nations in the world. But if the pores are not open to permit the perspiration and foul gases to pass, this refuse must return to the blood and place more work on the lungs. For a time the lungs will tackle the extra duty, and fair health may still be enjoyed. But the compensating rule that governs all bodily laws does not last forever, and the habitually unclean person must sooner or later contract disease.

Don't ride in a crowded street car when you are going only a short distance. Walk!

The Human Engine

TO FEEL well you must eat well the foods which build muscle and give you strength.

You can see that the human body is a little bit more complicated than a steam engine or a furnace. When we feed coal to a furnace, we do so only for the purpose of getting energy or heat. We do not expect the coal to keep the furnace in good repair. That is not what coal is for. In the body, however, we expect our food not only to give us energy and heat, but we expect it to repair the wear and tear of the day's work and also give us enough to grow on. Engines don't have to grow. But we do.

The Caswell News

Vol. 3, No. 5 KINSTON, N. C., JULY, 1938 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina

Editor .... F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor .... Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor .... Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor .... Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager .... Miss Mary L. Utley

CHILDREN INCORPORATED UNLIMITED

We often see advertisements like this: X. Y. Z. & Sons, Incorporated Limited.

Children Incorporated, Unlimited of Caswell Training School has no limit. We are taking in new stockholders every few days. The latest addition to our stockholders was Mr. Wieland who has a splendid radio shop in Kinston known as the G W Radio Service. It happened that one of our boys that works in the laundry bought a second hand radio. He accomplished this feat in finance by saving his dime a week wages and some tips from the employees. Ninty-five percent of the laundry help is girls. Girls seldom whistle so they did not "whistle while they worked," but they played the radio while they worked. As radios will do, it got out of fix and the music stopped. Work began to be more or less a drudge and James being an upstanding young man felt called upon to do something about it, so without figuring up costs, he figured only that a lot of girls were getting into "doldrums" and that "the show must go on" even at his expense.

He carried his radio to the G W. Radio Service where it was repaired promptly. James found his finances had sunk low and he was not able to take the radio out of the shop and, furthermore, it might be sold for expenses. Here is where the Superintendent and Mr. Wieland came into the picture. James went to the Superintendent to secure a loan of $4.50 to redeem his radio. The Superintendent, as usual, did not have this amount of money on hand. He, like the boys and girls, counts his cash in nickles and dimes. He suggested to James that he take up a collection among the girls to pay the bill as they enjoyed the music. James said no, he would not ask them as it would not be right and they did not make any more than he did. The Superintendent commended him for his gallant stand and thoughtfulness. The Superintendent told him he would phone Mr. Wieland and get him to hold the radio and let James take the very popular and easy way, pay a little now and each week until paid. The Superintendent explained to Mr. Wieland the serious trouble James was in and he readily agreed for James to take the easy way plan.

Here is the culmination of the story and how Mr. Wieland became a stockholder in The Children Incorporated, Unlimited. Early the next morning Mr. Wieland called the Superintendent and told him to tell James to come for his radio and there would be no charge. It would have done anyone's heart good to have seen this boy's face brighten with joy at this unexpected news and the Superintendent was almost sorry that he had not acquired this block of stock that Mr. Wieland had acquired, only he remembered that stock was unlimited and he could acquire a block at anytime in the Children Incorporated, Unlimited.

There is another feature to this story which shows splendid spirit of helpfulness among those who have little. Unknown to James, the girls began to collect nickels and dimes and even a quarter from one girl who had a windfall of fifty cents for extra work. However, James' good news nipped all collections in the bud. It is all right to invest in good stock such as the Motor's Standard Oil, R. J. Reynolds' American Tobacco Company, etc., but do not forget to take a block of Children Incorporated, Unlimited at Caswell Training School. This stock pays daily dividends and has never missed paying a dividend and never will. You may become as poor as Lazarus and have no one but dogs to attend your sores, or you may become as rich as Dives and lift your eyes in torment and still the knowledge that you have stock in Children Incorporated, Unlimited of Caswell Training School will soothe your weary body and your tired and tormented soul.

The Paramount Theatre bought stock in the Children Incorporated, Unlimited last week. They gave tickets to over 300 of our children to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." It was a wonderful block of stock and I am sure they will be well pleased at this purchase because they have bought before.

The J. J. Fallon Company, Florists of Raleigh kindly sent our school over $50.00 worth of plants to help beautify our grounds which will greatly add to the happiness of our children for they love beautiful surroundings. Therefore, a large block of Children Incorporated, Unlimited goes to the J. J. Fallon Company, Raleigh, North Carolina.

If anyone that reads this article wishes to purchase any of this stock from one share to a million shares, just drop the Superintendent of Caswell Training School a line in regard to Children Incorporated, Unlimited.

Buy a block today for yourself and to pass along to your children and children's children to the fourth generation. This stock could be called, the "in as much as" stock and in the stock of stocks.—F. M. R.

FOR THE CASWELL NEWS

Written by one of our children

I was thinking about writing a note for the Caswell News and finally decided to do so.

I am working in the Dawson Building and I like my work fine. I love all of the little ones that stay in my building, but the one that I love best is John Lee. He knows everytime that I come in to do my day's work. We all have a lot of fun playing and working with them. Sometimes I go up to John Lee when he is crying and I will say, "do you want to see Mary?" He will look up and laugh at me and when Mrs. Reid or Mrs. Justice's dinner time comes, he will laugh that much harder. When he goes to sleep and when he wakes up he is happy because he has his rest.

I want to say one thing about the commencement program and that is that Katie and William and all the others taking part did their part well.

I wish to thank Mr. Hill, Mrs. Harlan, Dr. Register and Mrs. Ida Taylor for letting us go to see the picture, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

I work for Miss Edith, cleaning up her room twice a week. Miss Edith told me that I could do good work if I tried real hard.

Miss Heath is our night matron and she is so nice that I wish that she could work another month with us on night duty.

Well that is all the news that I have this time, so thank you all.—Katie.

o

JUNIOR WARD

We go to work at 6:00 o'clock p. m. Pearl and Bertha water the flowers while Eliza helps get the night clothes ready. The children that are crippled stay up until 7:00 o'clock. Pearl and Pauline look after them. Each girl has a group of children that they look after and seem very much devoted to. We begin putting the children to bed at 7:00 o'clock and by 8:30 o'clock we have all of them bathed and in bed. We make regular rounds every two hours and see the night watchman as he passes every hour. We go in the building every 45 or 50 minutes to see that the children are resting and comfortable. The children are all awake at 5:00 o'clock and ready to rise. We bathe them and dress them ready for breakfast by the time the day matron arrives to go on duty.—Mrs. Carter, Matron.

o

AUSTIN B BUILDING

On Saturday, May 29, our girls were all given a free trip to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." It was a great show. We all enjoyed it immensely.

We are very proud of the painting and repairing being done in our building. The girls seem anxious to help keep it looking nice.

Vacation time is here. Mrs. Taylor is leaving us for fifteen days. We shall miss her a lot, but hope that she has a most pleasant vacation.—Mrs. Holloman, Matron.

We may lose our temper a thousand times and yet have not a whit the less; but woe to the person to whom we lose it. A bad temper makes a poor present.

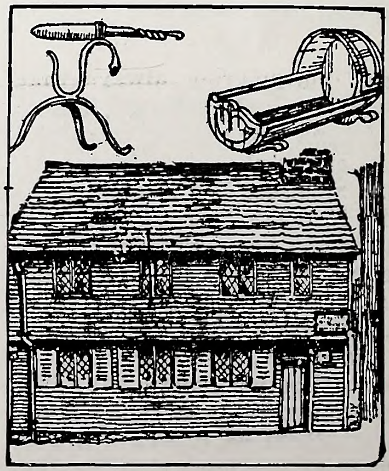
PAUL REVERE'S HOME MADE INTO SHRINE

THE home of Paul Revere in North Square, Boston, Mass., was built sometime between 1650 and 1680. It was purchased by Paul Revere in 1770 and he lived in it until 1800. The house, which is now owned by the Paul Revere Memorial association, has been restored to its original condition and is open to the public.

Once inside the small paneled entry one sees the flight of stairs that rise sharply to the second floor. From the entry one passes through a left-hand doorway and finds himself in a pine-sheathed room. The walls on all but the fireplace are covered with quaint wall paper.

The other downstairs room is both paneled and plastered. Above the fireplace on a narrow shelf are found sundry candlesticks and other paraphernalia. One of the most interesting things in the entire kitchen is the toddy warmer, shown in the accompanying sketch, which was made by Paul Revere himself. When in use, the straight iron rod of this utensil was removed from its resting place in the thimble-like cap, and after being heated in the coals of the fireplace, was thrust red hot into the cold wine or ale, producing a burned taste which was much esteemed in those days. Near the fireplace is a battered baby's cradle fashioned from a barrel (see illustration). Its worn rockers and scarred sides testify to its ancient origin and faithful service.

Though Revere's memorable ride was undertaken over 150 years ago, thanks to Longfellow's immortal poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," practically every school child knows the story well. When criticised for mentioning neither William Dawes, Samuel Prescott, Sexton Robert Newman, nor Captain Pulling and Barnard in the poem for the parts they played on that memorable night, Longfellow replied, it is said, that the name Revere was a poetic one, and that it would do no one any harm because the poem would soon be forgotten. But histories show that he was wrong, for they have been founded on that poem. In fact, it is claimed that if it had not been for the poem, Revere would not have been honored in so many ways.



The toddy stick or toddy warmer in its holder (upper left) and the cradle are two of the prized antiques in the Paul Revere home (shown below).

ALL STAFF MEETINGS

All staff members have been meeting regularly every first Monday evening in the month in our auditorium. The attendance has been very good. During the last meeting three members received prizes for attendance. At each meeting the type of entertainment to be had on the last Monday night of the month is voted upon. A picnic was arranged for June and everybody had an enjoyable time.

Miss Wladkowski, our psychologist, has continued to give talks and also answering questions and leading discussions. Her part of the meeting is always very much enjoyed and we all feel that she helps us to understand various problems relating to mental deficiency and related topics. We feel that her talks have helped us greatly in our dealings with the children.—Louise Holcombe, Secretary of All Staff.

OUR SCHOOL

On the bulletin board in the reception hall of the Central Building is this quotation:

"Blame softly—praise loudly."

In the bustle and hurry of our every day life here it is quite easy to ignore this motto. Each of us is too prone to feel that our niche is the one of prime importance—that our department is supreme. When the truth is—each is a part of a perfect whole—and each dovetails into making a complete organization, The Caswell Training School, the most humane and the most unique institution in North Carolina for it is the only school in the state for the exceptional child. And it is too big and too fine to be crippled by selfishness or petty jealousies. It is so easy to find ourselves "praising softly and blaming loudly," forgetting that no organization can be stronger than its weakest department. Efficiency and happiness come with loyal service—and innate loyalty will drive out fear, injustices, and unfairness. On the other hand, criticism, intolerance, and a mistaken idea of one's own importance will create sensitiveness, unhappiness, inharmony, and an atmosphere that will impair the efficiency of any group or of any organization. Let us every one resolve to do our best every day to perfect our individual duties, let us "look up and live and love and serve," remembering always that in the end right will win.

"Truth crushed to Earth shall rise again;
  The eternal years of God are hers,
While Error writhes in pain,
  And dies among his worshippers."

Someone has said that a good deed or a good idea with life and power in it never dies—you can bury it but it will not stay buried. It will come out, sometime, somewhere. There was a man once who dared and did great things—for the good of all other men. He had a good word always for the common man. He made the unthinking and the wicked so bitter that they killed him—and buried him and supposed that was the end of him. But it was not! He had life and power in him—and so he could not stay buried. Thus it is with love and loyalty and goodness—they will come out, sometime, somewhere.—M. L. U.

BIRDS AND THEIR VALUE TO MAN

This year the advanced girls and boys began the study of North Carolina. They read Allen's "North Carolina History Stories," and McCorkle's "Old Time Stories of the Old North State." We have a beautiful map of North Carolina that shows all the plant life of our State. This map was most helpful in our study of North Carolina's wild flowers.

Next year all the teachers are planning to study North Carolina's birds. We hope to awaken an interest in all birds, to create the habit of alert observation, to bring about a realization of the worth of birds and to stimulate thoughtful consideration of birds.

Birds play a major part in this world of ours. This is not surprising, in view of their almost universal distribution, and the vast numbers in which we find them. Birds are scattered over all the land surfaces of the earth because of their superior mode of travel. Every sea, swept rock, sand pit and coral key has some form of feathered life.

Birds have a great many natural enemies. Change of climate and storms take a toll of bird life. One good authority says that an icy winter kills more game birds than all the human hunters combined. Entire coveys of quail and other domestic fowl such as pheasants, are frozen stiff in cold sleety weather. Land birds driven to sea by storms during their migrations are killed by the thousands. Hawks, owls, foxes and cats take a fair toll of birds each year. Crows and jays rob nests of their eggs.

For several thousand years, mankind thought that birds were his enemies. They stole grain, robbed the poultry yard, consumed fruit and destroyed the shoots of young plants. But after years of the study of natural history, statistics have shown that birds are responsible each year for the saving of millions of dollars to the world of agriculture.

Another very important relation to mankind is their work as scavengers. The best known group functioning in this way is the turkey buzzards. These birds clear the gutters of garbage which if left to be there would soon pollute the entire neighborhood. The gulls are the guardians of our harbors. Hundreds of tons of garbage are devoured by them. For their usefulness, if for nothing else, children should know birds, love them and learn to protect them. When a child becomes acquainted with birds he will soon learn the alarm note of the nesting birds and will chase away the prowling cat. A child thus trained will abhor the killing of birds and the robbing of nests.

Besides training his ears, a study of nature trains every muscle in the child's body. He will tramp miles across fields and down roads, jumping fences, wading in brooks, or climbing trees in pursuit of a new bird to be identified.

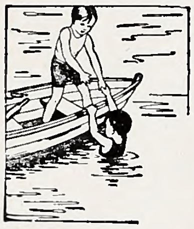
This study opens up a world of beauty and imagination in the experience of the child. It stimulates the sympathies and awakens an appreciation of the wonder of the bird kingdom and creates a desire to protect birds whenever possible. It is with these thoughts in mind that we plan to study birds and their value to man.—Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE RESCUE

Ten year old Tommy came running down the wharf to the lake, his bare feet pattering on the wooden planks. He was late for the swimming meet.

The boys who spent the summer at Long Lakes had formed teams. One side called themselves the Terriers and the other side the Airdales, and during the summer months the two teams played baseball and held swimming meets. The most important meet of all was to take place this morning and here Tommy was late. To be sure, he was late because he had thought so much of the meet that he didn't think enough about his arithmetic (which he had to study during vacation), but being his own fault made it no easier to bear. He had so wanted to be there on time.



'Probably the meet has already begun without me," thought Tommy as he ran. He hurreid as fast as he could and happily when he arrived at the wharf, the meet had not yet started.

"Hello, fellows," shouted Tommy, as he came up to them.

"Hello, Tommy," they shouted back. "Thought you weren't coming."

"Had to study arithmetic," replied Tommy. "Took a long time."

"All ready for the relay race!" called the teams together. "Everybody get in line."

The two teams lined up in a row, waist deep in the water. One boy on each team was to swim to the rope boundary line, which marked the place where the water ran too deep, and back to the boys waiting in the line for their turn. The second he reached his place the next boy in line was to start, and so on until the last one had taken the swim. The team whose every member was back in line first should win the race.

"Ready—set—go!" shouted the boy who was acting as starter. One boy from each team swam with all his might.

Splash! sounded the water as the swimmers went back and forth.

On and on the boys went. First one seemed to be in the lead and then the other would gradually creep ahead.

Bobby, Tommy's best friend, held last place on the Terrier side and Tommy was last on the Airdale team. Their turns were next. Back from the safety line came the boys just ahead of them.

"Go on, Bobby; go on Tommy!" shouted the teams together.

Bobby and Tommy went full speed toward the line. Tommy was a little ahead.

"Come on, Tommy," came the shouts. "Come on, Tommy!"

Splash! He touched the boundary line. Splash! He turned back. "Hurry, Bobby! Come on, Tommy!" shouted the teams again. But suddenly Tommy struck his knee sharply against a nearby raft. Down he went in the water, the current carrying him beyond the safety line. Bobby was the first to see what had happened. As quick as a flash he made for the boat tied to the wharf, loosened it, climbed in, and was rowing toward Tommy before anyone else could think what to do. The current was very strong and was rapidly carrying Tommy out into deeper water. Several other boys started to swim out to help, too, but when Bobby saw them he knew that their coming might mean greater danger, for the water was much over their heads and many of them only just learned to swim.

"Go back," he shouted. "Go back! You might go down, too. I'll get him."

At last Bobby reached the place where Tommy was struggling.

"Grab the boat, Tommy," he said, "I'll help you in."

Tommy took hold of the side and finally after much tugging and with care on Bobby's part not to tip the boat over, a very much bedraggled swimmer was rescued.

Bobby took one look at Tommy's bleeding knee and knew that help would be needed.

"Go tell Mrs. Jenkins, someone," he called. "He's hurt his knee badly."

Several boys departed on the run for the Jenkins' house. All swimming was abandoned and the relay race forgotten. Just as Bobby and Tommy reached the wharf, Mrs. Jenkins arrived with the boys who had gone for her.

"Whatever has happened?" asked she anxiously.

"Tommy's hurt, Mrs. Jenkins," said Bobby.

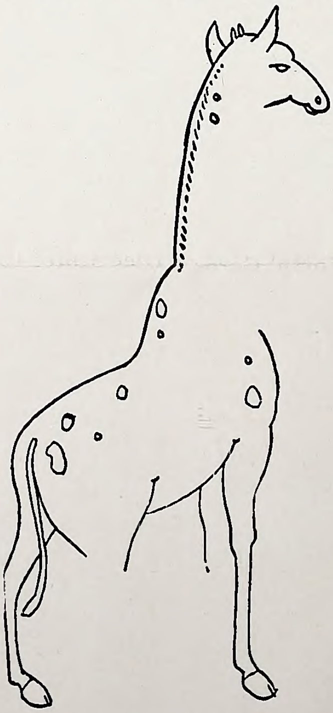
"Bobby's a hero, mother," said Tommy, bravely trying not to show how much he was hurt.

"Not much of a one," said Bobby, modestly. "And besides Tommy was beating me in the race, weren't you, Tommy?"

"Oh, Bobby," said Tommy, "that doesn't count now. You did much more than win a race."

It was weeks before Bobby's knee was again well enough to go in swimming, and from that day Bobby and Tommy became fast friends.

HOW GOOD IS YOUR MEMORY?



Here is an unfinished picture. Can you finish it accurately?

THE YEAR'S WORK IN CRAFTS

In thinking over the crafts work done this year, I am inclined to consider things first in a somewhat critical way. It might be a good idea to put my thoughts in the form of a wish because sometimes wishes do come true, if we wish hard enough. One thing I wish hard every day of my regular teaching is that I could have time enough to give more individual attention, time for explanation and help just when the pupil needs it. In that way I could keep interest up and prevent discouragement, or the desire to give up the task when it seems too difficult. With proper guidance at the right time numbers of children could produce really beautiful and useful articles. The lovely wall hanging done in crewel embroidery is an example of work done under close supervision. A hooked chair mat done by Lester is another example. When anything new or unusual is attempted, individual attention is especially needed.

One other thing that I wish hard for is a work shop for boys where they could hammer, saw, scrape and do other things along that line until their little hearts are content. They could probably do some good work in metal craft and wrought iron.

The crafts work as a whole this year has been very satisfactory, in spite of all the wishing. Some children have not done their very best for one reason or another. This I regret. Many have done remarkably well, which is very encouraging. Numbers of fine woven rugs have been produced this year and quite a few crocheted ones. Mary and Ada are fine with the crocheted ones, also Ora.

A great amount of embroidery work has been done with varying skill from kindergarten children to the oldest children because most of the children like it. The names of those who do well in this are too numerous to mention. Katherine who has only been in class this year does well. Cut work embroidery is perhaps the hardest kind attempted. In this work Minnie, Vida, Mildred, Gladys, and Myrtle have attained greatest skill. Madge has done a pretty wall hanging in crewel embroidery. Two girls, Mary and Vivian have learned the tedious, but fascinating art of needle point. Dr. Crane spoke well of this work.

A good bit of artistic painting, realistic and decorative has been done by the high grade boys and girls in connection with the study of North Carolina's wild flowers.

The regular routine of class work in crafts has been interrupted by special projects such as the making of draperies, pillows and a wall hanging for the reception room in the hospital building. Draperies and a cover for a day-bed were made for the principal's office. Draperies were also made for the music room and some private rooms.

One of the greatest undertakings of the crafts department was the making of costumes for the programs. In the fall, vestments were made for all the children in the Glee Club or choir. Large decorative panels representing stained glass windows were painted to be used as a background for the Christmas cantata.

For the spring program, "Cinderella," over 20 costumes were made. These were highly complimented by Dr. Crane, Dr. Goudge and by our appreciative audience.—Ethel Parrott Hughes, Crafts teacher.

REPORT OF THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

FOR THE YEAR 1937-1938

On May 31, a most satisfactory, and enjoyable year's work in the music department closed.

The work with the younger group has centered around the operetta, "The Magic Dream," which was given for a chapel program. This was well rendered by the children, with most of the credit going to Miss Tull, who was in charge of the dialogue. They enjoyed giving the program and were most anxious to repeat it many times.

Several new hymns have been learned in all classes, hymns chosen from our new hymnals.

The work in all the departments of the school has centered around the "Old North State." In correlation with this work all music classes have learned our state song, "Carolina."

Chapel programs have been given each Sunday and Wednesday either by the children or visitors who come to entertain, and make life more pleasant for our children.

The Glee Club has presented programs at the Grainger High School, Dover High School, Wheat Swamp, Contentnea and a sacred concert at the Gordon Street Church of Christ. Christmas Eve night they rode through the streets of Kinston singing Christmas carols. In addition to these, many impromptu programs have been given for visitors from other schools and towns, who have visited our school. The children have been well received by everyone and we are proud of them in their contacts with others.

Christmas, the choir, vested for the first time, sang a lovely sacred cantata, "The Child Jesus." It was a most impressive service with the reverent voices of the children and the lovely choir arrangement of cathedral windows and candles blending to give a truly religious service.

On May 24, the well known fairy tale, "Cinderella" was given by twenty-seven of our boys and girls. They gave a most enjoyable performance which was well received by a large audience.

Classes enrolled for the year were as follows:

Advanced Girls, Advanced Boys, Intermediate Girls, Intermediate Boys, Primary Girls, Primary Boys, Kindergarten, Pre-primary, Austin A Girls, Glee Club, Choir, Harmonica Band, and the following private pupils:

Emily, Louise, Madge, Emma, Elizabeth, Virginia, Roy, Eddie, Walter and classes for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass.—Gaynelle H. Askew, Teacher.

o

McNAIRY BUILDING

We are enjoying using our new lawnmower and weed-cutter. Our grounds are so much prettier and easier kept with nice new helpers. The flowers are lovely. The children enjoy cutting them and fixing up the dining room for dinner.

Each sunshiny day our little folks are taken out-of-doors and if the weather permits, we eat dinner outside. They like to make a picnic of it.

It will not be long now before we will be turning on the showers outside and then the fun of summer time will really begin. Our helping girls have been real smart and are keeping our building real neat and pretty. —Mrs. Whaley and Mrs. Jackson, Matrons.

Almost Hardly—Is a dentist an artist because he draws from real life?

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

It Certainly Is Tough—but many a man's only means of support are his suspenders.

Business Note—An executive is a man who can take two hours for lunch without hindering production.

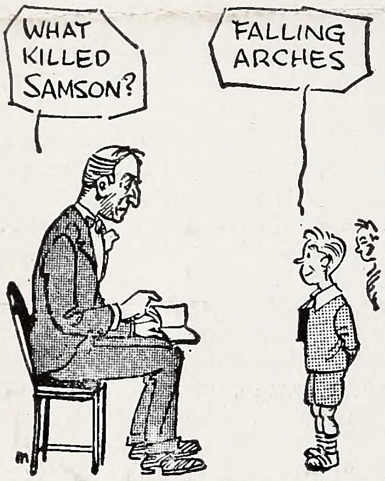
* * *

One Guess—What was the nationality of the man who entered a 10c store and asked for the furniture department?

* * *

Sure Thing—If you see the world beating a well-worn track to anybody's doorway back in the woods, it's a cinch it isn't mouse-traps the fellow is making better than anybody else.

* * *

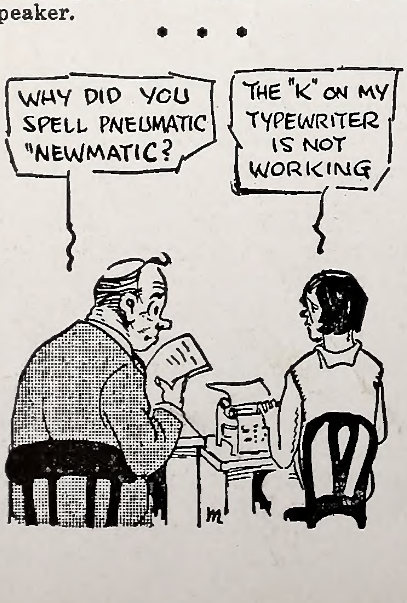

WHAT KILLED SAMSON?
FALLING ARCHES
m

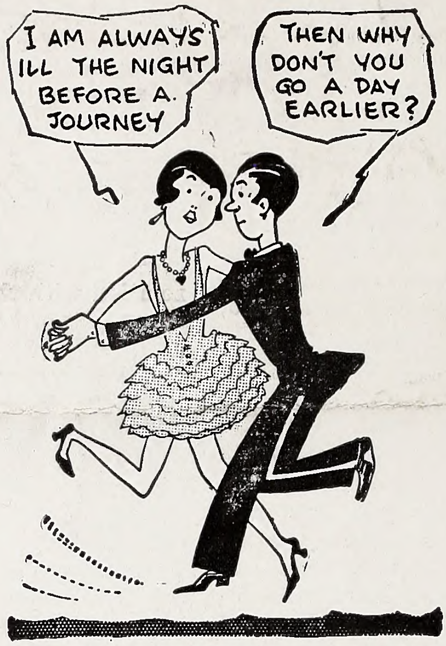
Cicero the Cynic Says: "A woman's ideal is sometimes shattered, but more often he is only broke."

* * *

Words of Wisdom—The Social Sea is crowded with divers of low incomes. Pearls come from oysters, but some girls get diamonds from nuts. The reason some folks sing in the bathtub is because the door won't stay locked. Every party line user is a public speaker.

* * *


WHY DID YOU SPELL PNEUMATIC "NEWMATIC?
THE "K" ON MY TYPEWRITER IS NOT WORKING
m


I AM ALWAYS ILL THE NIGHT BEFORE A JOURNEY
THEN WHY DON'T YOU GO A DAY EARLIER?

* * *

No, No, Maudie!—Bridges are not built to shade the fish.

* * *

Restaurant Proverb—"One man's meat is another man's croquette."

* * *

Oh, You Actors—All the world's a stage—that's why ham is so plentiful.

* * *

Nonchalant—"That's a chip off the old block," said the man when a bullet grazed his head..

* * *

Auto Note—One way to alleviate the noise of a knocking motor is to loosen up one of your fenders.

* * *

Hard on the Nerves—Nothing is so nerve-wracking as talking pleasantly to a man who is leading up to a request for a loan.

* * *

What's Wrong Here?—"My dear, you must go to my new beauty doctor—she's wonderful. She'll make you look like another person."

* * *

Said the Farmer to the Druggist—"Now be sure an' write plain on them bottles which is for the Jersey cow and which is for my wife. I don't want nothing to happen to that Jersey cow."

* * *

Must Have Been Terrible—Once upon a time there was a parrot who used to swear terribly. One day he escaped from his cage and wandered on to the golf links and died of shock.

Financial—All that many a man realizes on his investments is what a fool he has been.

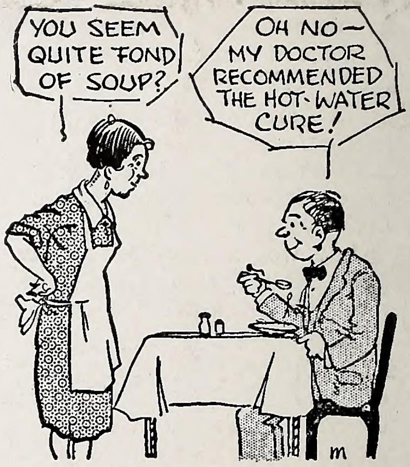
* * *

Another Fish Story—"It was so dry that when the fish swam upstream they left a trail of dust."

* * *

Nature Note—Fish grow fastest of all living things. The average fish that is caught grows about six inches every time the story is told.

* * *


YOU SEEM QUITE FOND OF SOUP?
OH NO—MY DOCTOR RECOMMENDED THE HOT-WATER CURE!
m

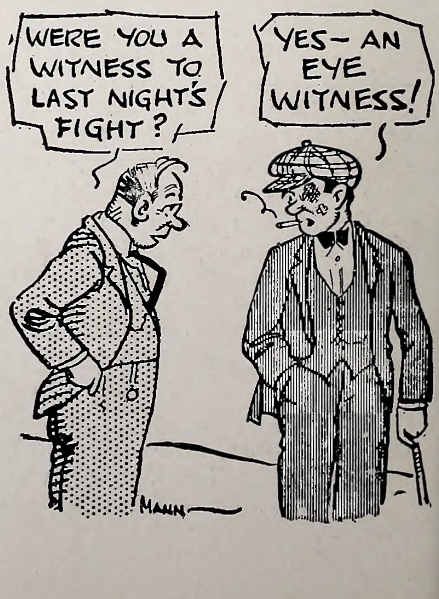
* * *

Just Organized Noise—Music covers a multitude of dins.

* * *

At The Country Club—A golfer observed two small boys watching him and remarked: "You boys will never learn by watching me." "We ain't interested in golf, Mister," said the small boys, "we're going fishing as soon as you dig up some more worms."

* * *


WERE YOU A WITNESS TO LAST NIGHT'S FIGHT?
YES—AN EYE WITNESS!
MANN

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NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

The Caswell News

Volume
3

Number
6

Grumble? No, what's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit.
Not it.

Laugh? Yes, why not?
'Tis better than crying, a lot;
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.

Sing? Why, yes, to be sure;
We shall better endure
If the heart's full of song
All day long.

AUGUST, 1938

TOLERATION

Toleration is a universal virtue. It is limited neither by time, race nor creed. Understood by few, it is an ideal for the present and the hope of the future. Where practiced, peace and harmony result; where disregarded, strife and contention prevail.

Toleration means being lenient with other people. It is acknowledgment of the rights of others. It recognizes divergence of viewpoint, disparity of opinion, different estimates of values. It admits that there may be something to be said on the other side of the question. It is ready to give the benefit of the doubt.

It overlooks injuries, slights, insults. It avoids squabbling, quarreling, fighting.

Usually applied to the stronger, more privileged and dominant majorities, it may be displayed by minorities, even by the oppressed and conquered.

The realm of the exercise of toleration is wide, as wide as life. Its range truly is unlimited—religion, science, politics, economics. It may be individual, national, racial.

The bounds of toleration are hard to define, but there are limits.

One may be tolerant of another's boorishness until the bounds of propriety are continually overstepped. Then there must be an accounting.

Racial pride may flaunt itself until the arrogance becomes intolerable and a conflict results.

Religious opinions and claims may be propagated as to foster fanaticism and bigotry. Error usually claims toleration, yet never grants it.

When Trust and Error meet, the boundary line of Toleration has been reached.

OPPORTUNITY SPEAKS

I am close to you, you may overlook me. You may pursue me to the end of the road, only to find that I was beside you all the journey. To find me, look close at hand. I am the wide open eye that sees the first ray of morning. I am in the sober thought that plans the day's work wisely. I am in the drops of sweat that ooze from pores of labor. Those golden chambers, secret though they may seem, are within you. Their windows look out over the mountain peaks of achievement. My name, chiseled by the master hand of destiny, is over the door of every chamber.

A GEM FROM ELBERT HUBBARD

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—to say, "I do not know," if it be so, and to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid.

I wish others to live their lives, too, up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion rather than by injunction and dictation.

* * *

Fear not that thy life shall come to an end, but ter fear that it shall never have a beginning.

MAKE YOUR OWN LUCK

NOT LONG AGO one of the biggest corporations in the world wanted a man for president.

Its builders had all died.

In its own ranks was nobody to take their place.

The chief men of the organization had to find somebody who not only would keep the concern going but extend its business every year.

The interests of hundreds of thousands of stockholders was at stake.

Also the comfort and convenience of millions of people.

They looked around for the right man.

He was not to be found in the business.

They turned to other industries.

At last they found a man who from small beginnings had built himself up to a high position in the banking industry.

They talked to him—asked him questions.

They found that he had made his own luck—paying no attention to the kind that most people complain of.

He had learned his business from the bottom.

He had given all his working time to it.

He had read everything he could lay his hands on which related to banking, talked to everybody he knew who could tell him anything about it.

He set to work with determination to learn to do big things first and to show other men that he could do them afterward.

Soon everybody in his institution knew what he could do and came to him to consult him.

Then another institution offered him a bigger job and his own company was foloish enough to let him go.

He was as big as the new job was—bigger.

In it he continued to make his own luck.

Soon he had an international reputation.

And today he controls and directs a business which extends around the world.

He says he succeeded because he made his own luck.

Everybody can make, or at least improve his luck, if he gives his time and attention to the job.

MAKE THE MOST OF IT

Young or old, get a job, the best you can find, study and make the most of it.

Many real achievements come late in life; forget disappointments and plug away.

Lincoln at 50 was a country lawyer defeated for senator.

Ford in his 30's was a tinkering engineer with a mechanical device that apparently would not work.

These men did not nor would not recognize defeat, but treated disaster as if it had never happened.

Nothing makes for physical fitness mental alertness and ultimate success, like structural care and structural integrity.

JUST LITTLE THINGS

The little things we give away, the little deeds we do each day, the little things we smile and say, the little games we laugh and play—all added to the good we do, bring joy and cheer to me and you, with sunshine all the way.

The Caswell News

Vol. 3 - No. 6 KINSTON, N. C., AUGUST, 1938 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor.....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor.....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor.....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor.....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager.....Miss Mary L. Utley

Children's Incorporated, Unlimited

Right much stock in Children's Incorporated, Unlimited was sold during July. A friend bought $5 and another friend bought $30 in Children's Incorporated, Unlimited for the children's chapel.

Mr. Bill Paisley, City Commissioner, in charge of parks and playgrounds, bought stock in Children's Incorporated, Unlimited to the amount of 25 free tickets so our children could go swimming.

Mr. Eugene Brown, our farm manager, took a block of stock in Children's Incorporated, Unlimited, when he took enough of his vacation time to take a bunch of boys to Morehead and Atlantic Beaches.

Do not fail to take a block of stock in Children's Incorporated, Unlimited. This stock has never failed to pay a handsome dividend. The harder the times, the larger the dividend. Please remember that Children's Incorporated, Unlimited stock can be purchased by barter as well as cash. You can secure stock by a kind, helpful word to some boy or girl. You can secure stock by setting a good example to our boys and girls, such as holding your temper, although getting greatly exasperated. Faultfinding will never buy a share of stock. On the other hand, praise is thought of most highly by Children's Incorporated, Unlimited.—F. M. R.

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The Laundry

Vacation time is here and it means training new children for laundry work. We must train Robert to shake out linen so it may run through the flat work ironer with ease; Emma must learn to fold linen and place all sheets, spreads, towels and other garments by themselves for separate counting. Elmo is learning to press over all shirts nicely. Linda Lee is doing fine, learning to operate the extractor.

Until these new helpers are acquainted with their assigned work, they must have constant supervision. We must try to make their work as pleasant and agreeable as possible and in return they give us good service willingly.

Mrs. O. J. Fisher, Laundry Matron.

OUTINGS

One of the most enjoyable social outings ever held by the Caswell All-Staff was a picnic-swimming party at the Emma Webb Park in Kinston, on June 27.

The fun really started in getting ready. Mrs. Lehman and the nurses fried the chickens and baked the ham. Mrs. Leonard baked the cakes and made the pickles. Mrs. Harlan and the matrons made the potato salad, deviled the eggs, baked the biscuits, and fixed the ice tea.

At 7:30, the crowd gathered to eat. After enjoying a most bountiful supper, all who wished to do so went swimming in the lovely city pool.

For the benefit of those who are interested, the All-Staff is composed of all the white employees of Caswell Training School. They meet the first Monday of each month in business session to settle problems or discuss affairs that so often arise in any large organization and to study ways and means of furthering their work at Caswell.

Miss Edith Wladkowski, our psychologist, conducts a "question and answer" period the last half hour of each business meeting, or gives a discussion on some particular psychological problem that has come up.

The present officers of the All-Staff are Mr. Sam Elmore, president; Miss Edith Phillips, vice president; Miss Louise Holcombe, secretary; Mrs. Maggie Scott Powell, treasurer, and the standing social committee, Mr. Carl Higgins, chairman; Miss Isabelle Surles, Miss Ozell Whitfield, Miss Clara Doby, Mrs. Julius Freeman, Mrs. O. J. Fisher, Mr. Edward Reynolds, Mr. Gene Brown, and Mr. Tom Broome.

* * *

An annual went into the life of Caswell when the trips to Morehead City began taking place each summer. During the months of July and August of this year, every child at Caswell who could possibly enjoy going will be given the opportunity of enjoying a day out at the seashore.

Already several busloads have gone. A picnic lunch is prepared and early in the morning the lucky group is ready and waiting. The ride down is half of the fun, for we visit New Bern, Fort Macon and then eat dinner down beside the sea. Quite a collection of shells have been been brought in and marvelous tales of the high waves and vastness of the ocean. It is such an enjoyable occasion and furnishes a topic of conversation for the rest of the year.

* * *

Many of our cottages and buildings have been having weiner roasts. The girls and boys save up

(Concluded on page 7)

EXIT WORRY

"THE legs of the stork are long; the legs of the duck are short. I cannot make the legs of the stork short; neither can I lengthen the legs of the duck. So why worry?" That little gem of optimism was given to us by a Chinese philosopher centuries ago. The duck only becomes a miserable creature by envying the stork's long legs. The duck can swim gloriously. It can go to the deep waters where the stork dare not wade. The duck that envies the stork is a pessimist. The duck that exults in his wonderful ability to swim is a born optimist. Envy crushes peace and kills contentment. Do not belittle yourself and the things you have. Glory in your blessings; count them; get busy with your brains and hands. If you have not a fine automobile to ride in, perhaps the man you envy hasn't your good eyesight. The wealthy woman who goes to Europe every six months need not be envied. Her heart is probably aching. Money can get material things for us, but it has never bought happiness. As money increases, smiles often decrease.

Men are not born equal. Nature produces no two things exactly alike. Take an inventory of yourself. What do you like best? What are you fitted for? What is your stride? It is right to have ambition, but ambition that is clearly beyond your talents is foolishness. If plumbing is your forte, don't complain. Do not try to be an artist. The world needs good plumbers, and a good plumber is better than a mediocre artist.

Worry is spawned by fear. Defy your fear troubles! Do not dignify them with importance. Control your thoughts by learning to think of other things.

Sadness escapes no life, and sorrow is bound to come in some form. Dear ones will pass on and leave you, but hearts do not break; they only ache. Time is a healing agent. It is balm to the tired spirit. There is a law of compensation. Help that law.

Self-consciousness and dwelling on yourself is conceit. Comparing your weak points with the strong points of other persons is ego, too. The very one you envy may be wishing he had a good digestion and could enjoy a real meal.

Do you remember the story of the king who wanted to find happiness? The wise men told him to seek a truly contented man, and, upon finding him, to purchase his shirt. The king sought for weeks, and then he was rewarded. He found a happy and contented man, but lo! he had no shirt.

Anger kills happiness and corrodes the soul. Do not quarrel. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It takes two to quarrel. Do not be one of the two.

For generations millions have endured and suffered more than you have. They have gone every step of the way and lost the same prizes you have lost.

Forget to worry. Rise above it. Half the things you worried about in the past never happened after all.

A selfish person can never be happy. An unselfish person is never unhappy. The first rule for happiness is to serve others, and not to worry. Direct your mind towards your ideal. Do not let obstacles discourage you. There are no beaten paths to fame, fortune, and happiness.

MAKING LIFE'S SATISFACTION

ANY man whose life has failed of a good deal of genuine satisfaction and happiness has, we believe, somehow missed his providential way. The fault may have been his, or it may have been some one else's, but there was fault somewhere, and serious fault, too; the thing wasn't in the divine plan at all. Of course, we have very varying ideas as to what we mean by satisfaction and happiness, and as to how they may be arrived at, but we have every reason for thinking that life was intended to give them to us all after some good fashion. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that we were intended somehow to achieve them. And if we have failed in that for any reason, the failure has been a serious one.

One rather good proof that life was intended to give every one some real satisfaction and happiness is found in the fact that no man can do good work, anything like his best, unless the days do bring these things to him after some fashion. It is true that men find their satisfactions in the most diverse things, and what brings happiness to one may not bring it to another, but that only means that in this mixed-up world of ours there seems to be some chance of nearly every one winning out to these experiences. We can set this down at any rate, that the finer and more wholesome the satisfaction is that a man gets out of living, and the greater is his real happiness in it, the better will be the service which he will render to the world. A dissatisfied and unhappy man is generally the man who quite misses the truest and the best kind of success no matter in what field he is working.

But how can a man make sure of finding these things that are so inalienably his privilege, and that seem so necessary to a good and useful life? Is there any surely-guaranteed way of reaching them? No, fortunately or unfortunately, there is not. But we have learned one secret about them when we have discovered that one sure way of missing them is to seek them a little too eagerly. And we have made some more progress when we have found out that the mere getting of things, or the winning through to this envied place or that, does not in itself guarantee anything. And we come nearer still to the heart of the secret when we understand that the undertaking is one for ourselves to work out, and that it consists as much in learning to take hold of life by the right end and to achieve the right attitude toward it as it does in anything else we can think of. No man ever stumbled into real satisfaction or achieved happiness just by accident.

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The noblest wealth of a nation is not in its mines, its soils, or its forests, but in the idealism, the affections, and the energies of its teachers. When nations spend more for teaching than for fighting, the turning point in human affairs will have come and the world will move forward to the finer and richer things of life at a pace hitherto unknown. That turning point may come in America within a decade if we choose to have it so.—From the Journal of the National Education Association.

———o———

A grateful heart is a glad heart. The thankful soul is full of song.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Gladys Happer, one of our matrons in Cottage I, has returned from her vacation in New York State and points north. She reports a splendid trip and we are expecting to hear many interesting experiences.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harriss and little daughter Carrol stopped by for a short visit on their way home from a week at White Lake. Mrs. Harriss was Miss Rose Taylor, a former employee of Caswell Training School.

* * *

Miss Ruby Martin, a matron from Cottage II, has returned from a two weeks vacation. While away she visited Charlotte, Winston-Salem, the seashore and White Lake.

* * *

We are glad to welcome Miss Ethel Barwick as our new storekeeper. Mr. Strickland who had charge of Children's Store Incorporated resigned to go again on the tobacco market. We wish both much success.

* * *

Miss Louise Holcombe, matron of Cottage III, has just returned from visiting relatives in Spartanburg, S. C., Union, S. C. and Charlotte, N. C.

* * *

Already our vacation has ended in a wedding, Mr. Powell and Miss Scott. They were married July 9, and went on a honeymoon with their relatives to the beach. Mr. Powell is an attendant in Pollock A and Mrs. Powell a matron in Cottage VI. They have our best wishes for a long and happy marriage.

* * *

Miss Eunice Mae Smith, matron of Cottage VII, reports a most restful vacation visiting in Jones and Duplin counties.

* * *

Misses Lucille Taylor of Wilson and Ann Taylor of Rural Hall have been house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Troy Taylor on the Circle.

* * *

Mr. Cain, an attendant of the Tapp, recently returned from a two weeks vacation in Fayetteville and at the beach.

* * *

Mrs. Reid arrived Sunday night to assume her work in the Dawson Building after spending a most restful and delightful vacation in Monroe, N. C., Sanford, N. C. and Norfolk, Virginia.

* * *

Mrs. Potter reports a most enjoyable vacation with her family in Duplin. They took many outings in ways of picnics and trips to the beach. She is again on the job in Pollock B.

* * *

Mrs. Jones of the Dewey Building brings in glowing accounts of Minnesot Beach. She spent her vacation with her son and his family at a cottage there.

* * *

Mr. Byrd, relief attendant for the boys' department, has returned from a visit with his relatives in the Piedmont Section.

* * *

Mrs. Grady is again with the McNairy Staff. She spent her two weeks vacation in Long Island, N. Y., visiting her two married daughters.

* * *

Mrs. Idabell Taylor is again making her morning tour of the buildings. She visited her relatives while away in Rural Hall, Winston-Salem, N. C., and Freemont, N. C. She also took several trips to Morehead and other points of interest.

* * *

Mr. Murphy, attendant of the Cartwright Building reports the fishing fine in Onslow County. He is back from his vacation.

* * *

Mrs. Lula Jackson is back from a most restful and enjoyable vacation in Pitt and Jones Counties.

Mrs. M. V. Harlan,
Supervisor for boys and girls

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DR. J. E. W. WALLIN HOLDS CLINIC AT CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

On July 11, Dr. J. E. W. Wallin, Professor of Psychology at Duke University and author of many books, visited Caswell Training School with about 50 of his college students for the purpose of making a personal study of our different types of children.

After having a picnic lunch at the summerhouses, they gathered in the auditorium and Dr. Wallin conducted an informal clinic and lecture. Our children cooperated splendidly. On the tour over the grounds and buildings, Dr. Wright of Eastern Carolina Teachers' College, Greenville, N. C. and around 30 of his sociology class joined us. They were very kind in their praise and amazement over the improvements and work being done by Dr. Register and his co-workers. Visitors are so very welcome at Caswell, both in large and small groups. We are very proud of our school and what has been accomplished. No one realizes more than we who work here that we have only "scratched the surface," but there is a great satisfaction in knowing and seeing a little progress. When our friends see it too, there is a double satisfaction.

Mrs. M. V. Harlan
Supervisor for boys and girls.

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THE TRUE SCHOOL SPIRIT

No school can advance when the spirit of the student body is not what it should be. How discouraging it is to those who have a progressive spirit, a desire to make the school better, to have in their midst some who do not have this spirit. A person, whether boy or girl, is a liability to a school if he does not have the right spirit towards it and towards his fellow laborers who are expending every ounce of energy and strength that they have in building up their school.

How unfortunate it is for any school when it has in its midst people who were born, it seems, in the "objective case." They object to every progressive movement which is undertaken and instead of lending their assistance, they serve only as drawbacks to those who are trying to do their part. This school is built up very much like the home. In fact, we want every employee of Caswell Training School to feel that we are one big family. We all know how unpleasant the home atmosphere can be made when there is in that home one member who is a grumbler, a grouch and a shirker.

On the other hand, how pleasant the home can be when each member is willing to perform the duties assigned. The same can be applied to this school. Is the spirit of Caswell Training School what it should be? If it is not, are you the one who is keeping it from being what it should be? Are all of us willing to lend our help in making this school what it should be? Are you a shirker? Let each of us answer these questions for ourselves. Let each one of us catch the true spirit of Caswell Training School and make it the best school possible.

Miss Margaret Rene May, Nurse.

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Room Scarce at Caswell

We have only a little room left for children at Caswell and that is only for certain types. Those who wish to enter children should make application to their county welfare officer and the welfare officer in turn will contact us. Certain counties have more than their quota of children at our school and they should not expect to enter children ahead of those counties whose quota is not complete.—F.M.R.

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LET'S GET TOGETHER

Very little is accomplished by an organization without unity. No matter how large the group, unless each and every member devotes whole-heartedly his or her time to the betterment of the work, there is a missing link in the chain that leads to success whether it be individual success or the success of the organization as a whole.

In my estimation, one of the most beautiful examples of co-operation was displayed by the American Colonists during the Revolutionary War. Though England was a great power, men like Washington and Patrick Henry never gave up. They wanted their freedom and freedom for the oppressed colonists. To me, they accomplished what to most of us would be the impossible, but I believe that as the huge armies of England approached the half-starved and crippled armies of Washington that instead of seeing the actual comparison that their vision of the English armies was blurred by the pictured hopes of a future America, free to live, to accomplish, to love and to be one of the greatest of nations.

I gave you my most beautiful example of co-operation in history but I have a few beautiful present day examples that originated at Caswell Training School. We look up to Caswell with pride and to it as "one big family" because we can pride ourselves on the fact that the spirit of co-operation does exist among children and employees. If a party is planned the majority not only attend but gladly join in and contribute their services to make the party a big success. A few weeks ago we had a picnic. Long before the final hour arrived some were frying chicken, others making potato salad, others making sandwiches, iced tea and to make a long story short, all the food was prepared by the employees of Caswell with the assistance of some of the children who helped with as much enthusiasm as they would were they also to attend. Most of our children can be highly praised for their courtesies. If a child is near a door he or she holds the door open for an approaching employee though he or she be several feet away, if an employee comes from town with a great many packages some child will certainly insist on helping with the packages, and if an employee is seen fifty times a day by some of the children, he or she is greeted always with a cheerful "hello." The favors shown us by the children are far too numerous to mention.

One of the things that has impressed me very much happened just a few days ago on August 6, which was Dr. F. M. Register, our superintendent's birthday. First I must say that due to thoughtfulness on the part of Dr. Register the children that work are paid from five to ten cents per week for their wages. Mrs. M. V. Harlan told the children that it was Dr. Register's birthday and if they would like to buy him a present to bring a nickel of their money or any amount they would like to contribute, to her office. It was decided that they would buy him a walking cane since he had recently lost his and was badly in need of one. When Mrs. Harlan counted the money she had so much that she tried to think of something else to buy in order to spend all of the money, but knowing that Dr. Register liked simple things she could think of nothing that would please him more than a walking cane, so she purchased a walking cane. One little fellow was so very anxious to give his nickel that early in the morning he came to the office and handed Dr. Register his nickel as he said, "this is your birthday present."

Though it be some experience yellow with age and hallowed by sacred memories, to me there is nothing about co-operation that rates above the priceless little acts performed by some of the children at Caswell Training School. Yes, there is a spirit of co-operation on the part of children and employees, but "there is always room for improvement" so let's get together and straighten out any link in the chain of unity that may slightly need it.

Marguerite Thomas.

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IMPORTANCE OF FOOD

Good health, happiness and a long life are three things that every person longs for inwardly whether it is manifested outwardly or not. Of course, there are many fundamentals too numerous to mention that are supportive principles of good health, happiness and a long life. However, one of the most important is food. The world of eaters today consists almost entirely of two classes; namely, those who have never learned what is good for them and those who have taken some trouble to learn the wrong things. The first class is suffering from lack of facts and the second class is suffering from too much fad and fallacy.

It is necessary for people to be on careful guard at all times in order to preserve their health for in one sense the latter two, happiness and a long life, are dependent on good health. Food that is properly prepared and served at the proper time is the forerunner of health. We must eat to live. Our bodies must have fuel with which to operate just as machinery has to have fuel. A company of soldiers cannot fight a battle without ammunition and our bodies cannot fight the battle of life without food. It is up to us to make this battle hard or easy. We can make it easy by studying food, its use, how to prepare it and when to serve it.

However, most of the employees at Caswell Training School are fortunate enough to have their food prepared for them and of course the food is also prepared for the children by the dietician and kitchen workers here at the school.

The milk which is the only complete food is given the best of care and is included in the meals for the undernourished children three times daily. Varieties of vegetables are also prepared and other foods that make the menus complete.

For the past three years, Caswell Training School has been fortunate in having as its dietician a woman who has used her skill in preparing foods to meet the standard requirements. It does take a lot of thought and planning to do this for we have so many types of children and even in normal life "one man's meat is often another man's poison." Miss Mamie Bryant, our dietician, in addition to planning the proper meals has made sure that the storage rooms, refrigerators, dining halls, kitchen and kitchen utensils have been clean at all times.

The poet in the following poem well expresses the importance of good food and good cooks:

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

Miss Mary Potter
Dining Room Matron.

————o————

CULINARY NOTES

Vacations in the kitchen department are almost over. Miss Turner was the first to go out about the first of May. She spent a restful two weeks at home.

Miss Bryant went to Buffalo and other parts of New York. She also went to Niagara Falls. She had a delightful trip, but was very tired when she returned.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Overby were the first of the cooks to go out. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Coats and also Jack the colored cook, enjoyed their vacations. They spent most of the time at home. Mrs. Freeman and I also stayed at home except a few days at the beach and with relatives. Miss Sessoms is now at her home near Fayetteville. Miss Potter is the last one in the kitchen department to go out. She and her mother are planning to visit an uncle and brother in Fayetteville, Arkansas. We wish for them an enjoyable time.

We are still very busy in our department. We are having to prepare and cook many vegetables and cooking the food is a large part of the work in the kitchen, but over half of our time is spent in keeping our department clean because we feel that the health of the children is the most important part of the job.

Josephine Wiggins, Dining Room Matron.

OUTINGS

(Concluded from page 3)

their weekly allowance and buy their own hot dogs, rolls and drinks. They go down to our picnic grounds by the river, where Dr. Register has had built a pit for roasting, tables for eating and a shed in case of rain.

You hear people talk of going to watermelon feasts. We really have them at Caswell. When Mr. Brown and his truck load of melons pulls in sight, all work is stopped and we flock to the tunnels to cut and eat watermelons.

Mrs. M. V. Harlan,
Supervisor for Boys and Girls.

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HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED?

When the other fellow acts that way, he is "ugly;" when you do, it's "nerves."

When the other fellow is set in his ways, he's "obstinate;" when you are, it is just "firmness."

When the other fellow doesn't like your friend, he's "prejudiced;" when you don't like his, you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature.

When the other fellow tries to treat someone especially well, he's "toadying;" when you try the same game, you are using "tact."

When the other fellow takes time to do things, he is "dead slow;" when you do it, you are "deliberate."

When the other fellow spends a lot, he is a 'spendthrift;" when you do, you are "generous."

When the other fellow picks flaws in things, he's "cranky;" when you do, you are "discriminating."

When the other fellow is mild in his manners, he is a "mush of concession;" when you are, it is being "gracious."

When the other fellow gets destructive, it is "toughness;" with you, it is "forcefulness."

When the other fellow runs great risks in business, he's "foolhardy;" when you do, you are a "great financier."

When the other fellow says what he thinks, he's "spiteful;" when you do, you are "frank."

When the other fellow won't get caught in a new scheme, he's "backwoodsy;" when you won't, you are "conservative."

————o————

The shortest story on success is to have the knowledge of the way, and then the perseverance to keep on the way.

IT IS BETTER

To say a Good Thing about a bad fellow than to say a Bad Thing about a good fellow.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE & BUSINESS

FIRST, always seek to excel yourself. Put yourself in competition with yourself each day. Each morning look back upon your work of yesterday and then try to beat it. Second, I ask you to look upon the whole of life as a vast university—the ideal university of the future whose students will spend a part of the time in learning what to do and how to do it and then a larger part in actually doing the things they learn to do.—Sheldon.

* * *

I HAVE learned that mistakes can often be set right, that anxieties fade, that calamities have sometimes a compensating joy, that an ambition realized is not always pleasurable, that a disappointment is often of itself a rich incentive to try again. One learns to look over troubles, instead of looking into them, and one learns that hope is more unconquerable than grief.—Arthur C. Benson.

* * *

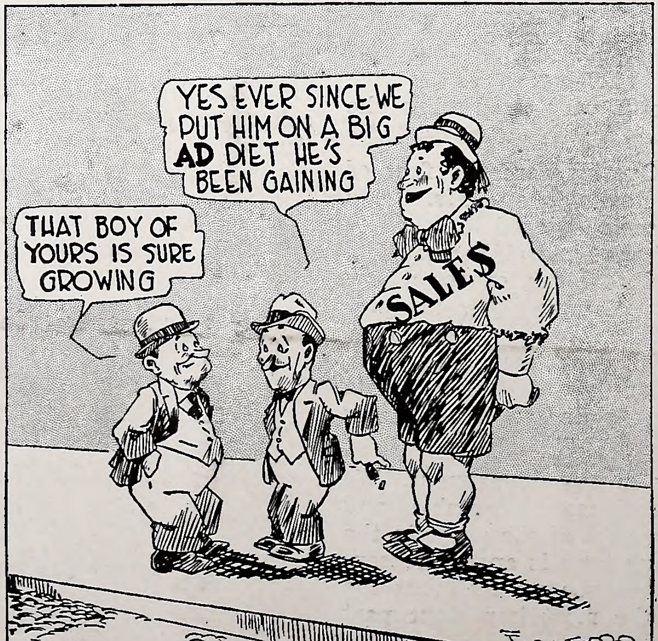
WITHIN a fortnight the employment manager of a big plant in New Jersey remarked: "Out of an average of 100 men applying here for jobs, not more than 10 can in the start qualify for work requiring any more training and skill than is necessary to handle a shovel."

* * *

THE only way to climb the hill of success is hand in hand. Without unity we get in each other's way. The reason for having rules in a business is the same as the reason for having discipline in an army. It is to keep us all from interfering with each other. It is for the purpose of getting things done the quickest way. Let us avoid anything that can cause friction, discontent or other trouble that may interfere with the common good. A business enterprise needs harmony. It needs to be in tune as much as an orchestra.—Dr. Frank Crane.

* * *

THE most difficult thing about tackling a seemingly impossible task is the actual beginning of it. We mistrust our ability and capacity too much. The great doers of the world are those who see their job completed—in their imaginations—before they actually start it.


YES EVER SINCE WE PUT HIM ON A BIG AD DIET HE'S BEEN GAINING
THAT BOY OF YOURS IS SURE GROWING
SALES

A NOURISHING DIET

HERE is a good bit we picked up the other day: "All successful people are positive. They choose for themselves. They do things. They decide on a plan and pursue it, up hill and down. At every forward step they gain strength. They gain the goal for which they are making. And then, lo, more goals appear! It is the great proposition that makes life interesting." Robert Louis Stevenson said: "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive, and the true success is to labor. Let us be thankful that we are seldom permitted to worship in the temples we create. Let us be glad that into our brains there constantly eats the acid of the command, 'Get thee hence, for this is not thy rest.' "

* * *

THE most agreeable thing in life is worthy accomplishment. It is not possible that the idle tramp is as contented as the farmers along the road who own their own farms, and whose credit is good at the bank in town. When the tramps get together at night, they abuse the farmers, but do not get as much satisfaction out of it as do the farmers who abuse the tramps. The sounder your argument, the more satisfaction you get out of it.—Ed. Howe.

* * *

THIS happened in Manhattan, but it might have happened in any other city. An advertising man had long admired the work of a certain New York artist, and decided to engage him to do some illustrations. The morning came for the appointed interview, and the ad man, several minutes late, arrived at his office breathless. The artist, also panting, appeared a moment later. Business arrangements concluded, they parted, expressing the hope that they would see each other again soon. They did — that evening, while walking their dogs. Both lived in the same apartment building. From there they had run each other a race to the downtown office!

* * *

BEFORE you are fit to give orders, you must be willing to take orders. The leader of the orchestra has always been a man who has played second fiddle.

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NORTH CAROLINA

The Caswell News

Volume 3

Number 7

Perseverance

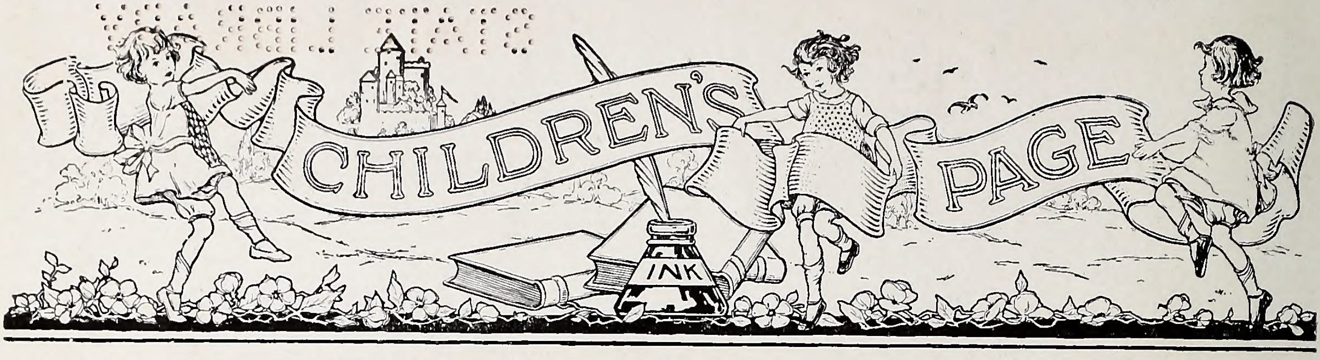
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

(Born August 28, 1749 - Died March 22, 1832)

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers
And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

SEPTEMBER, 1938



BLACKIE'S QUEER ADOPTION

BLACKIE was a big, glossy black hen and the beloved pet of little Betty Lynn. And now for over three weeks, old Blackie had been mothering a setting of eggs, with the result that she had only two baby chicks to show for her trouble, so Mrs. Lynn, Betty's mother, decided to give the baby chicks to another hen with a brood of ten children, making twelve in all. Some mother hens have as many as fifteen and eighteen to look after.

Somehow old Blackie couldn't get over the loss of her babies. Perhaps she was to blame herself that she did not get more chicks from the setting of eggs which Mrs. Lynn had placed under her. If a mother hen does not keep the eggs warm and turn them often they will not hatch.

However, Blackie was despondent and would sit outside the other mother hen's coop and coax the baby chicks under her own wings. So Mrs. Lynn shut Blackie up in the big barn, hoping there she would soon forget about her babies.

Now it happened that Betty and her twin brother Billy were playing outside the barn when suddenly they heard a queer noise which seemed to come from inside the barn and they became very frightened. They decided to see what was taking place so they opened the barn door and peeped in.

"Oh—oh—!" they gasped, and then they ran to the house as fast as their feet would carry them, and went in search of their mother, who was busy in the milk room separating the cream so she could make the butter for father to take to town the next day.

"Oh, mother—mother—come quick!" Betty called excitedly and at the same time jumping up and down and frantically waving their arms. Rover, the dog, was also barking loudly and seemed much interested Betty and Billy could run much faster than their mother, so they were in the lead.

"What ever is the matter?" asked the mother anxiously as she followed the children to the barn.

"Look and see for yourself, mother," said Billy as he ran towards the barn door. Upon opening the door, Mrs. Lynn, too, was astonished at what she saw. Old Blackie was occupying Tabby's bed, and was looking very cross and determined, pecking savagely at the mother cat who stood close by with her back humped up and trying her very best to drive the hen from her place. Old Blackie was just as determined to stay on the nest, and she showed it by the ruffled condition of her feathers.

"What's all this fuss of fur and feathers about, I wonder," laughed Mrs. Lynn as she tried to remove the hen, but old Blackie pecked Mrs. Lynn just as furiously as she had the cat. Finally, however, Mrs. Lynn succeeded in lifting the hen from the nest of straw, and then the children gave a scream of surprise and laughter, for there were three soft furry kittens in the bed. Tabby's babies were only one week old and their eyes had not yet been opened. They were black and white in color. The little kittens seemed to know their mother because they cried, "Mew! Mew! Mew!" They did not want a mother who wore feathers.

"You poor wronged mother," said Mrs. Lynn as she gently smoothed old Blackie's ruffled feathers, "since you miss your babies so much that you have to adopt old Tabby's kittens in their stead, you surely deserve to have your own babies back, even if they are only two in number."

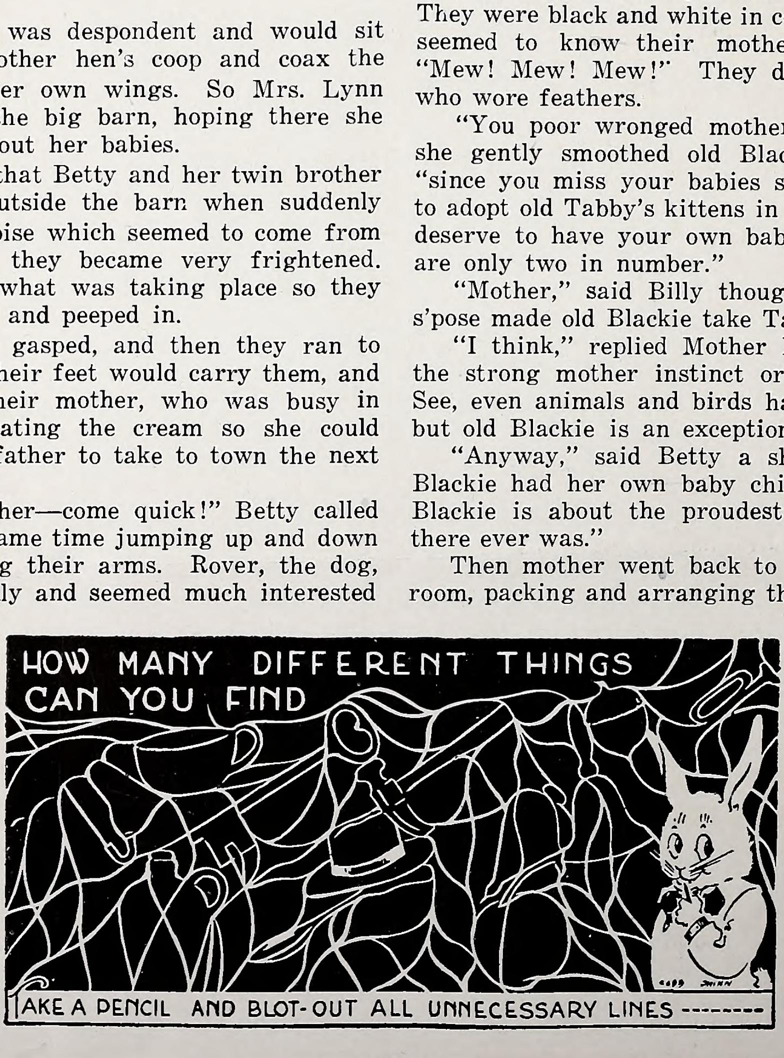
"Mother," said Billy thoughtfully, "what do you s'pose made old Blackie take Tabby's babies?"

"I think," replied Mother Lynn, "that it is just the strong mother instinct or love in the old hen. See, even animals and birds have this mother love—but old Blackie is an exception to the regular rule."

"Anyway," said Betty a short time after, when Blackie had her own baby chicks back, "old mother Blackie is about the proudest and happiest mother there ever was."

Then mother went back to her work in the milk room, packing and arranging the crocks of fresh butter and Betty and Billy went about their play.

Before the summer was over the kittens and chicks had grown to be as large as their mothers. Tabby and her babies were a great help on the farm where they kept the barn free from rats and mice. These pests do much damage each year.


HOW MANY DIFFERENT THINGS CAN YOU FIND
AKE A PENCIL AND BLOT-OUT ALL UNNECESSARY LINES --------

The Caswell News

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Editor....F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager....Miss Mary L. Utley

WHAT DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT CASWELL

We are getting just a little touchy on the subject of visiting Caswell Training School. There are quite a number of welfare officers, case workers and state officials who have not visited our school in the last five years. The only way you can really know what is going on at our school or some of our problems is to visit us and stay awhile.

Probably some think that we are not taking children as we should, and their case is the most important. We are doing our best and I believe all will agree to that after a visit to Caswell Training School.—F. M. R.

o

THE IDEAL CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

There is very little done in life unless we have an ideal goal and work to reach it. Our ideal for Caswell is for it to be "the best school in the United States for exceptional children and have the very happiest children."

While the state furnishes clothing, food, shelter, schooling and some amusement, there are a hundred and one little things that children should have to help teach them the fullness of life. For some time we have been able, through the goodness of our friends, to collect enough money to give each child that works a small money compensation or, in other words, a pay day every Saturday. With this money they buy things of their choice. Some spend their money as soon as they get it, some spend it on their friends, some save and some lose it. However, it is theirs to do with as they desire. We have had a rather hard time lately to collect enough nickels and dimes to pay off. We had to cut wages. The majority took the cut in a cheerful way, but we are anxious to get back to the old scale. We have found after many years of experience with a pay day that it makes the face brighter and the load lighter. The pay we give our children will be the only pay most of them will get until the good Master will say, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Now, in order to assure each child a pay day and some enjoyments that the state does not furnish, we are going to ask parents and guardians who do not pay anything for their upkeep to pay $1.00 per month to the Children Incorporated.

Mr. S. H. Stroud, business manager of Caswell Training School, Kinston, N. C., is the treasurer. If some Sunday school, Civic club or individual wants to participate in this worthy cause, we will be glad to invest this small amount for them where it will pay large dividends to the giver and the receiver. "We will pass this way only once," so do not wait for the return trip.—F. M. R.

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CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL GETS PWA GRANT

Wednesday, September 7, 1938, Public Works Administrator Ickes wired Dr. F. M. Register that a grant of $44,190.00 had been approved for the purpose of constructing new buildings and renovating old buildings at the Caswell Training School. The wire made everyone here at Caswell very happy, as we are badly in need of the improvements that we hope to make.

By obtaining the grant from the federal government of $44,190.00 we have available $98,200.00 for permanent improvements. Several projects will be included in our new construction program which will start not later than January 1, 1939.

For a number of years the Caswell Training School has had one of the best Holstein herds in the state, and for the past four or five years this herd has been kept in a building that is unsafe and dangerous in every respect. The present old firetrap dairy barn will be replaced with a new $25,000.00 modern fireproof dairy barn.

Day by day the Caswell Training School is growing. New boys and girls are coming to live with us. Therefore we find it necessary to construct one new dormitory at this time. The new building will be a dormitory for boys and will be located near the Cartwright building.

Several years the school has been without three buildings to take care of its needs, namely, a fertilizer house, a sweet potato curing house and a gas and oil storage house. These needs will be solved in the near future as they will be included in the proposed building program.

Over 50 per cent of the $98,200.00 will be spent for the purpose of renovating some of the old buildings. We propose to replace the obsolete windows in the Wooten, Pollock, Austin and Central buildings, which are beyond any type of repair, with new windows of suitable type. For laying new floors in the Cartwright, McNairy and Tapp buildings, $13,500 will be spent. Other additions and betterments will include such projects as painting, screening, plumbing and installing a new dryer in the laundry.—S. H. Stroud, Business Manager.

SOCIAL WELFARE in Denmark

By **EMILE SCHREIBER**

★

IN THE Scandinavian countries Socialism is not only preached, but practiced. But socialism as conceived there does not imply asceticism and renunciation. On the contrary, it strives to provide comfort, even a certain luxury for all.

Of the four Scandinavian countries, Denmark is the most advanced and Finland the least advanced in the field of social welfare and legislation. In vain would we look in Copenhagen for beggars or even destitute looking persons. Everybody in that country is assured an income sufficient for a certain minimum living standard and if he cannot earn it for himself, the state comes to his aid.

This is nothing new for Denmark, whose constitution stipulated as early as 1849 that anyone not in a position to earn a livelihood and keep his family, had a right to public assistance. In those days, however, relief paid by the community implied disenfranchisement and renunciation of certain other civic rights, which was but natural at a time when material prosperity was the sole basis of social hierarchy.

But time worked a change even in this conception. In 1891 the principle that the right to public assistance was inalienable began to impose itself. Gradually insurance took the part of charity.

In all Scandinavian countries assistance is given immediately where it is urgent. The state reserves the right to collect the money where it should come from, if possible.

The social legislation in effect in Denmark since 1849 underwent a radical revision a few years ago. The new legislation is greatly simplified and conceived in a modern spirit of practical realism.

Various forms of social insurance are obligatory in Denmark and it is worthy of mention that they are not limited to the wage-earning section of the population only. More than one-third of the total population is covered by it and the share of the state amounts to more than three-quarters of the premiums paid by the insured.

Old age insurance is obligatory and its amount varies according to the income. The scale of the pensions paid to the insured upon their attaining the age of sixty varies according to whether they live in the capital, in the cities or in the country. It is not very high in figures, but since the cost of living in exceedingly low in Denmark, it is sufficient to assure the beneficiaries a decent minimum standard.

The best means of gaining an insight into this aspect of the Danish social legislation is a visit to the "De Gamles-By," or "City of the Aged," built in 1919 in the heart of the capital.

This home is a complex of fine buildings rising in the middle of a beautiful park. It is administered by the municipality and shelters 1,500 old people of both sexes, cared for by 450 employees, including several physicians and a nursing staff. The annual budget is something like half a million dollars. The old people who enter the establishment forfeit their pensions.

Of the cost maintenance the state bears seven-twelfths and the native community of the border the remaining five-twelfths. Medical care, treatments and special diets, are of course free and the boarders receive a little weekly pocket money.

In the home itself everything is very modern and of immaculate cleanliness. There are bedrooms for two to six people and a number of individual rooms, which are naturally coveted by all and assigned by seniority, i.e. when a boarder enters he is first accommodated in a dormitory. Then he passes to the room for two and after that, in the degree as vacancies arise, to the individual room. And there are about 500 vacancies a year. Their greatest sorrow is that they are not allowed their own furniture.

The institution has a chapel and a beautifully equipped hall for concerts and performances, with loudspeakers and earphones. Part of the park is divided into little plots, each with a wooden bungalow, where the old people can rest and relax in the sun and do a bit of gardening. All were beautifully kept and full of flowers.

But perfect though this institution is, it is the product of a mentality that is considered obsolete by the modern Danish legislators. It smacks too much of charity, is the objection. The newest idea in this field is municipally-built small flats of one bed-sitting room and kitchenette, electrically equipped throughout, with steam heating and running cold and hot water, which will be rented to the old people at a nominal fee, much less than one-half of their pension. This will enable them to have their own furnishings and keep house for themselves. It is claimed that the new system gives its beneficiaries greater independence and that they get more fun out of life.

Wherever possible, social welfare in Denmark is based upon prophylaxis. Almost all schools are equipped with dentist's clinics run by the municipalities. In Copenhagen alone, 58,000 school children receive the best possible dental care free. The school clinic we visited had four dentists, three assistants, a nurse and a typist and the entire equipment was absolutely the last word and supplied by the city.

A similar social organization is naturally very costly. When I mentioned this in a conversation with a cabinet minister he told me: "Yes, the system is expensive, but in the long run we find it less costly than a bad social organization, which breeds discontent and class hatred and eventually leads to trouble. The anger and discouragement of the masses always cost more than the most expensive constructive schemes."

SCHOOL AGAIN

September 1 and back at school—all rested and refreshed from summer vacations! The eager faces of the children so happy to be here glorify the work of the teacher. The glad "Hello" from all sides and beaming smiles show the children are ready for work again.

Each teacher has plans for something new to interest and develop the child. The primary teacher has some attractive designs in wood carving and painting. The kindergarten will have some peasant caps to embroider and make. The craft teacher is busy threading the looms to make the beautiful rugs for which Caswell children are famous for creating. All the academic teachers have many plans that Mrs. Barnes will tell you about. Mrs. Hughes has some beautiful bird designs for wall hangings, among other things. Mrs. Dawson plans a bird quilt of 48 birds. One most prevalent in each state. The boys hope to have some more painting to do, and the music teacher—you should just see the stacks and stacks of music she brought out. You could almost hear them singing. This most popular phase of the children's work begins with choir practice Friday afternoon. The teachers, too, had a meeting just after that to further plans for the year. We are so thankful to have our pleasant rooms and a variety of material to work with.—Mrs. Wilbur Dawson, Teacher.

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BIRD STUDY

Last year we began the study of our state. The advanced group studied North Carolina history and all school groups studied North Carolina flowers. This year we are studying North Carolina birds.

As you study the birds you will find that every one of the many varieties which live in field and park, wood and pasture, has much about it that will both interest and amuse you. In truth, it may be said that of all creatures, the birds possess the greatest variety of attractions. Their songs charm the ear, their colors please the eye, and their lives are made up of interesting habits, which we may study with both pleasure and profit. Besides, the birds render us very valuable service in destroying hosts of injurious insects and vast quantities of the seeds of harmful plants. They are among our very best friends, as we shall see.

No other form of animal life is so widely distributed and no form is more perfectly adapted to meet the conditions which surround it. Birds differ greatly in their habits. Many that are solitary or in pairs at certain seasons of the year, at other times become highly sociable, forming in large flocks as they wander about the fields and woods. Birds that in springtime sing almost incessantly during the hours of daylight, in the autumn are silent except for occasional call notes. Some that during the nesting season are dressed in gaudy colors, real dandies, you will say, doff their brilliant plumage after the nesting season and acquire traveling suits of sober hue.

So you will find enough of variety in the habits and makeup of these little friends to keep you on the alert for the new and strange phases of their interesting lives.—Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal.

THE STORY OF CLOTHING

A careful study of cotton was made last year by the school department. Other sources of clothing were discussed as a project for the present year. Clothing, one of the necessities of life from the beginning of time up to the present, can be made into a most interesting study. It is a subject so broad that grownups as well as children never tire of discussing its various phases.

We find that we can trace the origin of our clothing back to the earliest chapters of the Bible. In Exodus 35:26 we read that the women who were wise spun goats' hair. Sheep and goats were important parts of the wealth of rich men in old Bible times. We may read that Mesha, king of Moab, was a sheepmaster, etc. (2 Kings 3:4).

The leather of Bible times is referred to in such passages as ". . . . and many days in Joppa with one Simon, a tanner." (Acts 9:43). The Jewish tanner, Simon, probably made his leather much as did the Arabs of his day. His home was by the seaside and it was easy for him to get all the water he needed for his work.

In the first book of the Bible we read how Abraham invited travelers who passed near his tent to stop and share his shelter. The cloth of these tents was woven with brown, coarse camels' hair. The dress of such coarse, rough material as John the Baptist's was of camels' hair.

In the first book of the Bible we also find a story of Pharaoh, who made Joseph a ruler over the land of Egypt. "And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck." Thus linen was used in the long ago times and Joseph must have seen blue fields of flax in Egypt in the days when he was ruler there. The white men brought flax seeds from Europe to America when they settled in this country.

Not only is the story of clothing most interestingly traced in the Bible, but also the dye makers were found collecting whelks and making beautiful the garments of the kings of Midian and other lands.—Rowena Tull, Primary Teacher.

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CULINARY NOTES

We wish to welcome to our department our new dietician, Miss Wood, and we hope for her every success and happiness in her new work. We are also glad to have Mr. Cecil Daniels as a new member in the kitchen.

All vacations are over and everyone reported a nice time. We are now back together as one happy family, working again. We all enjoy our work and all because of the co-operation shown, as we all realize that it takes co-operation to accomplish anything worth while, and I do think a good example of it is shown right in our department.

We have been very busy for the past two weeks, cleaning up the falling plaster of the walls and ceilings of the dining rooms, halls and kitchen which have been replastered and painted, but it was well worth our time as everything looks so much nicer and we are very grateful for it.—Mary Potter, Dining Room Matron.

THE BATTLE AGAINST GERMS

THE LONG period of ignorance, mystery and superstition relative to conditions affecting the public health, which promote or prevent longevity, ended with the development of the medical sciences. Owen (1840) established the length of biological life by the development of the bones. He fixed the normal life as five times the number of years required to perfect the bones. Twenty years are needed to complete the process of bone perfection in man, and figuring on this basis the length of man's life should be one hundred years. The cell theory of Virchow (1858) taught that all tisues of the body are living units of high vitality, made to perform certain functions, after which they die and are cast out of the body, and are replaced immediately by new cells. This process of renewal goes on until the entire body is renewed, and it is the maintenance of this renewal which regulates health and longevity. Pasteur (1862) disclosed external forces not previously appreciated when he revealed the life history of bacteria, the greatest health and life destroyers of mankind.

The new ideas that diseases are caused by germs which pass from person to person, and that their control requires notification and isolation, now took definite form. Knowledge of the organisms causing disease, the devising of laboratory methods of discovering and diagnosing disease, and a familiarity with the means by which diseases are spread, then developed rapidly. These discoveries soon led to correct ideas concerning sources of contagion, and the parts played by air, water, milk and insects in the dissemination of diseases.

The first assistance rendered in health matters by cities and towns of the United States was by the appointment of temporary committees to cope with disease outbreaks. Local boards of health were appointed at Petersburg, Va., in 1780; at Philadelphia in 1794; and at New York City in 1796. Permanent health organizations did not materialize until much later.

The public health movement on a large scale took definite form first in England with the Public Health Act in 1848. Louisiana created a State Board of Health in 1855 to deal with matters of quarantine. The creation of the Massachusetts Board of Health in 1869, and the Virginia and California Boards of Health in 1870 followed.

As it functions today, the United States Public Health Service is the outgrowth of about 140 years of experience and legislation. Congress in 1798 established the Marine Hospital Service for the care of sick and disabled merchant seamen. The Act of Congress of April 29, 1878, marked the beginning of quarantine regulations at seaports. By 1912 the service had taken on its present organization as the United States Public Health Service. This good work has progressed until at the present time other government bureaus have become interested in various phases of public health, and each state has some legal provision for local health organizations.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, smallpox was the disease which was chiefly feared and this was plainly contagious, so that the chief purpose of preventive medicine was to prevent contagion. At the close of the century entirely different views began to prevail. During the last decade of the century a series of epidemics greatly alarmed the public. Influenza appeared in 1789, smallpox in 1792, scarlet fever prevailed shortly after and, still more terrifying, there were several epidemics of yellow fever. The bizarre notion that most fevers were due to the emanations from decaying animal and vegetable substances directed the attention of sanitarians to the improvement of the environment. For the time being the importance of contagion was forgotten, and only very slight attention was given to the individual or the means of protecting him from contagion. The sanitarians of the nineteenth century, up to about 1870, were, except for maritime quarantine, occupied chiefly with the problems of municipal cleanliness. The severe outbreaks of smallpox in the early seventies once more called attention to the importance of contagion, and the attitude of English health officers, who now began to require the reporting of contagious diseases and to build hospitals for them, was early reflected in this country. Soon, too, the bacteriologist began to give definite knowledge as to the causation of the infectuous diseases and to demonstrate that they are practically all contagious. Environment now received less and less attention and the individual more. The attempt to control contagion became the chief function of the health department for the next 50 years.

During the last 35 years or so a new phase of public health has been evident. Attention is being directed more and more, not only to persons, but to individual persons. Education has become one of the most important factors, and it is the education of the individual that is aimed at. The great health movements against tuberculosis, hookworm infection, infant mortality, up to the present drive against venereal diseases, all seek out the individual, and teach right ways of living.

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NIBBLES OF SCIENCE

A meteor that exploded with a report that sounded like thunder and rattled doors and windows fell recently in Oregon.

Thomas Ross, of the University of Washington, says it is possible to make spectacles which will enable color-blind drivers to distinguish between red and green traffic lights.

Rat's milk has been found to be very much richer in fat and protein than cow's milk.

A delicate meter which will measure the electric voltage of a nervous shock has been developed by University of Chicago scientists.

A Department of Agriculture scientist has found that milk yield of cows can be greatly increased by the administration of hormones. The cost of the hormones, however, exceeds the increased value of the milk.

PERSONALS

Vacations are about over, but we have not ceased to talk of the great times we had during the summer. The last busload has been to Morehead and reports as good a time as the first load. During the summer every student at Caswell had a chance to visit the seashore and go on an all-day picnic, and we did enjoy it so much.

Mrs. King is again at work in the Wooten Building. She reports a most restful vacation, visiting many points of interest in North Carolina and Virginia.

Mrs. Surles spent her two weeks' vacation in New York City and vicinity. She tells of the marvelous sights awaiting the World's Fair visitors next year. Cottage II is an authority on it.

Miss Stroud toured western North Carolina and enthusiastically challenges any country to produce more beautiful scenery than that of "The Land of the Sky" and the "Skyland Drive." Cottage I has proof with cards.

Mrs. Mozingo of Cottage IV reports a most restful two weeks visiting her relatives in Eastern Carolina.

Miss Morriss of Cottage VII spent her vacation in Sanford and at the seashore.

Miss Gray of Cottage VI makes all envious by her descriptions of the picnics and suppers she attended while at home and visiting her people in Jones county and at the seashore.

We are so glad to welcome Miss Hardison of Warsaw as a new matron in Cottage VI. We hope her work at Caswell will be as happy as her little pupils are over having her with them.

The boys of Cottage V had quite a treat extended them the last of August. The girls in Cottage I gave them a party. Mrs. Rouse and Miss Irene Smith, their matrons, dressed them in their very best and took them over to Cottage I. Mrs. Happer and Miss Stroud, with their girls, gave them a royal time with games and eats. The boys are planning to return the compliment.

The Tapp Building is about to get into its normal stride again. Mr. Cain was away for two weeks visiting in Fayetteville and at the seashore. Then Mr. Lehman had two weeks visiting his home in Charlotte and touring the western part of the state. Next Mr. Higgins will be gone with Mrs. Higgins for two weeks, visiting in Pennsylvania and other northern points.

People at the Pollock have been busy vacationing. Mrs. Hill was away two weeks with her family, visiting the seashore and relatives in and around Kinston. Mr. Sparrow took his two weeks visiting his people in Mayesville and shore points. Mr. Carter took his in Durham and points north and west.

Employees of the Austin A and B Buildings will be a little late getting through their vacations on account of the repairs being made on their floors.

Mrs. Justice of the Dawson Building had a rather sad vacation as she was called to the deathbed of her father-in-law in Raeford, N. C. The family has our deepest sympathy. We never knew Mr. Justice personally, but seeing the devotion of his daughter-in-law proves to us he was a splendid man.

Mr. Byrd, our relief man, was called home very suddenly September 11 by the death of his grandfather. We extend our deepest sympathy to both Mr. Byrd and the members of his family.

The vacancy left by the resignation of Miss Mamie Bryant, our former dietician, has been filled by Miss Zelda Wood of Garner, N. C. Miss Wood comes to us highly recommended, and Caswell deems itself most fortunate in securing a lady of such training and personality. She is a graduate of Flora McDonald College with a B.S. degree and Home Economics. In 1934 she completed the course of Food Service Work in New York, connected with the Ballard Schools in that city. She did extension work at the Woman's College for several sessions and has taught Home Economics in the high schools of Virginia and North Carolina.

A marriage which happened August 2 will be of intent interest to the employees of Caswell. Miss Turner and Mr. Overby of the kitchen department were married at that time. They have the good wishes and congratulations of the entire staff.

We are so glad to welcome Miss Edith Wladkowski, our psychologist, home again. She left for her vacation to be spent with her mother in New York, and while there she became very ill and was forced to spend many weeks in a hospital.

Our school is in full swing. All the former teachers are back with new ideas and projects. With music, crafts and the A, B, Cs, they sound like a happy, buzzing beehive!

Pollock A is proudly displaying a new floor in its hall and sun parlor. In a few days the employees with the children will return from visiting in other buildings and take up their regular life in their own home.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOSPITAL

A dream that has been in the minds of our loyal leaders here at Caswell Training School has been realized. During the past few months many outstanding improvements have been made which greatly help in beautifying our hospital department. There can be no real progress unless there are improvements and expansions. Improvements in one sense of the word rank first. Our entire hospital has been painted and the old floors have been replaced by floors that are easy to clean. They cannot only be kept immaculately clean, but they are very attractive to the eye.

As we go about our daily duties in the hospital, the work seems easier in a sense, and the fact that we have a more attractive place to work makes it more enjoyable. Along with our new floors and newly-painted walls, we are very proud of our new electric range, our new icebox and kitchen utensils, with the other things too numerous to mention. The children as well as the nurses seem glad and go about their daily work with brighter faces. Let us thank our loyal leaders for all they have accomplished and made possible for us to have.—Edith Phillips, Nurse.

TOO EXPENSIVE FOR HIM

"Why didn't you get yourself a cheap automobile?"

"I would if they weren't so expensive."

NOT A COLLEGE MAN

First Flapper: "Wasn't that a college man I saw you with last night?"

Second Ditto: "No, only a freshman."

DEAD ONE

He: "You have a nerve—cutting me dead."

She: "I'm only cutting you—you're dead already."

A Little Bit Humorous

EVEN UP PROPOSITION

He: "How 'bout a lil' auto ride into the country, cutie?"

She: "I'd have you understand I don't go auto riding with strange men."

He: "At's O. K. I haven't got a car, either."

SAW HIM TOO OFTEN

"My husband's home too much."

"I thought he was a trav'lin' salesman."

"He is—but he comes home once a week."

GOLD DIGGER DEFINED

"Grace is accused of being a gold digger."

"Fraudulant use of the males, eh?"

CAUSE OF ANGLES

"Very angular, isn't she?"

"Guess you'd be angular, too, if you'd been mixed in all the triangles she has."

WOMAN IN SPEECH

She: "What part of speech is a woman?"

He: "An indefinite article."

27 '38
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The Caswell News

Speak Gently

Speak gently!—It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
This full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor—
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again!

Volume 3

Number 8

OCTOBER, 1938

THE CHILDREN'S Department

A Small Army of Ants Teach Joe a Wonderful Lesson

JOE HUNTER sat on the kitchen steps, eating a sandwich. It was delicious food, but he was not enjoying it. Something was wrong. It seemed to Joe that everything was wrong. Why did he have to be sitting here in his own back yard while all the rest of the class was enjoying a fine hike through the woods? He glared angrily across the yard, and mechanically bit into his sandwich. Of course, Aunt Nellie would have to go to town on the very afternoon of the hike.

"I'm very sorry, Joe," his mother had said, "but you'll have to come right home after school and stay here while I go over to Aunt Nellie's. Mr. Harper is sending out the coal this afternoon, and I'm expecting a telephone call from Mrs. Kelly. You'll have to ask the teacher to excuse you from the hike so you can stay here while I'm away."

"Pshaw, mother," he pleaded, "I've just got to go. This is nature study, and the one who writes the best composition about it gets to be the class reporter."

"I'm sorry, dear," his mother had replied, "but I promised Aunt Nellie I would stay with the children this afternoon while she was away, and I must have some one here to see that the coal is properly put away and to answer the telephone. Can't you find something around the house for your nature study? Just listen to those birds outside, and think of our garden."

"No, mother, there's nothing here like the things I would see over on the hill."

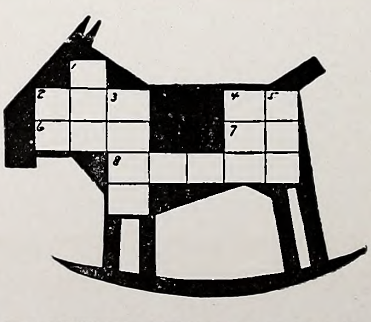
His plea had availed him nothing, however. Here he was on his own back steps, while the class was hiking over Forest Hill and doubtless finding hundreds of things to write about. Some one else would surely write the best theme and become class reporter.

Staring down aimlessly at his feet, he suddenly realized that he had littered the steps with crumbs. As he started to go into the house for a broom the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Kelly calling to say that she had returned home and would be over Friday to see his mother. He thanked her and hung up the receiver.

Joe returned to his place on the step and sat staring at the crumbs. From some hidden region hundreds of tiny black ants had appeared and were madly making off with the bread. Some were working separately, each carrying off a tiny crumb, while others, working together in groups, were making away with the larger pieces. Joe watched for a few moments and then decided to try an experiment. From the refrigerator he obtained a piece of dried beef about as large as the end of his thumb. Meat was a little heavier than bread, and its scent would probably attract the ants more quickly. He decided to try just one piece at a time, so that he could give one group of ants his entire attention. He laid the meat in the exact center of a step and waited. In about two minutes one ant appeared over the edge of the step, and, in a hesitating, jerky, zigzag trot, made its way up close to the beef. Just short of it, the insect stopped suddenly, turned, and bolted back over the edge of the step. Joe could see that it had not touched the meat. Evidently the ant had only scented it. In about a minute five ants made their appearance.

Two of the ants came up and felt the bit of beef, then ran back a short distance, met, and touched their feelers together. Then, while the first five started running about in their zigzag trot, others began to appear and gather about the meat. They would touch the beef and then begin running around it. Frequently two would meet and touch feelers together. Joe finally decided that, after their own fashion, they were carrying on a conference.

The ants appeared so rapidly that he found it difficult to keep count of them, but, when about fifty had emerged from over the edge of the step, they gathered around the piece of meat and laid hold of it. Each would work a bit, move on to another place, and then take hold of the prize again. But Joe could see that no progress was being made. Presently they began to run around the meat again, meet, and touch feelers. The conference had doubtless been renewed. After a few minutes all the ants moved to one end of the meat and set to work again. Each ant would work at the burden for a few moments, then step back among the idlers that were hanging about, or move to another point and resume its work. The ants moved one end of the beef a short distance, then went to work on the other end. Slowly but surely, they were carrying away a mountain of food, many times larger and heavier than their combined bulk and weight.



ROCKING HORSE PUZZLE

Horizontal—
2. Hurried.
4. Abbreviation for advertisement.
6. Era.
7. Poetical word.
8. Fruit.

Vertical—
1. A game.
2. First letter of a fruit.
3. Not far.
4. Everyone.
5. Female deer.

The Caswell News

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Associate Editor........Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor........Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor........Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager........Miss Mary L. Utley

AN EXPLANATION

I hope a great many people will read this article. It seems that so many people do not understand why we cannot take every child from their county that gives trouble in the family or the community. There are, according to the survey that Dr. Thompson of Yale made for North Carolina in 1936, over 2000 institutional cases in the State. The largest number that we can ever take at Caswell will be 800. More than that number would mean another institution in the western part of the State or another complete institution at Caswell Training School. Our heating and electric plant, water system, school rooms, laundry, kitchen and dining rooms, sewing rooms and dairy are at a peak now. We could fit in just a few more children of **certain types** from counties whose quota is not filled. Long petitions to take this child or that for this reason or that do no good, except to get any advice that we might give after a thorough examination. I dare say that the workers of Caswell Training School are more interested in our children and children in general than any class of people in North Carolina according to numbers.

When we get an application, we go into it fully from every angle. Sometimes we take a trip to the child's home, though our funds are meager, in order that we may see at first hand the child in its environment. Our work with a child is a life time job since few of our children find a good foster home. The more we see of our children, the better prepared we are to care for those already here and to be of some assistance to those who will never be able to get in here.

I do hope that the public in general will not try to bring undue pressure on those who have charge of Caswell Training School to take this or that child. The man or woman who has nothing of this world's goods has just as patient a hearing and as much courtesy shown him when he presents his case here as anywhere. He does not have to have endorsement from anyone. Our taking the child depends entirely on the child's needs and our ability to place the child where it belongs. We have 13 grades for children. The child must fit into one of these grades or we cannot take it. "We cannot fit a square peg into a round hole." All arrangements must be made for taking a child before it is brought to the school. We take children from 6-21 years of age. We prefer those from 9-12 as we can teach these more and do not have so much "unteaching" to do as with older children. We do not take epileptics as they go to the Epileptic Colony, Raleigh, North Carolina, we do not take psychopathic cases, we do not take children with venereal diseases if these diseases are in the first stages, do not take children with tuberculosis, and do not take pregnant girls. Unless we take types that are well fitted for our School, we are liable to have one child undo the work of several years. We know more about groupings and buildings than we did 25 years ago. Another 25 years should greatly enlarge our present knowledge.

F. M. R.

COMMENTS FROM THE CRAFTS DEPARTMENT

With the feel of autumn in the air, everyone is getting more pep. That languid, drowsy feeling which pervaded the atmosphere during a good part of September, has passed away. Footsteps are more lively as if there were some real purpose in moving about.

Along with autumn comes the fair. This adds zest and purpose to our activities here at Caswell, especially to the crafts department. Ada's little stuffed gingham Scottie was "just crying" to be entered in the crafts exhibit, so off he went. Along with him went a good many other crafts products, towels, pillow cases, tatting, rag rugs and other articles. A whole collection of 14 pieces of woodwork was entered for Lester.

The thrill of getting a prize means a great deal to the school children, but going to the fair means far more. Every year some good friends make it possible for them to go out and enjoy the free acts, some of the side shows and other exhibits, but more thrilling, the hobby horses, caterpillar, ferris wheel and other things that go round merrily. Whoever does not get a thrill out of these must be old indeed. Last of all comes a treat, ice cream and possibly candy.

But to get back to crafts where we are supposed to be, there are many interesting things getting under way. We have a nice new work bench set up and the boys are trying it out along with some new tools provided for them. Most of the looms are threaded and some lovely, colorful rugs are being woven. Rugs are being crocheted too, and the embroidery and sewing are coming along nicely. Thomas has made a centerpiece out of a gourd that is unique and attractive.

Mrs. Ethel P. Hughes, Craft Teacher

THOUGHTS ON LIFE & BUSINESS

GIVING ADVICE I suppose that as long as life lasts we shall go on offering advice, whether we are asked for it or not. It is but human. And it isn't wrong. What is wrong is the way we give it. Also, we should not give it against our better judgment. There are times when it is folly to give advice, irrespective of the wisdom of doing so or not. What we must remember is that it is just as wrong to withhold advice as it is to press it upon someone who distinctly does not want it. Few of us like to accept advice when we have not asked for it, but none of us will refuse it if it is given subtly. Moreover, advice given in a pompous, heavy-fatherly way rarely does any good. Those who are successful in giving advice do it in a gentle, delicate manner. Somehow they do it sympathetically, and in so disarming a way as almost to appear to be placing themselves in the position of one asking for advice. There are not many of us who can rise to such heights, and we can only do our best. It is our duty never to stand aside when we see that advice is desired. But it must be good.

* * *

CASH VALUE OF OPTIMISM Did you ever know a pessimist to be a success? "I can't" is the cry of the misanthrope. That cry never surmounted an obstacle; it never lifted a man out of the slough of despond; it never urged a man on to success. Optimism paints the pathway of life with the golden hues of possibility; it paves the way with stepping-stones; it tempts us to climb the ladder of hope to the temple of achievement. It may be unsubstantial, impractical, visionary, but you notice it is generally the man who thoroughly believes in himself, in his fellow men and in the opportunities of life, who wears the epaulets, enjoys the public's esteem, and draws the check that never goes to protest. As a business proposition, optimism is the surest and safest and best-paying investment. The pessimist and hard luck are inseparable companions.

* * *

EACH HAS A PART Perhaps one of the greatest secrets of happiness is to realize that each one of us has a unique work to do that no one else can possibly accomplish. Many of you love music. There are very few double bassoon players. Recently one had to travel from New York to Pittsburgh to play one note in a symphony! That player may not have thought very much of himself. But he could have taken justifiable happiness in the fact that the performance could not have gone on without him! He was indispensable.

* * *

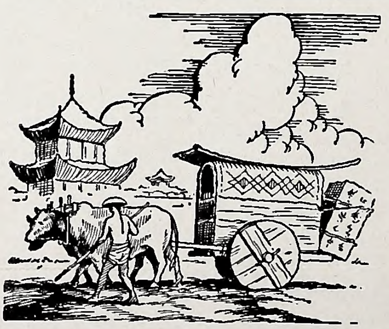
HEALTH IS HAPPINESS One of the values we all need for the enjoyment of life and one we are quickest to throw away is health. Schopenhauer once remarked: "With health, everything is a source of pleasure; without it, nothing else, whatever it may be, is enjoyable. It follows that the greatest of follies is to sacrifice health for any other kind of happiness, whatever it may be, for gain, advancement, learning, or fame, let alone, then for fleeting sensual pleasures."

* * *

SHORT CUTS AND SCHEMES THAT SAVE Don't take your business anxieties to bed with you. When you lie down to rest, let your business rest also. The greatest apparent reason for this is the fact that you cannot be equipped for the day of business which follows a night of restless worry. System should so pervade all the affairs of your life that you will be able to dismiss from your mind any business problem in order to secure rest. Men frequently say that they have lost more than one night's sleep over some business problem. They must all admit that they were less able to combat with the affairs of the following day than they would have been had they received the succor of peaceful sleep. Don't take your business anxieties to bed with you.

* * *

MONEY VALUE In the ultimate, we will find that apart from necessary provision for the future, the only money we really have is that which we spend intelligently on ourselves, on education, on travel, on legitimate pleasures and enjoyment, on securing possession of goods which add to our comfort, peace of mind and pleasure — which enable us to lead broader, fuller and more enjoyable lives.—R. W. McNeel.



The Age "Less"

This is a topsy-turvy world, what with fireless cookers, wireless telegrams, horseless carriages, seedless grapes and spineless cactus.

There is more of "less" every day. Today it is smokeless powder; tomorrow it may be headless cabbage or costless merchandise.

And speaking of merchandise . . . remember that the goods you buy from advertisements in this magazine actually cost less for the same high quality. That's one reason why people read our ads so carefully.

PSYCHOLOGICAL SERVICE
To the Counties in the Eastern Part of North Carolina

We have always been glad to give as much psychological service as possible on our clinic days to counties in the eastern part of North Carolina, and we hope to be able to continue with it. Lately, since there have been fewer State psychologists in North Carolina, even more demands have been made of the only psychologist in the eastern part of the State than before. This one is at Caswell Training School primarily to work for this institution.

We wish to continue to co-operate with various State agencies by rendering to them psychological service, but we also ask the co-operation from those who wish this service. Extra-mural work is done on Mondays and Thursdays of each week. Please do not bring cases for examination on any other days or even on clinic days without previously making appointments. When appointments have been made, please come on time, for otherwise it disrupts the plans of the psychologist for the day. If you cannot come, please notify in advance if possible so other work could be planned.

Information blanks are sent to those who wish to have cases examined. The more information we have about the individual in question and of his whole environment, the easier it is to make the diagnosis and, also, more adequate recommendations could be given. These information blanks are intended to be filled out by the social worker as she or he could give more correct information from the knowledge of the case obtained from investigation than the average relative or foster parent can give. It often happens that cases are brought for examination with no or very meager information, thus supplying us with too little knowledge of the case. Much time has been spent lately by the psychologist in her attempts to obtain some necessary information from the parents or other relatives, which should have been supplied beforehand. At times, additional information is desired from the social worker before psychological reports on the cases examined could be sent to the respective counties. In order for you to get the reports of the mental examinations, please send us the desired information as soon as possible.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist

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CHILDREN INCORPORATED

Several people during the month of September took stock in Children Incorporated. The Atlantic-Neuse Fair took a fine block of stock when they gave passes to over 500 children to enter the fair ground, take all the rides and see any shows of interest to children.

Mrs. Eugene Brown took a block of stock when she gave a large lot of lily bulbs to improve the beauty of our grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Mewborn also took a block of Children Incorporated stock paying for it with a handsome lot of bulbs.

Radio Station W.F.T.C. and its gentlemanly announcer, Mr. Chester Walsh, often buy a block of Children Incorporated, paying for it by boosting those who have charge of Caswell Training School and those fine youngsters who live here. Mr. Walsh no doubt remembers that "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

(Concluded on page 7)

THE WORK AT LESTER

Lester, a member of the primary class who is deaf, is deriving much benefit from our new work table. He shows keen interest and real aptitude in woodwork. I hope later that we will be able to have enough equipment and material to give the other boys of this group a chance to make things.

Lester has made several pot holders, a novelty rack for kitchen utensils, a pretty Dutch book shelf, a set of garden sticks and a clown tie rack. He repainted a chair that he made in the craft room some time ago. He also gave his doll bed a fresh coat of white.

These things are to be exhibited at the fair for him. His face beams with delight over the prospects of competing for the prize. Caswell Training School is not having a booth this year, so he is competing with the normal boys and girls. His academic work is not being neglected, but is made more interesting by attractive work books. We have some new material for this deaf boy, hoping to make up for some of the things he has been missing, due to his handicap.

Miss Rowena Tull, Primary Teacher

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CULINARY NOTES

Mr. Overby and the boys in the Bake Shop are very happy and doing splendid work. The new work table made by Mr. Elmore is a helpful addition to the shop. The kitchen is an interesting place. Mr. Coats, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Williams, Isaiah White and Eliza Brooks are busy but cheerful and sometimes humming a gleeful tune. Mrs. Freeman, Miss Merritt and the girls in the vegetable room work like bees. Miss Sessoms is occupied slicing or cutting bread, gingerbread, gelatin, cake and preparing trays for invalid girls. Mrs. Overby has a beautiful refrigeration department to keep polished and shining. She checks all incoming as well as out-going foods such as milk, butter, eggs and all cleaning articles. Miss Potter and Miss Wiggins and the girls are very happy and doing excellent work.

All the girls and boys who help on the different posts in the Culinary Department are going about their work in a meaningful and pleasant way.

Miss Zelda Wood, Dietitian

———o———

FAIR DAY

Thursday, October 6, was fair day for the children of Caswell Training School. The children were divided into small groups and chaperoned by employees of the School to the fair ground on the school bus and trucks, leaving about 1:00 o'clock. We were permitted to go about as we wished.

First, I took my group to ride on the hobby horses because they are usually the first thing we think of when we go to the fair. Then we rode the ferris wheel, swings, whip and various other things. When we were tired of riding we visited the hot dog stand and enjoyed some hot dogs and candy, which are always better at the fair.

We then went to the exhibit hall and saw many interesting things, which were some rugs and other things that our children had made. I believe we enjoyed the dog and pony show most of all. The pony was told to pick out numbers which were requested by the children, on small cards. He also

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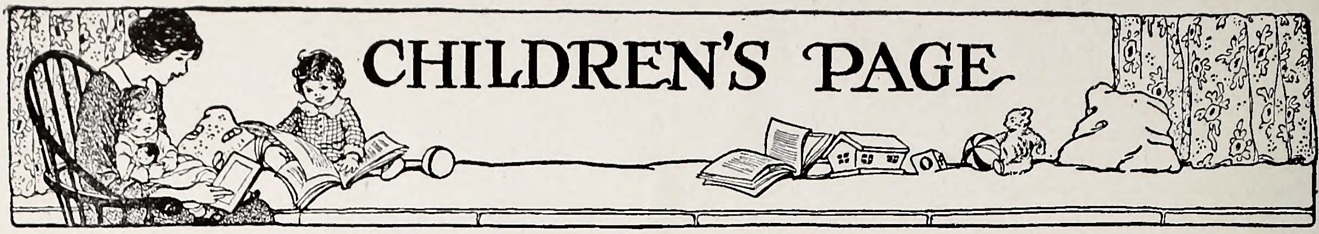


CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE DREAM THAT HELPED ELLEN

ELLEN sat in the big armchair. "Tick-tock," said the big clock on the mantle, and the long hand moved nearer to the hour for Ellen's bedtime. "Half an hour more!" sighed Ellen. "Dearie me, I ought to copy over my composition! I know I won't have time to do it tomorrow in school; but I am so tired, and I hate to move." The composition and the writing paper waited on the library table.

"This is a very long hall," said Ellen aloud to herself, as she walked along; and it did not occur to her at that time to wonder how she had come here. And, indeed it was a long hall, and narrow, and very high Ellen saw great boxes, piled one above another. Each box was fastened with a lock. Ellen wondered what valuable things there could be stowed away in them.

Just then a little man walked rapidly toward her, looking intently at the boxes as he passed. She saw he was carrying a bunch of keys. "He must be the Keeper of Everything here," said Ellen. "I may have a chance to see what's inside of them."

Suddenly she saw he was unlocking one of the boxes. What an odd assortment of things she saw in the box. There were glass tubes, and wires, and screens, and padlocks, there were queer-looking drawings like maps, and some like puzzles; and then there were pages and pages of writing and figures.

"Please!" cried Ellen, for she could contain herself no longer, "What is that you just put in? And why are you keeping all those things locked away?"

"This," said the man, "is the Hall of Unfinished Things. All these boxes you see are filled with things people have begun, and then let unfinished. Each person has a box and every unfinished thing is packed away. What will become of these things? I do not know, but I can tell you that unfinished things make unfinished people. and folks who do not finish their work right do not finish their lives right.

"Here is the box of a lady who never finished her embroidered table cloths. Some of them are faded. Here is the box of an artist. His box is nearly full already! He is a very clever man and if he would only learn to finish his work, he could sell his paintings and be in better circumstances. You folks are very foolish!" the man said. "I had better show you the way out," he was saying, when a voice behind them interrupted. "Here is one thing more," the voice said, "a composition for Box 494,327." And Ellen turned to see another man. He handed the other a paper. "Why can't lazy people do their work?" said the man as he unlocked another box and flung it open.

Ellen peered into it. "Oh," she exclaimed, "that looks like the pillow cover I started to do for grandmother. And there is a sock I started to do for a poor old man, and never finished; And there is the tablecloth I was hemstitching! Why, this is my box; and that is my composition you are going to put in! Why, I've got a half hour to finish it. Let me have it!"

"No," said the little man, severely, "you mean you had a half hour! That has gone now and you will never get it back. So into the box this goes!"

"No, you shall not!" cried Ellen, and she tried to snatch it from him, but he ran. Down the long hall went Ellen after him on flying feet. "Wait!" she called, "I can do it!"

And somewhere off in the distance a clock began to chime and strike—"one—two—three—four—five."

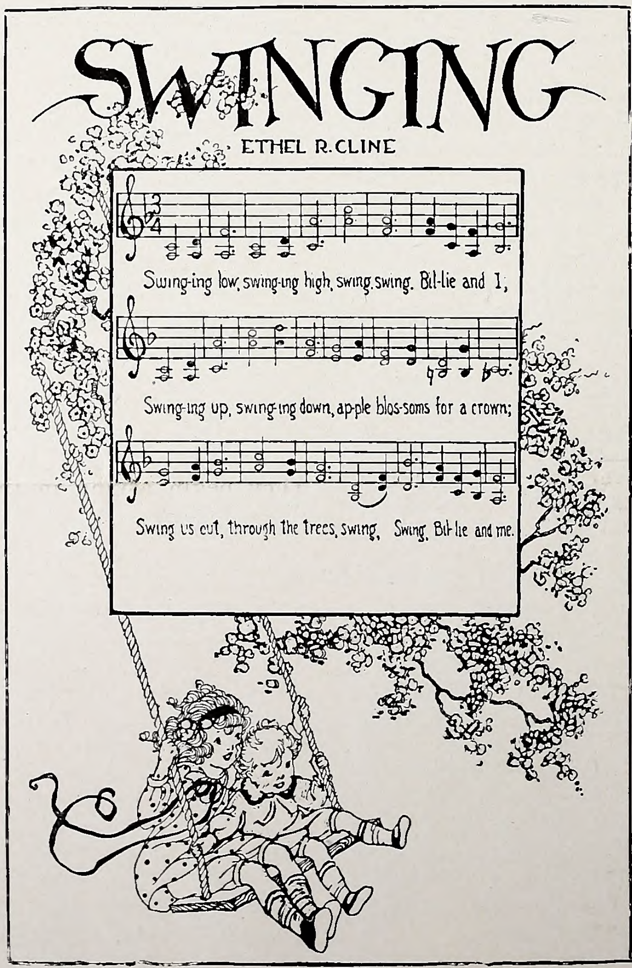
Ellen sprang up excitedly, and rubbed her eyes. "Oh!" exclaimed Ellen, "bed time and it is in the box now!"

"Talking to yourself again, Ellen?" laughed her mother." I had almost forgotten! The old clock is half an hour fast; I must fix it now. It is half past seven by the right time."

"Then he won't put it in after all!" exclaimed Ellen, and she jumped up quickly and began to open her writing pad.

"What in the world are you talking about, Ellen?" mother asked in surprise.

"It is a dream I had, mother," said Ellen seriously. "But I believe it was a real lesson dream. I must get this composition copied before it is too late."


SWINGING
ETHEL R. CLINE
Swing-ing low, swing-ing high, swing, swing, Bil-lie and I,
Swing-ing up, swing-ing down, ap-ple blos-soms for a crown;
Swing us out, through the trees, swing, Swing, Bil-lie and me.

A NOTE FROM OUR PREVIOUS DIETITIAN

I have, in my work as dietitian, been affiliated with various institutions, both in and out of North Carolina, and I can truthfully say that I have never been connected with any institution that was more harmoniously managed than Caswell Training School.

In a way, each of the many departments indispensable to the School, is independent of the others, yet so efficiently is each managed that all fit together in a perfect whole, with a minimum of friction.

In my own department, I have nothing but highest praise for all who have been on the Domestic staff. Of course, as in every line of business, some may have been more capable than others, but all have done well.

The kitchen, with its kindred divisions; bakery, vegetable room, milk and refrigeration departments, is kept spotlessly clean and sanitary, proving the worth of trained and willing workers.

I especially wish to speak a word of praise for the young college graduate who came to us for a few months, about a year ago. Although he had been trained for a much higher position, he quickly adapted himself to our work, and fitted in well, thus proving that he was truly educated.

In few homes are the holidays observed with more enjoyment than at Caswell Training School. Each season brings its special day, and a happy time is had by all.

Probably no holiday brings more fun to the children than Easter. They have such a lovely time with their colored eggs. This year we had 1400 dyed the most lovely colors.

And how much of all the joy and beauty that comes to each inmate of the School is due to Dr. and Mrs. Register! In all my experience I do not remember having known a finer personality than that of Mrs. F. M. Register. Her work with flowers and shrubs, improving and beautifying the grounds of this institution, speaks for itself. Its worth is inestimable.

My three years and four months' work under the supervision of Dr. F. M. Register, has been a real pleasure. I am sure that all who contacted him will agree that he is the best superintendent the School has ever had. Each and everyone, employees as well as the many children to whom he plays the part of a real father, adore him, for he is one of the kindest and noblest of men and I fear that his like will never be seen at Caswell again.

Miss Mamie E. Bryant

CHILDREN INCORPORATED

(Concluded from page 5)

I know that this stock of Children Incorporated will never miss a dividend. It is non-assessable, non-taxable, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

F. M. R.

o

Get it out of your head that idleness is desirable. The person who keeps busy, but pities himself because he cannot loaf, has the wrong idea. Activity is the joyful thing and rest is essential to this activity, but loafing is the source of discontent. Wish for work which you can enjoy, and not for idleness.

THE CHILDREN IN COTTAGE V

Vacation time is almost over at Caswell for employees and children. Many of the boys and girls went home for several weeks during the summer. They have returned now and are in school being taught the several different subjects offered here.

Mrs. Dawson, the kindergarten teacher, visits her group of children in the afternoons for an hour or so of entertainment such as fishing, reading and playing games. They look forward to seeing her come and join in the games whole-heartedly. The music pupils bring in glowing reports of the songs they are being taught to sing by Mrs. Askew, pianist and song director. Quite often we hear them humming tunes. Upon returning from school each child goes to his or her task in the laundry, dining room, sewing room, on the farm, or wherever it may be and begins again the duties left off during school hours.

After supper is over and they have cleaned the building, they go out into the yards or for a walk and enjoy an hour or so of recreation before going to bed.

Mrs. Rouse and Miss Irene Smith,
Matrons

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LAUNDRY AND IRONING DEPARTMENT

The girls are all busy pressing or ironing dresses, suits and coats this week to wear to the fair, and everyone is discussing what he or she wants to ride or see.

I like the laundry work very much, although I have been working here only one month. Last month we averaged ironing 2500 pieces per week, not including pants pressed. We have 21 girls working, but six of them are in school, which takes them out from 9:00 a. m. to 2:00 p. m.

Mrs. Idabelle Taylor, Laundry Matron

o

COTTAGE I

Vacation time is over and the children have returned from their homes. Those children who did not have the privilege of going home for a few days were given a picnic down at Morehead.

School has started and all the children are glad to see their teachers. They enjoy their craft classes because they like to do pretty work. Some embroider, some knit and some sew. Each has a part to do. They also look forward to their music classes. They begin asking in the morning, "Is it time for us to go to music, or do we have music today?"

Mrs. Happer and Miss Stroud

FAIR DAY

(Concluded from page 5)

answered questions asked him by shaking his head, which meant yes or no.

About 2:30 we went to the grandstand and were entertained by an acrobat who almost made us hold our breath when we saw the diving horse and lady. We also saw a group of three girls and one man who sang and gave imitations. While on the grandstand, we were cheered by the Kennedy Home, and in return we cheered them. We hated to see 5:00 o'clock come, which meant going back home, but we were treated very nicely by the show people and others, which we appreciated very much.

We are looking forward to fair day next year.

Miss Ozell Whitfield, Nurse

Not At All Serious

Ha!
Ha!!
Hee!
Hee!!

Guide (to tourist): "Yes, this is a marvelous echo. The people here shout out of their windows as they go to bed, and the echo wakens them in the morning."

* * *

"Father, what is dignity?"

"Dignity, my son, is what you think you possess until the boss says, 'What is the meaning of this?'"

* * *

First Plumber: "I heard a good joke on us plumbers yesterday."

Second Ditto: "Let's hear it."

First: "Gosh, I forgot it."

* * *

She: "Did you tell anybody about my pies?"

He: "Oh, yes, I had to tell my physician what ailed me."

* * *

"If you've spotted the man who stole your car, why don't you get it back?"

"I'm waiting for him to put on a new set of tires."

* * *

The Lady: "Is this fur real beaver?"

The Salesman: "Well, of course, you know, madam, that it is really only rabbit-skin doctored up."

"I know; but is it real rabbit-skin?"

* * *

"I want some winter underwear."

"How long?"

"How long? I don't want to rent them; I want to buy 'em."

* * *

Tom: "I have courted your daughter for fifteen years."

Dad: "Well, what do you want?"

Tom: "To marry her."

Dad: "Well, I'l be darned. I thought you wanted a pension or something."

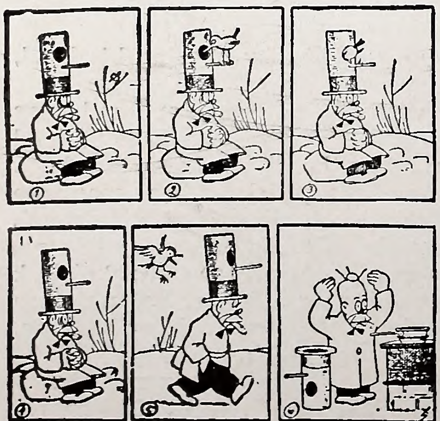
* * *

The automobile was old, dilapidated.

"How much," asked the owner's neighbor, "did you pay for that thing?"

"I got it for nothing."

"Heavens! you've been robbed!"



Cartoon by Jacobson.

Poor Golfer: "Well, how do you like my game?"

Caddie: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."

* * *

Judge: "Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."

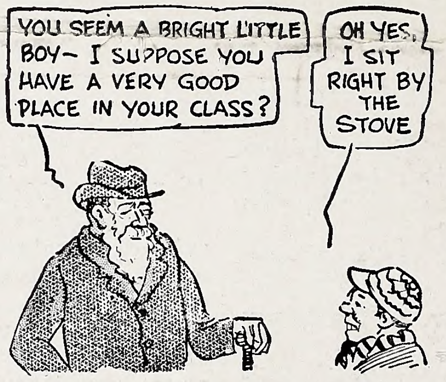
Prisoner: "That's all right, judge. I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

* * *

She: "How old do you think I am?"

He: "You don't look it."

* * *


YOU SEEM A BRIGHT LITTLE BOY— I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A VERY GOOD PLACE IN YOUR CLASS?
OH YES, I SIT RIGHT BY THE STOVE

* * *

Jack: "So your father demurred at first because he didn't want to lose you."

Ethel: "Yes, but I won his consent. I told him he need not lose me; we could live with him, so he would not only have me, but a son-in-law to boot."

Jack: "H'm! I don't like the expression 'to boot.'"

* * *

"Darling, in the moonlight your teeth are like pearls."

"Oh, indeed! And when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?"

* * *

"Willie, where's Johnnie?"

"If the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating, but if it's as thin as I think it is, he's swimming."

* * *

"Here, waiter, I've found a lot of splinters in this stuff you've given me."

"That's all right, sir, it's cabinet pudding."

* * *

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a transparent object?"

Johnny: "One that you can look through."

Teacher: "That is correct. Now, Willie, can you name something that is transparent?"

Willie: "A doughnut."

* * *

Prof.: "Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides of this triangle?"

Stude: "I don't have to prove it; I admit it."

Applicant (for position of office-boy): "I may say I'm pretty smart. I've won several prizes in crossword and word-picture competitions lately."

Employer: "Yes, but I want someone who can be smart during office hours."

"This was during office hours."

* * *

Teacher: "Who was George Washington?"

Pupil: "He's the guy whose wife makes candy."

* * *

First Cop: "Did you get the number of that fellow's car?"

Second Cop: "No, he was going too fast to see it. That was a good-looking girl with him, wasn't it?"

First Cop: "She sure was."

* * *

"Say, Sandy, why did you have only one of your twins photographed?"

"They looked so much alike, it was nae use to spend the money getting pictures of both."

* * *

"Yes, sir," panted the new shepherd, "I got all the sheep in, but I had to run some to get those lambs."

"Lambs? I have no lambs. Let's see what you got," was the answer.

Looking into the shed, the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jack-rabbits.

* * *

"How did Ethel cut her lip?"

"On one of her biting remarks, I presume."

* * *

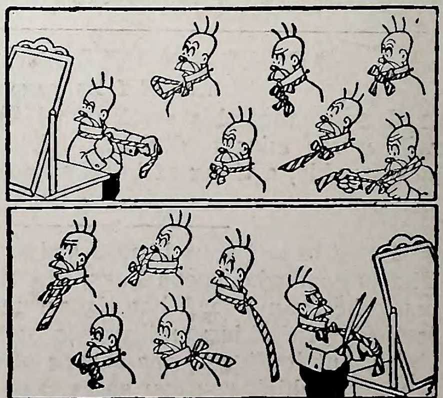
"Why were you driving so fast this morning?"

"Well, the judge fined me $5 for speeding yesterday and he couldn't change my $10 bill, so he told me to go on and speed it out."

* * *

Uncle Henpeck: "You boys of to-day want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

Nephew: "No; and I'll bet you didn't, either."



Cartoon by Jacobson.

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NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

The Caswell News

I Wonder Why

I wonder why this world's good things
Should fall in such unequal shares;
Why some should taste of all the joys
And others only feel the cares.
I wonder why the sunshine bright
Should fall in paths some people tread
While others shiver in the shade
Of clouds that gather overhead.

I wonder why the trees that hang
So full of luscious fruit should grow
Only where some may reach and eat
While others faint and thirsty go!
Why should sweet flowers bloom for some,
For others only thorns be found?
And some grow rich on fruitful earth,
While others till but barren ground?

I wonder why the hearts of some
O'er flow with joy and happiness,
While others go their lonely way,
Unblessed with aught of tenderness.
I wonder why the eyes of some
Should ne'er be moistened with a tear,
While others weep from morn till night,
Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here?

Ah! well; we may not know indeed
The whys, the wherefores of each life
But this we know—there's one who sees
And watches us through joy or strife
Each life its mission here fulfills,
And only He may know the end,
And loving Him, we may be strong,
Tho' storm or sunshine He may send.

Author unknown

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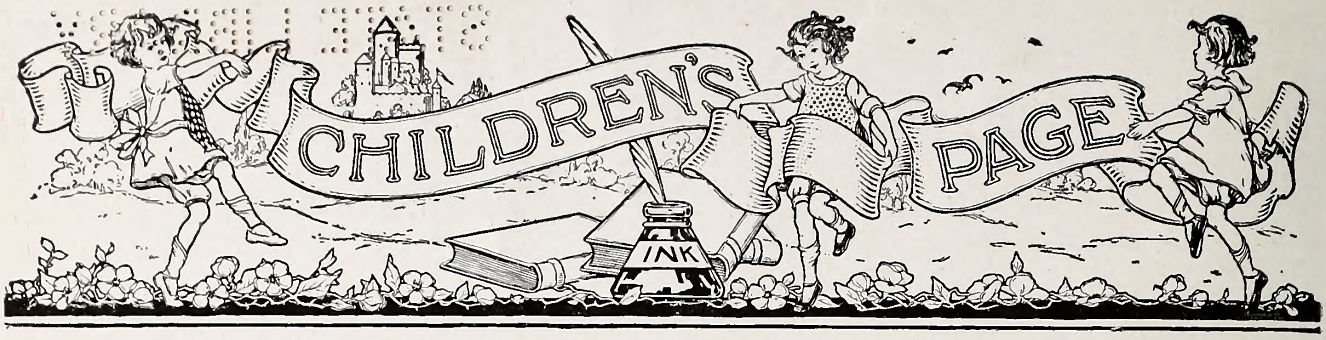
Number 9

NOVEMBER, 1938



JANE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

JANE stopped a moment on the doorstep and again waved to her father as he drove Bess and Ned to the cornfield where the little, rustling leaves already waved above the dark furrows. Then she ran in to mother, who was ironing, though the sun was barely up. "Mother, mother, do see what father gave me for my brithday!" she cried, as she held up a shining, new quarter. "He says that I may spend it just as I wish tomorrow when we go to town. Oh. goody, goody!"

A quarter was the largest sum that Jane had ever possessed at one time, and in those days a quarter semed a very large sum to a little girl of nine.

"You may wear your new, pink sunbonnet, too," said mother.

"Oh, yes, mother! Isn't it grand? May I try on my sunbonnet?" Jane eyed herself in the long mirror on the old walnut dresser with all the satisfaction that any little girl feels nowadays when she brings home a new silk hat.

She then washed the dishes, after which she spent a long time in the swing—not swinging, but just sitting there digging in the gray dust with her little toes, and trying to think how to spend her quarter and how wonderful it would be to walk up and down the bright streets. She liked the Fair Store best of all, for it was there she saw the children's toys. She wondered whether the lovely doll she had seen the last time that she was in town was still in the window. That was months ago, but she well remembered the blue eyes and the wavy yellow hair.

The next morning when Jane awoke she had just been dreaming that she was in town—a very large town it semed, with miles and miles of Fair Stores whose windows were filled with blue-eyed dolls. And then something went rattlety bang, rattlety bang, and Jane suddenly sat up in bed to see what was happening to the Fair Stores, but instead she heard the window go rattlety bang again, and then just outside she saw that there was such a heavy curtain of dust that she could not see the henhouse.

"Oh!" wailed Jane, "oh, oh!" for she knew there would be no fifteen-mile drive to town in the old wagon that day. She was about to cry when moother came in with the comforting news that she would make her old doll, Marybelle, a new dress from the sunbonnet scraps. Anyhow, crying didn't stop the wind, and she had better jump right out and dress, as father would want her to help hitch up in a very few minutes, as he was going to see a nearby neighbor on business.

Jane dressed, though rather slowly, it must be admitted, and just the very minute she was through father came rushing in and said he wanted Jane to hurry out to the tank. Jane felt certain that there was some very special reason aside from holding Bess' and Ned's halter, and so she skipped right out into the hurricane by her father's side, though her checked apron flapped wildly about, and once it flew right over her head, carrying her backward.

But at last they reached the tank, and what do you suppose Jane saw? She opened her eyes wide in spite of the wind and dust, for right there in the tank within a foot of her was the funniest little sailboat you could imagine. It had a rudder of black feathers, and two black wings outspread, and a black head, though the eyes were shut. But Jane knew well enough what it was. How she had longed for a pet crow every time she saw the big fellows come to the tank for a drink, especially since she had seen Cousin Henry's. But, to her dismay, this one seemed to be dead, though father thought possibly it was only chilled and exhausted, and suggested that she take it to the house and warm it.

Jane wrapped her apron tenderly about the young crow, and flew to the house with the aid of the wind. Folding a towel about him, she laid him on the oven door as mother did the baby chicks that were wet and sat watching his shiny purple coat for some sign of life when flop, something black hit her right in the face, and young Mr. Crow flew past her and on upstairs, while Jane fairly shouted for joy. Jane managed to corner him between the window and the curtain. Then he flapped a bit and squawked, but Jane hung on to him while mother brought up the old parrot cage from the cellar. She said this was the very best present that she could have received—that a real live crow was much better than just a trip to town or even a lifeless china doll.

FILL IN THE LAST LETTER OF EACH WORD

USE EACH LETTER OF THE ALPHABET ONLY ONCE, EXCEPT J, Q, AND V WHICH YOU DO NOT USE AT ALL

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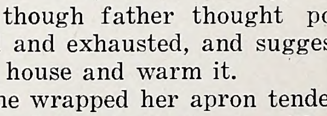


The Caswell News

Vol. 3 - No. 9 KINSTON, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1938 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor....................F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor....................Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor....................Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor....................Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager....................Miss Mary L. Utley

ANOTHER SCHOOL FOR EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN

One of our greatest needs in North Carolina is another school like Caswell to be located in the western part of the state.

WHY?

First, another school is needed to help take care of children that are on our waiting list and the waiting list is growing daily. There are more children who need institutional care than there are patients in the three state hospitals for the mentally sick. The State must finally care for all its citizens in institutions like ours early, or later on chain gangs or in penitentiaries after much damage has been done which cannot be paid for by labor or money.

WHY?

Second, another school is needed for the western part of the state because it is a long distance from our School to the most westerly point of our state. The tax payers of the western part of our state should have the advantage of a nearby institution. The new institution will have to be built "eventually, why not now"?

WHY?

Third, there has been so much learned in the last 20 years about institutional care of exceptional children that an entirely new set-up and new arrangement of buildings would make a new institution several times more valuable to all concerned than the old one has been or can be to both tax payers and those who call the present institution home.

WHY?

Fourth, it would be a great mistake to try to enlarge the present institution, a new power plant would have to be built, new dining room and kitchen, new homes and sleeping quarter for attendants and matrons, a new auditorium, new school rooms and we would have to buy more cows, hogs, feed and land.

The new institution could benefit greatly by the mistakes of the old one. The institution could be laid out carefully in units, and one unit or more a year could be built. The only way to build a useful institution is to lay out complete plans for a complete institution and work to this end until the original plans are completed. If there are no plans and each administration is allowed to build in a haphazard manner, the whole layout will look like a crazy quilt and it will be the fault of no particular person or persons.

See your legislator and get him to start something even if he goes no further than having a committee appointed to investigate and draw up some sketches of buildings and grounds. There are some beautiful pieces of property in the western part of the state that could be secured for this second training school. If our legislators could see some of the pitiful letters we get about boys and girls scattered all over our state who need our care, we are sure they would make a start on a new western institution at once.

F. M. R.

CHILDREN INCORPORATED

Children Incorporated is going right along and everybody seems interested. We hope a great many of our friends will take stock which will enable us to have the best Christmas cheer that has ever been at old Caswell. Just send in your donations by December 10 and come and pay us a visit December 25 and you will feel well repaid for every dollar worth of stock you have bought in Children Incorporated. There are none so poor or none too rich to be a shareholder in Children Incorporated.

In October, Mr. Sam Clark, of Tarboro, and Miss Edith Wladkowski bought nice blocks of stock in Children Incorporated. Mr. and Mrs. Coe, friends of ours in Charlotte, North Carolina, bought a nice block of stock for the purchase of a splendid radio to be placed in one of our cottages. Mrs. J. M. Smith, of Franklinville, North Carolina, also bought a block of stock for the purchase of a radio for one of our cottages.

F. M. R.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

This month the older boys and girls of Caswell had a very nice party which they enjoyed very much. The boys entertained the girls in their nicely decorated building. Mr. Lehman, Mrs. King, Mrs. Harlan and Dr. and Mrs. Register came, too, and joined in with the children in their enjoyment. Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. King and Mr. Lehman did everything they possibly could to make their entertainment a success. I have never seen a happier bunch of children before this party. Let us help to make more of such entertainments a success.

Thomas Heath, Storekeeper

INTERESTING FACTS
and Bits of Humor

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

In Berlin a musician recently kept four instruments—a piano, a harmonium, a drum and cymbals—going for 71 hours without a let-up.

A church at Cornwall, England, has a special door for the devil to sneak out with downcast eyes when renounced by converts.

An astronomer at Vatican City says that if a man could count 25 stars per second it would take him 700 years to count all in sight.

Stop worrying about keeping up with the Joneses when the Joneses are worrying about how they are going to keep up at all.

* * *

DO ELECTRIC FANS LOWER ROOM TEMPERATURES?

An electric fan does not make the air in a room cooler, as commonly supposed. In fact, the temperature of a room is increased by setting the air in rapid motion. The cooling effect of the fan results from the fact that the temperature of the air is lower than the temperature of a person's skin and each puff of air absorbs heat and moisture as it passes.

* * *

NUTCRACKERS

1—Are the justices of the Supreme Court elected by the people?

2—Give within 1,000 the number of millionaires in the United States.

3—In whom is vested the right to declare war in the United States?

4—In New York State may a man marry his widow's sister?

5—How did Will Rogers characterize the diplomatic weaknesses of the United States?

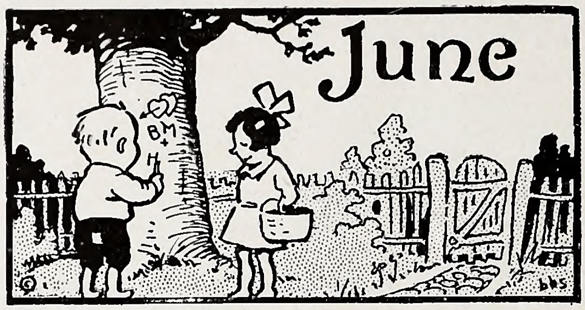
6—Who was the most conservative, noncommittal statesman of the United States history?

(Answers Elsewhere on This Page)

* * *

Employer: "Are you a married man?"

Sambo (applicant for job): "Naw, suh—Ah makes mah own livin'."



JUNE HOROSCOPE

Born in June, your birthright is a warm, generous heart, that makes and holds happy friendships. You are endowed with a quick wit, true courage and a pleasing appearance; a liking for hobbies of many kinds; country life pleases you. You have family pride and strong sympathy for the suffering and needy.

Being emotional you should try to hold yourself in bounds and not be carried away by heights of either happiness or depression. You should overcome your aversion to medicine and get more than the average amount of sleep and outdoor life. Your ideas are good, but you must remember that one cannot expect others to agree with you in all matters.

By learning to go a little more slowly and patiently; by pausing before you leap, you can expect a life as bright and cheerful as the summer days of June.

Birthstone, pearl. The flower is the rose.

* * *

FREE OF DUTY

"Did you see much poverty in Europe?"

"Yes, indeed. A good deal. In fact, I brought some back with me."

* * *

One good thing about the horse is that when he loses a shoe, you don't have to jack up beside the road and nail another one on him.

Two may live as cheaply as one . . but not nearly so quietly.

WHY THE SOUTH IS CALLED "DIXIE"

The origin of the term "Dixie" has been advanced as coming from a negro adoption of "Dixon," from the name Mason & Dixon Line. Negro melodies originally used the shortened term and from then Dixie passed into common use as the name of the happy and abundant south. It was popularized by the song "Dixie," written by Daniel Decatur Emmet, which was adopted by the Confederates as their national war song.

* * *

DO CONFEDERATE VETERANS GET PENSIONS?

Persons who fought in the Civil War on the Confederate side do not receive pensions from the federal government, because no government could consistently pension persons for waging war against it. But all eleven of the former Confederate states provide pensions for ex-Confederate soldiers and their widows. Of the principal border states, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, all of which supplied many men to the Confederate armies, only Kentucky provides pensions for former Confederates. Such pensions are also provided by Oklahoma. Thus the people of thirteen states are taxed to pay pensions to the veterans of both sides of the Civil War.

* * *

THE ANSWERS

1—No (appointed by the president).

2—Approximately 11,000.

3—Congress.

4—Probably not, as he is dead.

5—"America never lost a war, or won a conference."

6—Senator Cummings, who was never known to make a definite statement of fact. Upon being shown a herd of shorn sheep with the remark, "See, Senator, they've just been shorn," he replied, "Yes, it looks so from this side."

* * *

Some drivers need more horse-sense . . . and less horse-power.

A TRIBUTE TO PEARL JONES

Some time ago we spoke of the modest, unassuming personalities who go about the daily tasks, quietly and courageously, with no thought of praise or reward—those sweet, patient characters we are so prone to take for granted, so to speak, while our attention seems focused on the noisy, selfish types who simply cry out for attention and flattery. The article in question was a tribute to Carrie Franklin, a girl who has been here over 20 years and who has been a source of joy to those with whom she works because of her quiet, simple devotion to duty and her cheerful carrying out of her daily chores. Pearl Jones is another who has been here a good many years and who is a general favorite among the children and employees. Pearl is one of our hospital girls and is busy from morning till night. One of her many duties is to help carry the food from the kitchen to the hospital serving room and her early morning greeting as she goes over for breakfast supplies is an inspiration. She does her work willingly, cheerfully and well, radiating a spirit of helpfulness and loyalty that is contagious and well-worth emulating. Pearl is always courteous and kind to those with whom she works and to those for whom she works. She literally "brightens the corner where she dwells" and we are very happy to have her with us and very grateful for her example of love and loyalty.

M. L. U.

CHAPEL PROGRAM BY INTERMEDIATE GROUP

On Wednesday, October 26, the Intermediate girls and boys gave an enjoyable fall program, as follows:

Song—"October's Party; class.
Poem—"Fall of the Year"; William Holliday
Solo—"Dance of the Jack-O-Lanterns"; Katie Hatch
Dance—Dance of the Jack-O-Lanterns; eight children.
Reading—"It's Halloween"; Naomi Sanders
Song—"My Jack-O-Lantern"; class.

The songs and poems used in the program were learned by the class as a part of their month's work in the language. In order to instill interest in the beauty of autumn and in the poems they were studying, we went for a walk. As we passed through fields, we studied the crops. There was a woman harvesting corn who told us the stalks yield from one to four ears, averaging about two to the stalk. We named the uses of corn in a guessing game.

The next was a beautiful field of stacked hay which a number of the boys had helped with. They called my attention to how well it was stacked and in what straight rows. We then came to a field of cotton in its glory. The autumn tints were in the leaves. On a single stalk were squares, blooms, both white and pink, green bolls and the lovely white ones ready for picking. As we continued our walk to the woods, we discussed the uses of cotton and cotton seed. Each one tried to find a variety of leaves. The prettiest we found were sweet-gum, black-gum and dogwood. The greatest number of yellow and red ones was found by a boy who had 23 that the class could name.

The drawing lessons were also correlated. Each child made his Halloween hat and jack-o-lantern and had a merry time as he worked.

Mrs. Mark Hill, Teacher

KNOWING PEOPLE

One of the most precious arts in all the world is that of knowing people well. Not merely knowing a few trivial surface facts about them as is the way of casual acquaintances but rather coming to know something of their inner selves, their problems and dreams, their sorrows and joys. As we enter deeper into the experience of comradeship with folk, identifying ourselves with their hopes and struggles, their victories and defeats, we find that something is happening at the same time to ourselves. We are not the same as we were, and the world in which we live seems different. We should know and understand the people about us. Then we should know and understand those whose work is different from ours. With this in mind, may we as co-workers strive to understand our friends better.

Margaret May, Nurse

OUR STORE

I have been out here for only a short while but I have learned to love Caswell. I am keeping the store for the institution and everyone is welcome to come and buy. I have candies, cakes of all kind, ice cold drinks and other things. I wish to thank every one for the kind welcome they have given me here at Caswell and for the help. I also wish to thank all the employees for patronizing the store. All funds taken in are put back in the children's fund. We will welcome visitors.

Thomas Heath, Storekeeper

COTTAGE II

We have 27 nice little girls in Cottage II, and nothing could be of any greater pleasure than working with them. Since August we have added to our list of girls five new ones, namely, Shirley, Louise, Bernice, Essie Mae and Dorothy Louise. We are indeed very glad to have these new girls and we are more than glad to say that they seem to be happy with us, for at the same time we are enjoying teaching them to house keep, etc. They are going to school now and are always careful not to be late for their regular classes.

We are looking forward and making plans for Christmas, the most enjoyable day of the whole year even though Thanksgiving does come first. Of course, we are looking forward to Thanksgiving too, because we know we are going to have a grand time. There is always something for us to look forward to and make plans with great pleasure.

Now, before we go, we want to thank Dr. Register and Mrs. Harlan as well as we know how for our trip to the Neuse-Atlantic Fair, for words cannot express how much we all enjoyed the fair.

Miss Martin and Miss Surles, Matrons

THE McNAIRY BUILDING

We are all thankful for the new mattresses, springs and blankets which we received. I am sure the children are pleased with their new beds. We also like our new heating system. The building is very comfortable and very much better than it was in the past years I have worked here.

Mrs. Emma Grady, Night Matron

CHILDREN'S PAGE

WORK WELL DONE

THE WORK your father did for me was excellently done," said the woman as she stood in the workman's shop and made out a check in payment of a job that had just been completed at her home. "Will you tell him," she added to the small son of the proprietor who tended shop in his father's absence, "that I appreciate very much the thoroughness with which it was done? Also please thank him for me."

"Everybody likes my father's work," the lad answered with quiet simplicity. The statement was not made in a boastful way. It seemed merely the declaration of a fact, and the animation in his eyes glowed with a happy satisfaction in the truthfulness of it.

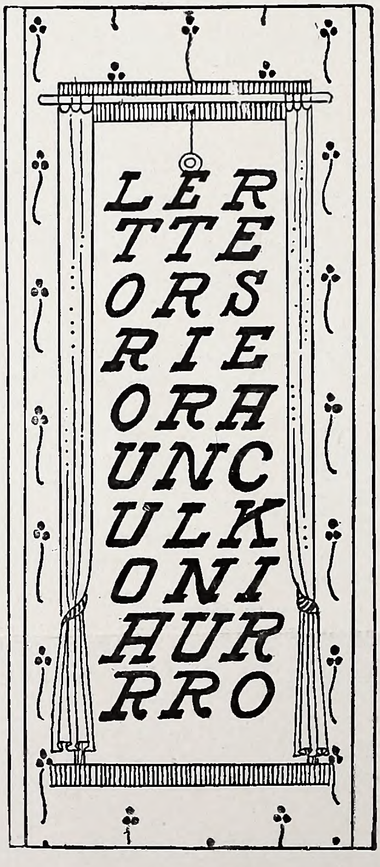
"Everybody likes my father's work," mused the woman as she went on down the street. "What a gift that man has given his son! Not one of money, but something vastly better. How many people have struggled and toiled to give their children a fortune, yet failed to demonstrate to them the value of accomplishing their daily work in this excellent way!"

The boy's words came back to her mind many times that day and on succeeding days. And as she observed others, it was interesting to note some who were following this course of life, others who were simply dreaming of great things to be done in the future. Sometimes she discovered the situation was reversed so far as ages were concerned, and it was a young person whom she saw setting a shining example of diligence and thoroughness which was bringing satisfaction to home folks and friends.

There was the instance when a certain teacher was calling on the parents of one of her high school pupils. "One can always depend upon your daughter," she said with enthusiasm. "Her lessons are well prepared. When she hands her notebook in it is always so complete and so thoroughly done. There is nothing slipshod or careless about it, but her work is written out in such a neat and orderly way that it is a joy to look it over and see what she has gained."

Can you imagine how happy those parents were over such commendation of their daughter's work?

Not far away lived another family where there was quite a different story. There the daughter had brought home her report card with failure written on it. The girl at this place had been idle, negligent, careless. She had stayed out of school whenever possible to get off with a flimsy excuse. She had tried "bluffing" with her teachers, had cheated on her tests, had secured all the help she could from others, her notebooks were a succession of daubs, splotches, and poorly spelled words, so that ultimately there had come failure. What a disappointment to those who had hoped to be proud of her! Instead of glowing eyes, tearful ones, and sad hearts beneath.



A PUZZLE

This window opens upon a wall upon which there are ten words of five letters each. The first and last letters cannot be seen for they are just beyond the sides of the window. If you supply these letters correctly, you will have (reading downward), for your first letters a machine for traveling about and for your last letters, another for the same purpose.

Turning again to a happier picture this woman remembered a certain college boy she had known. One day when she was moving from one place to another and was greatly hurried, there was need of competent help to finish the packing, nail the lids on boxes and barrels, and put on strengthening wires or ropes. At her request for this kind of help, a young man was sent, who was glad of any odd jobs that would help him to earn his way through college. He came and immediately demonstrated his ability to attend to the task. She soon saw that he knew how to pack the most delicate dish so that it would be carried safely. He knew just where packing was needed in that barrel of fruit, in order to keep everything firmly in its place. When that packing was provided, and had been tucked in by his capable hands, the head of the barrel was carefully fastened on, and it was at once properly tagged and addressed.

It is an accomplishment well worth while to be able to do even the most menial task efficiently. It establishes a habit of thoroughness and pains-taking care. It makes one realize the value of doing small things well, so that bigger and what may seem to be more important tasks may be done with a finish and completeness that insures success.

To do our daily tasks—the washing of a dish, or the sweeping of a room, the getting of an algebra lesson—and accomplish them in such an efficient way as to cause those who have sought our assistance to like our work and find satisfaction in it, is to have attained a creditable goal.

In the end such a course will bring to us that much desired "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

POLLOCK B BUILDING

The Pollock B boys have been very busy for the past several months helping gather the crops and carry on all kinds of work. Some will come in telling how many bins of corn have been filled and how many loads are left for the next day, while others tell how much has been done at the laundry that day, and still others about other kinds of work. Those that could not help outside have been having quite a good time picking off and eating peanuts. We are really proud of the work our boys can do.

It is interesting on Saturday morning to see some of the boys come in and stand around to see if they can go to the show that afternoon. Those that get a nickel a week will save their money two weeks so they can go. Everyone looks forward to our Friday night show out here. They talk about what they hope will be on from one Friday until the next.

The boys have worked smartly since the Pollock A boys have moved downstairs. They have taken a greater interest in cleaning the building and trying to get through with the work by the time Mrs. King comes around. They just brighten up when she compliments their work, especially Dossie.

Now since the fair has passed, all are looking forward to Christmas, the decorating, opening of presents and seeing what each other has and most of all seeing Mrs. Harlan and telling her what they have.

We are always glad for the boys' relatives to visit them, for it makes them so happy. Again, we are proud of our boys even though they are not always neat and clean, for we realize they are doing their part the best they can.

Mrs. Potter, Matron
Mr. Powell, Attendant

o

AUSTIN B BUILDING

Austin B has had some changes lately. Mrs. Taylor, our oldest and best loved matron, left us to work in another department. We have missed her a lot and hope that she enjoys her new work.

We now have with us Mrs. Blanch Smith, a new matron whom we all like very much. We also want to welcome Mrs. Powell and Miss Heath, who are part-time helpers in our building. These new matrons are doing well and we are proud of them.

Our sun parlor looks very nice with a new floor. We are glad to be back in it again. We all want to say thanks to Mr. Elmore for making us several flower stands, which add so much to the looks of our sun parlor with our pretty ferns on them. Christmas is just around the corner, which means a lot of work for us, but we enjoy it.

Mrs. Holloman, Matron Austin B

o

WOOTEN A BUILDING

I am back in the Wooten Building after working around in a different building about nine months. We have 26 girls in Wooten A. Dora has come to live with us and she likes our building a lot. We are going to do everything we can to make her and all the girls happy. Lula Mae and Marion are in the hospital and we hope they will soon be back with us. We all enjoyed the service in Chapel, Sunday, November 6, and we thank Mrs. Benson very much for coming down and giving us such a nice talk. I feel that if we could have that every Sunday, we all would understand God and each other better.

Mrs. Gray, Matron

AUSTIN A BUILDING

Another month has passed and it brought two new girls to our group, Evelyn and Ruby. We were glad to welcome them to our institution.

The new floors in our sun parlor and dormitories have been completed for quite awhile now, and we have been back in our own building enjoying them. It makes the cleaning easier for us, and we appreciate the improvements very much.

We have been very busy lately picking off peanuts for the winter, but we enjoy it. Kathryn, one of our girls, had company this past week-end. It was her mother, Mrs. Benson, and others, from Tennessee. Mrs. Benson held Chapel one Sunday which was enjoyed very much. She made her talk mostly on "Love." I hope that all the boys and girls of this institution understood it as she explained it because "Love leads the way."

Miss Heath, Matron

o

DAWSON BUILDING

It is most gratifying to us all that there is little sickness among our little folks. Only two are patients in the hospital and we are hoping to have them back before long well and happy.

Our newest addition to the Junior Ward is Howard. He has become thoroughly adjusted to his new surroundings and seems quite happy. Our loyal helpers take much pride in keeping their special charges clean and comfortable. What a bright spot in the lives of these little children when a member of their family comes to see them. When we told Cutler his mother was here, he cried from sheer joy that he wished she would come oftener. It takes so little to make these little folks happy.

Mrs. Edith Reid, Matron

o

POLLOCK A BUILDING

We of Pollock A are very proud to get moved back after living with Pollock B for about a month. We appreciate the kindness of Pollock B in taking care of us while the workmen were busy remodeling the floors in the sun parlors and hall.

The boys take great interest and pride in caring for the building and are always proud to have visitors. Henry especially invites everyone in who happens to pass by. Everyone around the Pollock has been busy every spare moment picking off peanuts. We were very glad to have the boys from Cottage V and VI to join us two afternoons in our peanut picking. We hope they will come again.

Mrs. Hill, Matron

o

DEWEY BUILDING

The girls are having such a good time these beautiful days, picking off peanuts and taking walks in the afternoons. We are thinking of Christmas, too, and looking forward for something nice. Most of us do get nice boxes from home and we do wish everyone a happy Christmas.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Dickerson, Matrons

o

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR COUNTIES

Counties giving Christmas offerings for our children's Christmas presents will have their names published in The Caswell News, our institution's paper. These counties will be called, "The Good Neighbor Counties."

Mrs. Gray, Matron

Young Wife: "Is the food nice, Herbert?"
Herbert: "Er—yes, my dear, the gravy is very tender."

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

Suspicious Old Lady (on the farm): "What's that stuff on those sheep?"
Farmer: "Wool."
S. O. L.: "I'll bet it's half cotton."

Cluck, Cluck!—Once upon a time an enterprising poultryman crossed his hens with parrots, to save time. He used to spend much time hunting the eggs, but now the hens walk up to him and say, "Hank, I just laid an egg. Go get it."

* * *

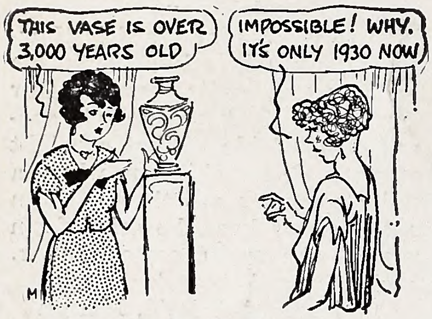
Soft Job—Garbage collector in Aberdeen.

* * *

Poor Toreador!—"Tonight, Seniorita, I will stand beneath your balcony and sing you a sweet serenade." "And I will drop you a flower," said the Seniorita. "Ah, in a moment of mad love?" "No; in a pot."

* * *

Some Mistake Here!


THIS VASE IS OVER 3,000 YEARS OLD
IMPOSSIBLE! WHY. IT'S ONLY 1930 NOW
M

* * *

Equestrian Note—The only exercise some men take is riding a hobby.

* * *

Over The Phone—"Listen operator, you've already given me three wrong numbers; please remember I'm telephoning, not broadcasting."

* * *

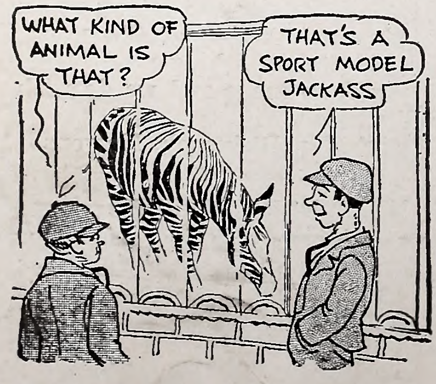
Household Hint—If your husband keeps staying out late every night, why not buy him a book of modern fairy stories. It will aid him in selecting some new alibis.

* * *

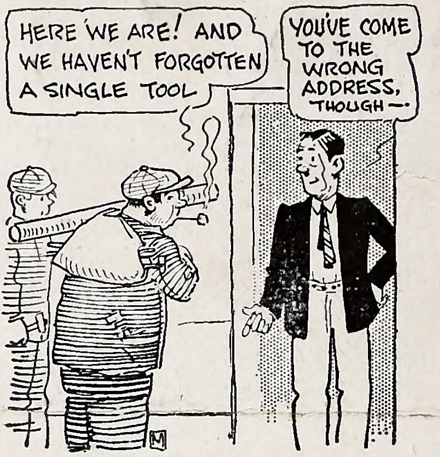
Sure Thing—A man who marries his stenographer soon takes all the dictation.

* * *

Zoology


WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL IS THAT?
THAT'S A SPORT MODEL JACKASS

Fifty Per Cent OK.


HERE WE ARE! AND WE HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN A SINGLE TOOL
YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG ADDRESS, THOUGH—
M

* * *

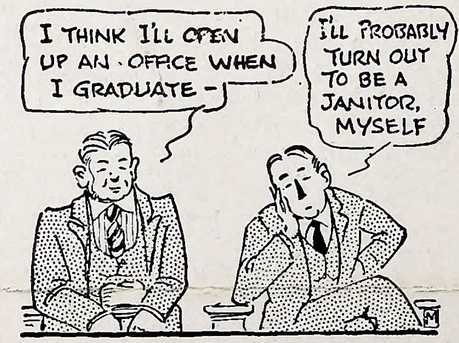
Words of Wisdom—Only the hen can make money by laying around.

* * *

What's Wrong with This Story?—Two truck drivers were snarled up in the traffic of a busy street. One of them, losing his good nature, yelled out: "Why don't you look where you are going, you pie-eyed, blankety, blank blank?" The other replied politely: "You're nice looking too."

* * *

Collegiate


I THINK I'LL OPEN UP AN OFFICE WHEN I GRADUATE—
I'LL PROBABLY TURN OUT TO BE A JANITOR, MYSELF
M

* * *

Riddle—If you were to turn and look yourself squarely in the face, what would you find you needed most? Answer: A rubber neck.

* * *

No, No, Maudie—The boomerang was not invented by a Scotsman.

* * *

Optimism—"I'm sure this hair restorer works," explained the barber, "for none of my customers ever came in to buy a second bottle."

* * *

Clinical Note—The after effects of an operation are felt by everybody.

Did You Hear About the Plumber who moved to another hotel because he objected to the sign, "Have you forgotten something?" hanging on the wall of his room.

* * *

Revised Definition—Girlish Blush: a vanished bit of protective coloration.

* * *

Food for Thought—Guessing the insides of chocolates.

* * *

The Best Thing to take when one is run down is the number of the car.

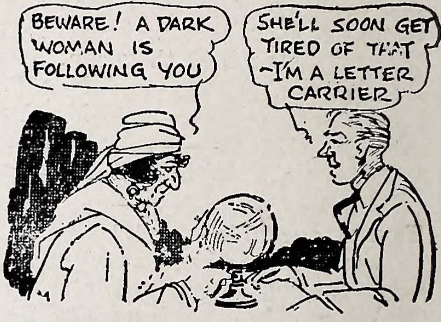
* * *

Travelog—"Madame," said the polite sailor who was showing a young lady over the ship, "this is the quarter deck."

"Oh, how fascinating," beamed the young lady, "and could I see what you have for fifty cents?"

* * *

You Don't Say?


BEWARE! A DARK WOMAN IS FOLLOWING YOU
SHE'LL SOON GET TIRED OF THAT—I'M A LETTER CARRIER

* * *

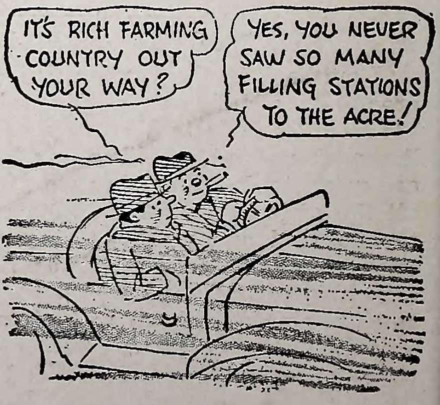
Sure thing—The man who writes the bank advertising is never the same man who makes the loans.

* * *

Fairy Story—Once upon a time there was a man who made early morning motor tours because he admired the beauty of the billboards in the rosy light of dawn.

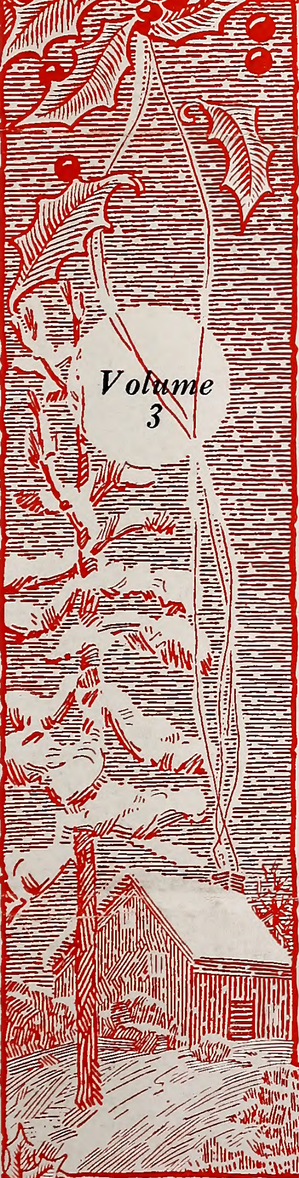
* * *

Prosperity

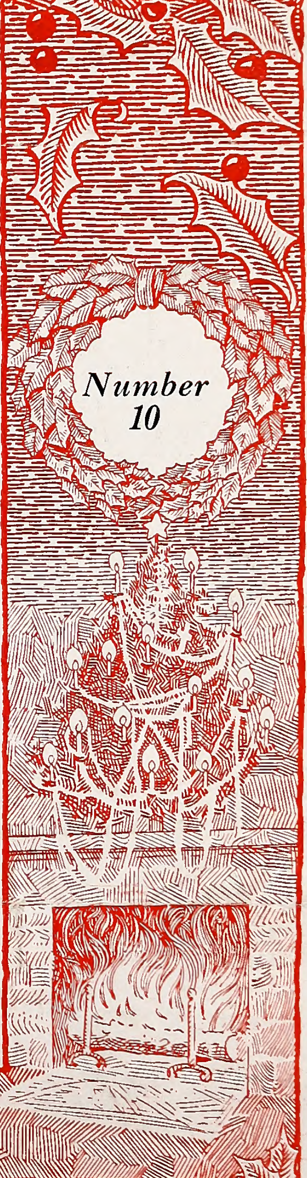

IT'S RICH FARMING COUNTRY OUT YOUR WAY?
YES, YOU NEVER SAW SO MANY FILLING STATIONS TO THE ACRE!

EC29'38

The Caswell News



Volume
3



Number
10

Christmas Everywhere

PHILLIPS BROOKS
(Born Dec. 13, 1835—Died Jan. 23, 1893)

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and
white,
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and
bright.
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master
of all;
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

DECEMBER, 1938

CHILDREN'S PAGE

LILLIAN DISCOVERS THAT HOME IS BEST

I THOUGHT this Monday would never come," laughed Gertrude. "When our school closed, I was so tired and imagined that I would never want to go back over that trail to the school-house again; but here I am as eager to begin school as a little first grader. All the other children say that they feel the same way about it. Come, Margaret, let us go."

"I am just as anxious as you are," said her sister Margaret. "I want to be there on time. Miss Morey said that if we each got perfect attendance marks and good grades again this year, she would give us a better reward than she did last term. Good-by, mother dear."

Mrs. Beverly followed her girls to the porch. Little Lillian stood there so forlorn. "I'll be alone all day," she said wistfully. "Why can't I go? I'm lots bigger 'n I was last year."

"Oh, you are only five, Lillian," said Margaret. "You stay at home and take a nap every afternoon, and you will soon be big enough to go with us; and then mother will be left all alone."

Mrs. Beverly sighed, "Yes, that is just what will happen before you know it. Come, Lillian, let us walk with the girls as far as Petty Deer's pen."

The girls took time only to pet their deer's head a moment, and hurried on to school.

"Give him the salt, Lillian, and let us pick some boughs off that tree for him. Now I must get to my washing. You may play here near Petty Deer's pen if you wish. He looks so lonely when we start away. He'll miss the girls, too, won't he?"

She missed Lillian as she went out to hang up her clothes, for Lillian always liked to hand her the clothespins, one by one. She called, "Lillian! Lillian!" but no answer. In the clear air she could hear her voice echo and re-echo.

"I know the child could hear that," said mother. She hunted and called, and called and hunted. She went as far as the mail box, for Lillian sometimes went for the mail. The old friendly mail carrier was coming down the dusty road. "All alone, Mrs. Beverly? Must be able to hear yourself think today, after all the crowd you've had all summer. I see your baby girl is up visiting your brother's children today. They were all down at the mail box as I came by."

Mrs. Beverly was very glad to know where Lillian was, but she did not want to tell the mail carrier that her naughty little girl had run away, so she smiled and said, "They can hardly stay apart."

So that was where her little Lillian was! At Aunt Emmie's playing with her cousins. Mrs. Beverly went slowly back to the house. She was thinking what she ought to do with a five-year-old girl who would go visiting without even asking her mother first. She heard the ting-a-ling-ling of the telephone bell, and she hurried into the house.

"Hello," she heard Aunt Emmie say; "I knew that you would be worried about Lillian. She came about ten minutes ago, and I have been trying and trying to call you, but you did not answer."

"I have been out hunting for her," replied Mrs. Beverly. "What does she say about her visit?"

"Oh, she says she is tired of staying alone, and is going to live here now."

The girls returned from school. 'Where is Lillian?" was their first question. She had always come to meet them.

"She decided it was too lonely here since you girls were in school, and so she has gone to live with your Aunt Emmie."

"But, mother, why did you let her?"

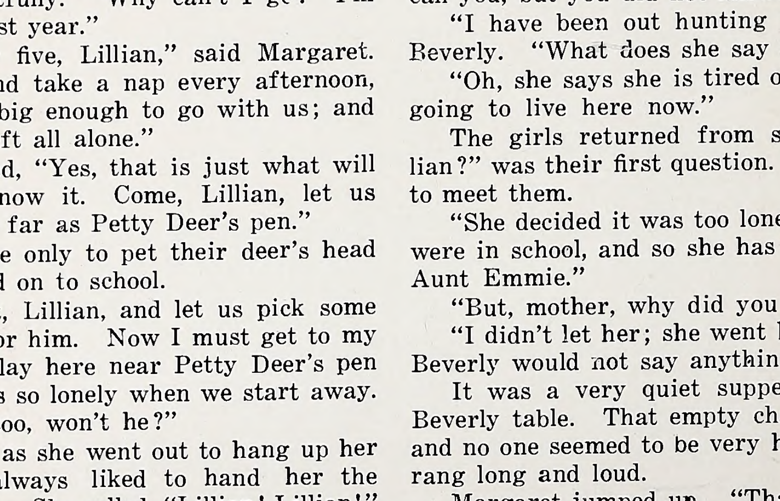
"I didn't let her; she went by herself." And Mrs. Beverly would not say anything more about it.

It was a very quiet supper that evening at the Beverly table. That empty chair made them all sad, and no one seemed to be very hungry. The telephone rang long and loud.

Margaret jumped up. "That's Lillian!" she fairly shouted. "She always rings like that."

"Let me talk to her," said Mrs. Beverly.

Gertrude and Margaret and Daddy Man looked at one another silently, but this is all that they heard: "Yes, Lillian, this is mother. Yes, yes, yes, dear. Aunt Emmie said that mother would forgive you? Of course I will. Yes, dear, yes. You may come if you are sure that you want to live with us. We want you. Start now, and we will all meet you by Petty Deer's pen." There was a happy reunion.


THE
IS
WE
THE
OF
Benjamin Franklin
EVERY OTHER WORD OF THIS QUOTATION IS MONOGRAMED.
CAN YOU MAKE THE MONOGRAMS INTO WORDS

The Caswell News

Vol. 3 - No. 9 KINSTON, N. C., DECEMBER, 1938 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor............F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor............Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor............Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor............Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager............Miss Mary L. Utley

CHRISTMAS? YES
SANTA CLAUS? WHY, SURELY

Last year when everyone at Caswell was so happy and Santa Claus was the patron saint, a gentleman had the affrontry to write the Superintendent and tell him that there was no Santa Claus and that he was surprised that anyone of intelligence should try to fool children in such a way. I sat down and pictured to myself a sour visaged man of uncertain age, disappointed in childhood and disappointing later in life to childhood. Of course what he believed or disbelieved would or would not mean anything to a little child's happiness. So, regardless of this gentleman's pessimism we had a most glorious Christmas.

We expect to have, with the help of neighbors and friends, a most glorious Christmas this year. For our souls sake, we expect to have the old, old story of Christ born in a manger told in song and story over and over again. For fun and amusement, we expect to see Santa Claus or at least hear the jingle of his sleigh bells and enjoy the good things he brings, things that our parents and friends are so liberal with.

———o———

CHILDREN'S CHAPEL

We do hope our friends will take enough stock in Children's Incorporated to build a nice plain chapel for our children and employees to worship in each Sunday and during the week. As we have said before, this chapel is to be built on the banks of the Neuse River on our property over a half mile away from the School. They will really feel that they are going to church. Everyone likes to go to a real church when they go to church.

One small fraction of a cent from every inhabitant in North Carolina will build this chapel. The price of one cigarette out of each pack of cigarettes sold in North Carolina in one day will build the chapel. It is not the cost in money that holds this project back, but rather the cost of effort. If people only knew what a pleasure they were giving a bunch of children, the proposition would be over paid for in twenty-four hours. Just give your contributions to your welfare officer, your preacher, your newspaper editor or send it along in stamps or any way you desire to Caswell Training School.

POLITENESS

Politeness is one of the cheapest commodities that we know about, "It is worth a million dollars and does not cost a cent." Politeness will carry you over the rough places in life with more ease and pleasure than the most delicate springs made from the finest steel. "A soft answer truns away wrath but grevious words stir up anger." It is to be hoped that politeness to others will be the guiding star of Caswell Training School. We should be as polite to the little boy or girl, to the man who grubes or ditches as we are to those higher up, the great of the earth. We should remember what the poet says:

"Because you flourish in wordly affairs,
Don't be haughty, put on airs with insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose at poorer people in plainer clo'es,
But learn for the sake of your souls repose,
That wealth's a bubble, that comes and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation!

Children Incorporated Unlimited.

———o———

Mrs. Palmer Mewborn has again bought a block of Children Incorporated stock, exchanging flower bulbs for same. She seems well pleased with the stock she had already bought.

Mrs. C. A. Broadway bought a nice block of Children Incorporated stock with a fine lot of magazines. I am sure she will be well pleased.

F.M.R.

———o———

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

Some folks claim there is no Santa
And seem happy as can be—
'Till they try to tell such stories
To a gray-haired man like me.
When I've known there's been a Santa
For these many, many years,
Just cannot understand why people
Try to start your childish fears.
Just last year I hung my stocking
Up against the chimney wall—
Took a great big nail to do it—
Didn't want the things to fall.
I stayed up to peek and listen
When the folks had gone to bed,
'Till I heard the ring of sleigh bells
Followed by his soft tread.
Then I peeked, and goodness gracious
What a roly-poly man.
Just exactly like his picture
As about the room he ran.

(Concluded on page 5)

Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

THE "I BEG YOUR PARDON" OR "EXCUSE ME" KEY

TWO teachers were talking together at recess one day, when one said to the other, "Have you ever met Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer?"

"You mean Bob Lorimer's parents? No. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I have Bob in my class, and I think his parents must be delightful people to know. Bob is such a thoughtful, courteous boy."

Now, children, I wonder if you have ever thought that people—teachers, neighbors—were judging your parents by what they see in you. Paul in his letter to the Christians in Corinth said, "You are living letters—being manifest that you are letters of Christ." He meant that men read the words and acts of the Christians and judged Christ by what they saw.

In like manner boys and girls are parents' living letters. People look at you and listen to you. If you are thoughtless, discourteous, selfish, they say, "I wonder what sort of people that boy's (or that girl's) parents can be. I am afraid he has not had very good training at home. His manners do not show it."

Now, then, I want to tell you how you can make people think highly of your parents, and of course you want to do that; and I want to tell you also how you can add to your own happiness and the happiness of others. This is the way. Always carry with you and use this key, the "I beg your pardon" or "excuse me" key. I call it the key of thoughtfulness or consideration for others.

You know, of course, that thoughtlessness is selfishness, and one cannot be selfish and be happy. Real gladness has its root in thought for others.

I would urge you then to use this golden key when you have unintentionally wronged anyone by word or act.

It might be that at some time or another you were riding in a street car when you desired to get off a certain street when the aisle was blocked by passengers who were forced to stand because of lack of seats. Instead of shoving the people ahead of you to one side you would use the "I Beg Your Pardon" key.

Some boys were sliding on the sidewalk one day. In some way one lad caught his foot in a lady's dress and tore it. Just as soon as he could get off his sled, he took off his cap, and apologized for what he had done. Speaking of it afterwards, the woman said, "Why, I didn't mind it at all, he was so nice about it."

We should use this key in all our dealings with others. Robert Louis Stevenson for a number of years before his death lived on the island of Upolu in the South Seas. He was always very considerate in acts of kindness.

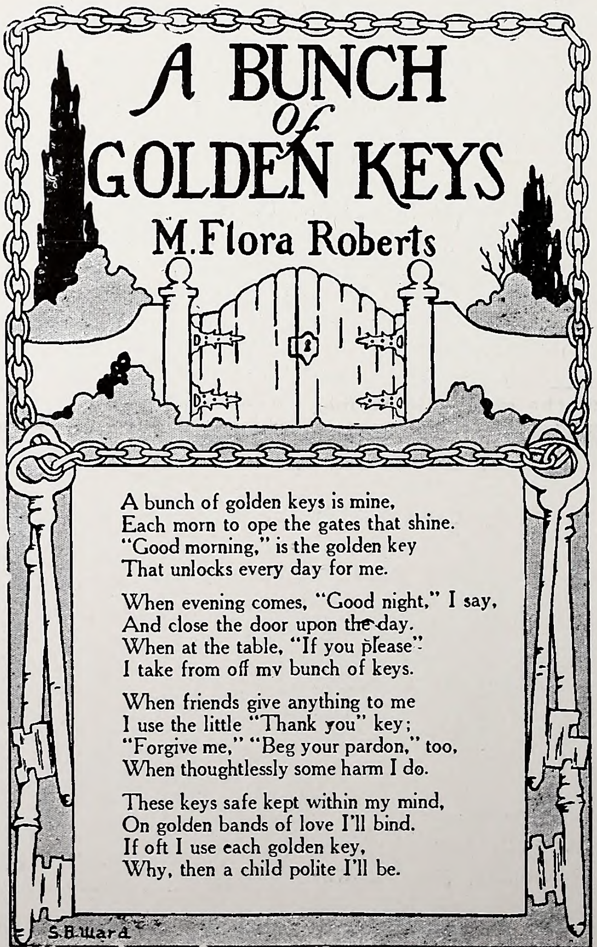
One day the people came together, and their leader said, "Our white brother has done us many kindnesses. We must show him our gratitude. I have noticed that he loves to go down to the shore to watch the waves and the ships as they pass. But he is very sick, and the way is very rough. Let us make a nice road for him to walk on. It is hard for him to walk and he is very weak. He will appreciate it very much and he deserves our help."

That is what they did; and in memory of Mr. Stevenson's many kindnesses, they called it "The Road of the Loving Heart."

You can imagine how much happiness this act brought to the heart of the sick man, exiled, because of his disease, from home and loved ones. Surely the golden key of thoughtfulness and consideration opened up God's treasure house of gladness for him.

Is there not some one in your neighborhood into whose home you can bring a little sunshine, to those who because of illness cannot enjoy the beautiful flowers or the song of the birds? A little visit would perhaps be the golden key in this case.

Let us slip this key on the ring, resolving in our hearts that we will use it constantly, keeping in mind this text, "Be kindly affectioned one to another." - Romans 12:10.



A BUNCH of GOLDEN KEYS

M. Flora Roberts

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
Each morn to ope the gates that shine.
"Good morning," is the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "Good night," I say,
And close the door upon the day.
When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me
I use the little "Thank you" key;
"Forgive me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When thoughtlessly some harm I do.

These keys safe kept within my mind,
On golden bands of love I'll bind.
If oft I use each golden key,
Why, then a child polite I'll be.

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

(Concluded from page 3)

Putting presents into stockings
He was quick as he could be,
Folks can say there is no Santa
To some other one than me.
Santa skipped and I got chilly —
So I jumped right into bed,
Drew the comforters about me —
Almost covered up my head.
Christmas came, and oh, the presents
Just the things I wanted, too.
Folks can say there is no Santa
I don't believe it though, do you?

Written for the Caswell kiddies with sincere wishes that to one and all will come the happiest Christmas of their lives.

J. C. Glassford, Grand Junction, Colorado.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Christians have celebrated the birth of Christ since the Angel announced the birth long years ago on the starlit plains of Judea. We praise the New-born King with the stately Oratorio, the Cantata, the Anthem, in the simple Carol in narrative form, or in pageantry. Christmas is a time when everyone is attuned alike to the theme: "Joy to the World, the Lord is come."

For our Christmas program we are using some of these Carols and Anthems, to tell the story in music. In order that we may more clearly visualize the story, some of the children from the different classes, as well as some of the larger boys, who are not in the school department will bring the story to us in pageantry. These children seem very interested, and we are glad of an opportunity of using a large group of children in our programs.

Mrs. Askew, Music Teacher.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is just around the corner. The children here at Caswell have begun to talk about certain little gifts they would like to receive for Christmas. Each child is remembered with some little present and are they happy? I will say they are! Why shouldn't they be? One of the girls said to me a few days ago, "I want a new dress for Christmas and I know that I will get what I ask Santa Claus to bring me." Yes, I am sure she will receive the dress with other little gifts. It is a real treat to be at Caswell on Christmas morning and see all the happy faces and the pretty decoration.

Mrs. Texie Lehman, R.N., Head Nurse.

APPRECIATION

We are happy to have this opportunity to express our appreciation to all connected with Caswell Training School, and to all with whom we have had contacts for the fine spirit of loyalty and cooperation that has been accorded this office the past year.

And we extend to all our sincerest good wishes for a joyous Yuletide and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

B. H. Stroud.

KINDERGARTEN

December is a happy though noisy month in the kindergarten. The children love Santa Claus so much they will kiss a picture of him. We are deluged with questions. How long is it until Christmas? How many weeks, how many days? Is there a real Santa Claus?

One little boy said he wanted to see Dr. Lee's home all lighted with beautiful lights, then he wanted to go home for the holidays. The girls are busy sewing tea towels, aprons, etc., for Christmas presents. Empie has cut many attractive birds, a horse, a dog and a bowl of fruit from veneer board and painted them. Give a boy a hammer, a saw and a knife and he is in paradise. Harold, Odell, Beatrice, Lillie Mae, Louise, Louisa and others have been very active cutting and sewing carpet rags. Lander and some of the older boys have woven these into pretty, bright colored rugs and sent them around to the cottages. There will be more after Christmas.

We have many new boys and girls in the kindergarten this year, so an afternoon class was formed from 1:00 o'clock until 2:00. We miss our little blind friend, Sammie, who is learning to read at a school for the blind.

Christmas trees, bells and stars are beginning to make our room festive. Santa Claus smiles from pictures and silhouettes. Songs, poems and stories must be about Christmas. There is a manger scene that we may make real, the best story of all, and always remember whose birthday is Christmas. That is why we have the warm feeling inside that makes smiles bright and little children happy.

Mrs. Wilbur Dawson, Kindergarten Teacher.

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE COTTAGES

Cottage 7 is our experimental cottage right now. Mr. and Mrs. Powell have been put in charge and all eyes are watching to see how they are going to get along. We are wishing them all the success possible.

Quite a bit of friendly rivalry has been going on among our cottages and buildings to see who is the best house keeper and whose children show the best training. We divided the boys against boys, girls against girls, then took a general survey of all 18 departments. The banner went to Cottage 2 on the girls side in the final contest. Pollock A won in the contest with the boys building and Austin B with the girls building. However, Austin A, Wooten A, Dewey, Junior Ward and Cottage I gave them a close race. Next month we hope they all win.

The Christmas spirit is stirring everywhere. Boxes of last year's decorations are being brought from the store room to see how much can be used again. Requests are coming in for lights, paper, ropes and wreaths to fix the buildings. Santa Claus' letters have all been written. Our little cottage boys and girls eyes are wide open, seeing and listening to everything. The glee club is practicing the Christmas carols and the odors from the kitchen are getting all spicy and sweet with that Christmas twang! Mrs. King has been seen with stacks of catalogues and burning "mid-night oil" fixing lists. We know the signs of Christmas and according to all signs Caswell is going to have a big Christmas!

(Concluded on page 7)

Newest Notes of Science

An automobile polish has been developed in colors to match the finish of cars on which it is used.

The Italian government is planning two systems of subways to cover a total distance of about twenty-seven miles from Rome.

To assure quiet it is planned to pave the streets around hospitals and churches in Melbourne with rubber blocks.

More than two hundred acres of land for suburban development will be added to Panama City by filling in a portion of Panama Bay.

For lubricating the inner sides of railroad rails at curves, a pneumatic, hand-operated grease container has been invented.

An English invention is a potato-digging machine using link motion tines that practically imitate the action of a hand fork.

Operating by electricity, a portable pipe organ console has been invented that can be moved to any part of a building for use.

With a triangular top and three feet a camp stool has been invented that folds compactly enough to be carried in a coat pocket.

Ten main highways to cross the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and a greater number from north to south have been planned.

In the 26,800,000 homes in the United States there are 18,000,000 telephones, 17,000,000 passenger automobiles, and 11,000,000 phonographs.

To save the use of push buttons a German has invented a cable for light electric currents that can be squeezed at any point to complete a circuit.

A commodious metal body that can be attached to almost any automobile chassis has been designed for tourists who camp out while on their journeys.

To lighten the loads carried by football players suits padded with foam rubber instead of fiber, without lessening their protection, have been designed.

Radio broadcasting service is now available in almost every inhabited region in the world, a billion persons living within the zone of constant reception.

Inflatable rubber bags have been invented for attachment to canoes to make them unsinkable.

California has the only known farm in the world on which giant cactus are cultivated for their fruit, which is made into preserves, jellies and candies.

Consumption of all kinds of paper in the United States in 1927 has been estimated at more than nine million tons, an increase of one million tons from 1926.

Increasing their daily capacity from fifty-seven thousand tons to seventy thousand three hundred and fifty tons last year, Canada's paper mills plan an additional twelve hundred tons increase by the end of this year.

After ten years of experimenting two Englishmen have developed a method for making bricks from the sand that goes to waste after being used to polish glass.

The builders of an all-metal English airplane have installed the motors in the wings with a view to obtaining maximum of efficiency from them.

Natives of Columbia weave blankets and clothing and make fishing lines from the silk-like fiber of a plant that sometimes grows fifteen feet long.

A new reel for garden hose can be attached to a faucet and the hose used without unwinding more than the amount needed to reach a desired place.

A new heater for enclosed automobiles utilizes the exhaust gases to warm fresh air and eliminates the danger of back pressure on a motor.

On the average each ton of ore taken from the famous Rand gold mines of South Africa contains about six and a third pennyweights of the precious metal.

Made of spring wire that adjusts itself to all sizes, a drying form stretches all the fingers and all the rest of a glove evenly after it has been cleansed.

After extensive experiments a Bavarian naturalist decided that it is doubtful if birds can distinguish one color from another.

A bracelet has been invented to hold a ball of yarn on a knitter's wrist.

An inventor has combined a check book holder and check protector with a billfold.

Aluminum is coming into general use in Germany as a substitute for copper in electrical devices.

When the porcelain top of a new kitchen cabinet is slid back an ironing board can be raised for use.

Rumania, Bulgaria and China are among the few nations in which radio broadcasting is prohibited.

Lightning is said to strike trees with rough furrowed bark more frequently than those with smooth bark.

Sunflower pith, which is eight times lighter than cork, is being used in life preservers in Germany.

It is proposed to heat the entire city of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, with water pumped from the island's hot springs.

Portable apparatus has been invented in Germany for pumping hot air into new buildings to dry them quickly for occupancy soon after their completion.

The British army has been given a transport airplane that can carry twenty-five fully equipped soldiers and a hospital plane of the same size.

According to a Cincinnati expert the loss sustained in the United States each year from smoke and its effects amounts to $1,870,000,000.

British medical authorities have recognized radio reception as a valuable treatment for nervous ailments as it soothes those who are so afflicted.

The Chilean government is experimenting with a process invented in that country that makes use of iodine in solution in the extraction of copper.

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE COTTAGES

(Concluded from page 5)

Several of our boys are going around with bandaged fingers. Fire crackers are being sold already and where is the boy who has a dime that can withstand the temptation? We hope the crackers explode only under the tin cans.

On December 2, Mrs. Hoge, the godmother of Wooten B, turned her usual Christmas party with a lovely birthday party for Nettie, and such a party. A cake with all the lovely decorations and 16 candles. Pink and white ice cream served on the loveliest pink and white birthday plates, candy and blow gum galore and when one cake was used up another appeared until three were used up. Best of all was the outstanding treat of having Nettie's big brother James, and his family from New York City as master of ceremonies. Mrs. Hoge, her daughter, Mrs. Vick and all the Hoge family are most welcomed guests at Caswell. We do hope they will come often. Congratulations, Nettie, on your birthday. May you have many more.

Austin B gave a party for the boys in the Tapp the last of November. It was in the nature of a bingo party. The living room was decorated in pretty fall flowers with tables for playing scattered around. Prizes were won by couples and that is where the girls received the best part of the game. Refreshments of candies of all kinds from Children Incorporated, our store, were served during the plays. Dr. and Mrs. Register and Miss Iden of Raleigh, N. C., guest of Mrs. Register, were the guests of honor. Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. King and our two matrons, Mrs. Holloman and Mrs. Smith were the chaperons aided by Mr. Lehman and Mr. Cain, attendants from the Tapp Building. Everybody had a splendid time. This party was a "payback" to the boys in the Tapp for a party given the girls the month before by the boys. We are ready for another party.

New students have been added to several of our buildings. They are warmly welcomed by the groups and seem very happy and satisfied with the school life.

The Friday night picture show continues to be our weekly gala night. Somehow the dishes have a way of getting washed faster and the tables set quicker than any other night. Promptly at 6:50 o'clock one hears the happy voices of the children as they wind their way toward the auditorium. For two hours we live in a land of story and adventure and if you think we do not know our actors and actresses just start a conversation about any of them. We will tell you lots!

We have had such lovely weather all the fall. The cold spell that we had near Thanksgiving made us pull up cover. In fact, our weather had been so very mild we planned to have our Thanksgiving dinner in picnic style. Knowing how sudden changes do come, the final plans were to go picnicing if the weather permitted, otherwise, serve in our large dining room. We ate in the dining room. The dinner was so delicious that nobody resented the cold weather.

Pollock A is very glad to announce that Mr. Paul Herman of Conner, N. C., has become a member of our staff. We hope Mr. Herman will enjoy his work at Caswell and will help make our school the best in the South.

Dan Cupid has struck again. Two weddings have taken place during the month of November in our department. Miss Inez Stroud, a matron of Cottage I, married Mr. Hugh Fisher, Kinston, N. C., on November 19, 1938. Mr. Pressley Byrd, one of our attendants, married Miss Louise Hill of Wheat Swamp, November 23, 1938. We wish both couples the best in life and a long and happy married career.

Anyone wishing to secure a real bargain for Christmas should see the rugs the Dewey girls have made for fifty cents. These girls have sewed rags and plaited them and made some as attractive rugs as anyone would want. They are using the money to beautify their building and buy lots of extra things for their living room.

Anyone wishing to catch the true Christmas spirit should come visit Caswell Christmas and hear our children sing the blessed carols. You, too, will sing.

Mrs. Harlan, Supervisor for boys and girls.

———o———

CULINARY NOTES

We all realize that Thanksgiving has just passed, but I wonder if we realize the true meaning of this day to us. It is a day set apart for the purpose of giving thanks to our Maker and I think we have so much to be thankful for, even things which we would not think of mentioning were we asked. If we should pause to enumerate all the things which our heavenly Father has provided for us and which we should be thankful unto him for, it would take a great deal of time if only the things we term most important be considered. Here we have an institution established for the deficient children and employees to care for them, but are we really thankful enough that we have such and provisions for it?

On Thanksgiving day a barbecue dinner was served consisting of slaw, bread, barbecue and lemonade. Everyone reported a nice time. Here again we find something which we should appreciate when we think of thousands of others who did not enjoy such a dinner.

We have recently added two new members to our kitchen department, Miss Coates and Georgia White. We wish them much happiness and success in their new work. We feel that it will be a pleasure to have them with us.

Miss Mary Potter, Dining Room Matron.

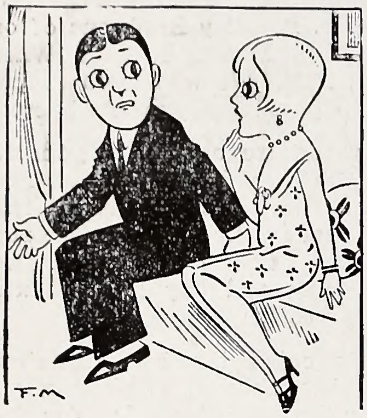
———o———

THE SEWING DEPARTMENT

The sewing department consists of sixteen sewing machines and two large tables upon which the materials are cut for the garments we make. We are very proud of our new curtains around the tables. We have a variety of pot plants which help to make the sewing room more attractive. There are twenty girls working in the sewing room. They make practically all the garments used in the institution including mattress ticks. The girls working in this department are very careful and eager to keep the sewing room in the proper condition. We have a radio which is enjoyed by all and makes our work more pleasant. The girls make dolls which are sold and share the profits received.

With the supervision and co-operation of Mrs. Leonard and the sufficient equipment to work with, we are very thankful to have this department.

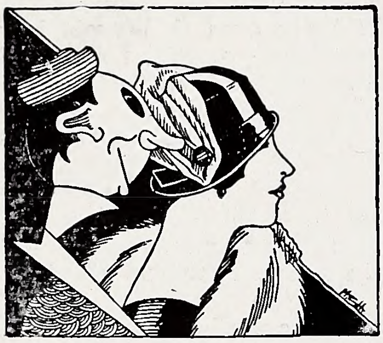
Mrs. Stokes, Sewing Room Matron.



THEN HE WENT

He (at midnight): "I feel all wound up this evening."

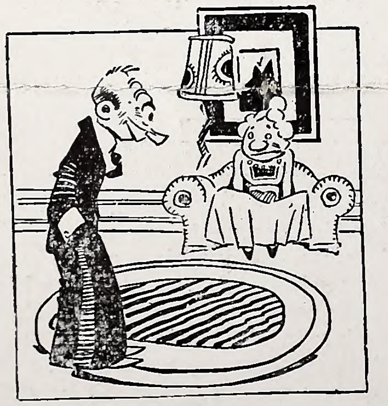
She (wearily): "Your main spring must be broken, or you'd surely go."



SOME BURNING NOW

Mr. Woodby Swelle: "Ya-a-s, my dear, I have ancestors to burn."

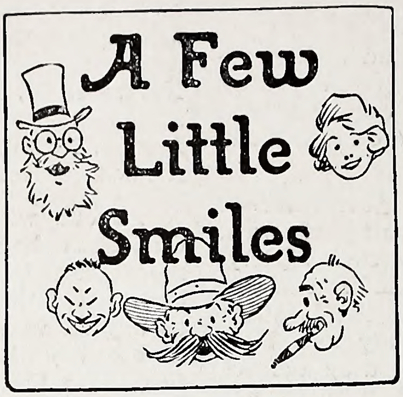
She (a trifle bored): "And some that are probably burning now."

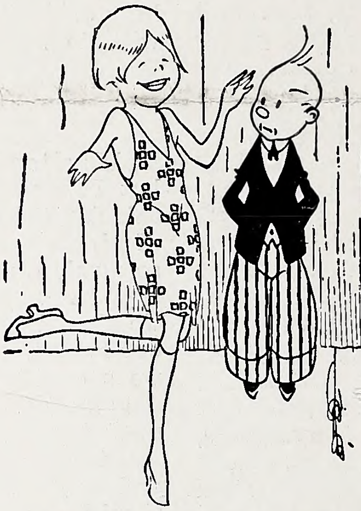


HARD TO BELIEVE

Nephew: "Up among the snows and glaciers of Alaska, Aunt Sally, I hunted bear."

Old Aunt: "I can't believe it, John, you'd gotten pnuemonia and died."

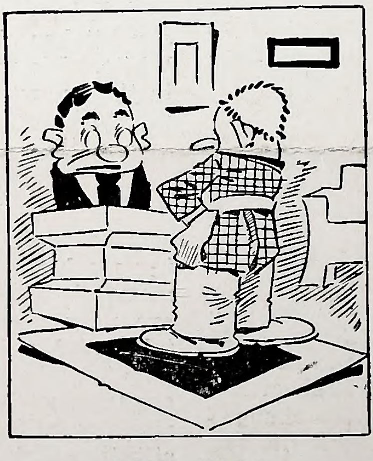




COMING OR GOING?

He: "Really, I don't know what the young girls are coming to."

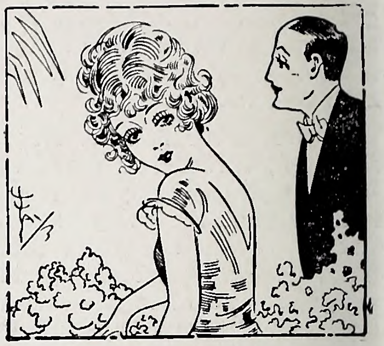
She: "And some wonder where we're goin'."



LOUD TOGS

Editor: "Well, if you found that actor dressing for the street, why couldn't you have had a talk with him?"

Reporter: "Couldn't hear a word he said for the suit he was putting on."

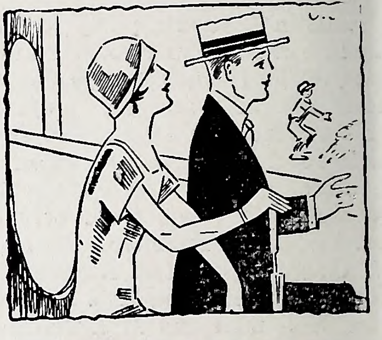


ALL OVER

She: "This can go no farther, Reggie; our love is all over."

He: "What! You don't mean"—

She: "Yes—all over town."



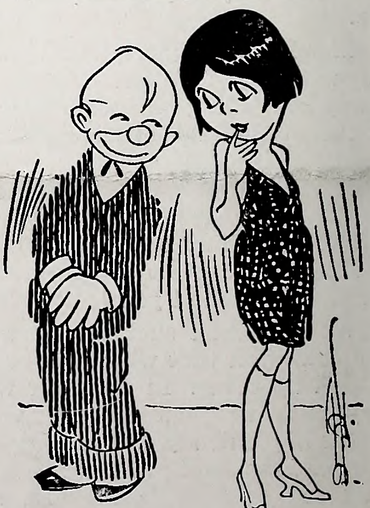
BASEBALL LANGUAGE

"They caught him at home."

"I thought you said he was out."

"I did."

"Well, how can he be at home, if he is out?"



JUST SAY IT

He: "I love you more than anything on earth."

She: "I wish I could say the same of you."

He: "Why can't you? I did."

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The Caswell News

Volume
3

Number
11

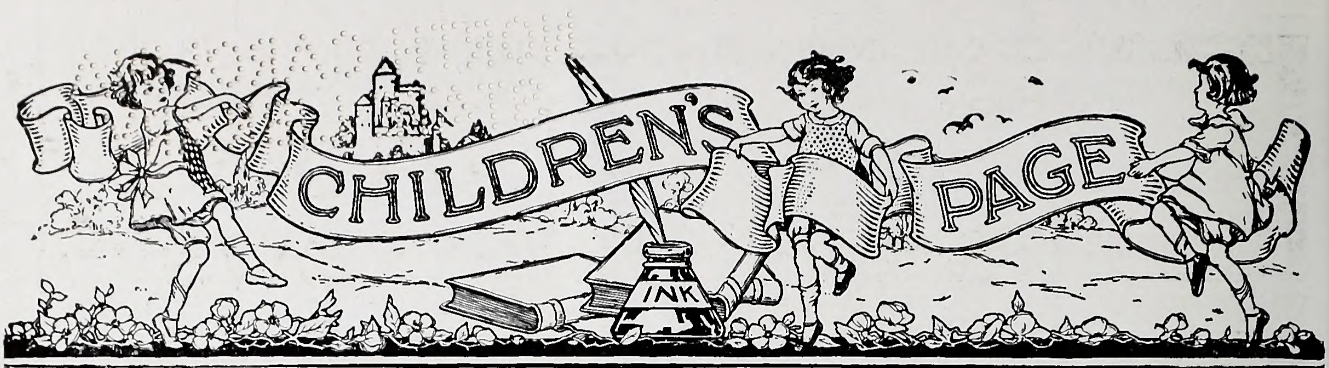
"To Know All Is To Forgive All"

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see.
If I knew you and you knew me.

—Nixon Waterman in *"In Merry Mood."*

JANUARY, 1939



THE STORY OF FORGETTERY ANN

ANN was hurrying back to the schoolroom. She had gone halfway home when she suddenly remembered she had forgotten her hat. She paused outside the door just in time to hear the janitor say to her teacher. "Some one has forgotten her hat. Just a little careless."

"I suppose it is Forgettery Ann's," her teacher replied. "She forgets her hat, her sweater, a book, or a pencil almost every night."

Ann slipped quietly in and got her hat. Her dear teacher had called her "Forgettery Ann." So that was what she thought of her! thought Ann indignantly. But wasn't it true? She was always forgetting something. Well, she couldn't help it, and it was mean of her teacher to call her "Forgettery Ann." But why couldn't she help it? Wasn't she as smart as her little mates who usually remembered their things? Of course she was; she would show everybody that she could remember. She wasn't going to be called "Forgettery Ann."

Ann flew into the sitting room, put her hat on a chair, and announced to her mother, "Mother, Beth has a Persian kitten, the dearest little white thing. I do wish I had one."

Mother shook her head. "No use, Ann; you'd forget to feed it."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't, mother," said Ann, starting for the other room.

"You are forgetting to put your hat away, Ann," mother called after her.

Ann returned and picked up her hat. No one thought she could remember anything, not even her dear mother. Wasn't it really true? She had resolved on her way home to put her hat away. She would begin over again right now.

All that evening, as soon as Ann had finished with a book or a toy she put it away before doing anything else. She felt quite well satisfied with her start by bedtime, although she did get into bed and leave her clothes in a little heap on the floor. She thought of them almost immediately afterwards, and crawled right out and arranged them neatly over the back of a chair.

One afternoon as she left the schoolroom with her books, hat, sweater and rubbers (it had rained a little that morning), her teacher said, "Well, Ann, it has been quite a while since you've had to come back for something you've forgotten. I see you are getting out of that habit."

Ann beamed with pleasure. "Yes, I got tired of being 'Forgettery Ann.'"

Her teacher smiled, "I am sure no one can call you that again."

When Ann reached home, she went to her room to hang up her wraps and place her books on her desk. There on her desk was a round, covered basket. A card was tied on the handle. Ann read, "For a little girl who does not forget."

What could be in it? With hands that trembled with excitement, she lifted the lid, and joy, oh, joy! there were the dearest little Persian kittens, two of them, curled up asleep on a soft little blanket.

Ann hugged them, basket and all, and danced into the sitting room where her mother was. "Oh, mother, I'll never forget to feed them and take care of them!"

"I am sure you will always remember to care for them, Ann," her mother replied.

"I'm glad I learned to remember, even if I hadn't had the kittens given to me," said Ann. "I feel so much better inside."

"Yes, dear," mother answered, "good habits make us happy."

THE LOST CHILD

The chill and stormy day was done, the working world home faring; the wind came roaring through the streets, and set the gas lights flaring; and hopelessly and aimlessly the scared old leaves were flying; when mingled with the soughing wind, I heard a small voice crying.

And, shivering on the corner, stood a child of four or over, no cloak nor hat her small, soft arms and wind-blown curls to cover. Her dimpled face was stained with tears; her round blue eyes ran over; she cherished in her wee, cold hand, a bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasure, while she slipped in mine the other; half scared, half confidential, said, "Oh! please, I want my mother."

"Tell me your street and number, pet; don't cry, I'll take you to it." Sobbing, she answered, "I forget, the organ made me do it. He came and played at Milly's steps, the monkey took the money. And so I followed down the street, the monkey was so funny. I've walked about a hundred hours, from one street to another; the monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers; oh, please, I want my mother!"

"But what's your mother name, and what's the street? Now think a minute."

"My mother's name is Mother Dear; the street I can't begin it."

"But what is strange about the house, or new, not like the others?"

After more questioning it was found where the little girl lived. The mother was happy to meet her child after having been lost for three hours. The little girl promised she would not leave the yard when the organ man came with the monkey.

The Caswell News

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Business Manager....Miss Mary L. Utley

BROADENING THE MENTAL DEFICIENCY PROGRAM

There are in North Carolina 3000 mentally deficient children who need institutional care. Caswell can take care of only 800 of these. The balance, 2200, can be taken care of but are not. A great many of these are on the public roads, committing all kinds of petty crimes and there are a large number in the higher bracket, robbers, burglars, and murderers, dangerous and ungoverned. Why not take these boys and girls early in life when they are teachable and make something out of them? We are spending a great deal of money in North Carolina on crime and education, why not spend more on education and less on crime? It seems ridiculous that we have only one small school, Caswell Training School, devoted to teaching the mentally deficient. We have only one small school to care for those who are mentally deficient. In every county there are those who need that which only the instructed in mental care can give and thereby relieve the ones attempting to give them the proper care. I say proper care because in the first place they do not know how to give them this care and in the second place they do not have the time to give them this care. A very small number of the population of this State have ever visited Caswell Training School. Ninety-nine percent of our population think these children are crazy. They are not crazy at all. They can become crazy just as any person can but rarely do. They can become sick with any other disease that children or grown ups can have. They are as a whole good children, but easily led into trouble just as any children are easily led into trouble. We divide our children into four classes; namely, Idiots, three months to three years mentally; imbeciles, three years to seven years of age mentally, morons, seven years to twelve years mentally, and borderline cases, twelve years to fourteen years of age mentally.

These children practically stay this age if they live to be 80 years old, but they do learn to do a great many things with their hands, things that would put a great many of us to shame. A great many become very trustworthy. Our task is very hard to make parents see that Thomas or Katie will never be scholars.

A school in western North Carolina would help our problem to a great extent. It would give more room for mentally deficient children and at the same time put this room where it would be most convenient to a large proportion of our population.

F.M.R.

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DAIRY NEWS

The Caswell Training School is very proud of its dairy and it is justified for being so, as it has one of the best Holstein herds in the State. The herd consists of 4 bulls, 43 cows, 13 heifers and 36 calves.

The North Carolina Extension Dairy News published at State College is always interesting in that it gives helpful suggestions and new ideas about operating successfully a modern dairy. From the North Carolina Dairy News we find what each herd is producing each month and the feed cost per gallon of milk.

In North Carolina we find ten Dairy Herd Improvement Associations. An average of 14 members belong to each association, and each member has an average of 40 cows. In other words, this gives 140 members and 6400 cows on test for the association in this State. Each month the 140 herds are examined and milk tested and comparison made as to percentage of cows dry; average pounds of milk; average pounds of fat, feed cost per pound of fat and feed cost per gallon of milk. Each herd is tested by a representative from the Extension Dairy Department at State College.

The Caswell Training School's herd is in the "East Carolina Association." This association is the largest of the ten associations, having 21 members. State College North Carolina Extension Dairy News' report shows that the Caswell Training School Herd has made the best record during the past three months in its association. The report for September shows that 9.3 percent of the cows were dry; average pound of fat was 25.2; feed cost per pound of fat was 25c. and feed cost per 100 pounds milk was 72c.

In checking the 10 associations or the 140 herds in the State on test, it is interesting to note that the herd here at Caswell compares favorably with the best herds in the State. In September, only five herds in the State had a better record than the herd at Caswell.

The cows are milked twice each day and practically all of the milking is done by the boys, under the supervision of Mr. James Braxton and Mr. Herbert Womble. The boys take lots of interest in the cows. They are kind and patient with them and special emphasis is stressed in keeping the herd clean and looking its best at all times.

Day by day we are striving to make improvements in the Dairy Department, and we are pleased to announce that our herd will have a new home after this year as work is now under way on the new, modern dairy buildings.

S. H. Stroud, Business Manager

"Never Cross Bridges Until—"

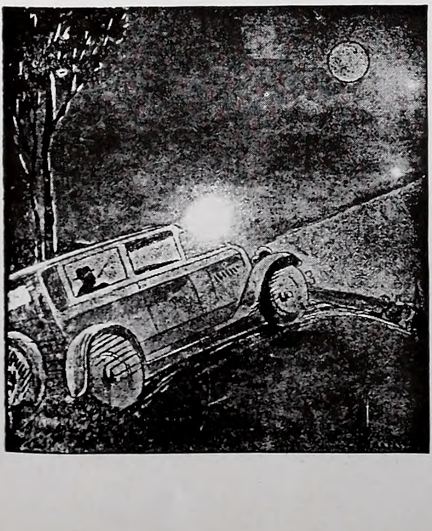
By Leslie D. Waudby

MR. BROWN was clearly ill at ease. It did not require the services of a skilled psychoanalyst to determine that beneath his mask of joviality there lurked a sense of fear, and worry. When the somewhat mechanical smile with which he greeted members of the club left his face as his thoughts ever and anon reverted to the great event that was shortly to transpire in his business experience, a grim, almost hopeless, expression came over his features belying his pitiful attempt at bravado.

For several weeks Brown had watched the approach of a significant day, the date agreed upon by his employers for a complete readjustment or renovation of the business house that employed him and from which he gained the means of support for himself, wife and children. Unquestionably this intended change would affect his future. There was a bare possibility that he *might* step into a higher-paying position. On the other hand, he *might* remain at his present work. But there was a lurking suspicion in his mind that in the merging of great interests, the introduction of new methods, the induction of new officials, he *might* find himself without a position.

It is true that he had prepared at some length a report of his work that he would be expected to recite personally in the sanctum of the president of the corporation and in the presence of the officials. But somehow he could not picture himself standing resolutely before these big men and convincing them that his services were indispensable. In fact he shuddered at the prospect and yet the inexorable hand of time had brought him through many days of worry and misgivings practically right down to that momentous event.

On the morrow he was slated to appear before the "Big Five" and the half hour allotted him in which to deliver the statement would determine his fate. By the next evening he would either be still on the payroll, perhaps at a higher salary, or a recruit for that vast army of men known as the "unemployed." The thought of losing his position was especially discouraging in view of the fact that he was no longer a young man and positions were very scarce.



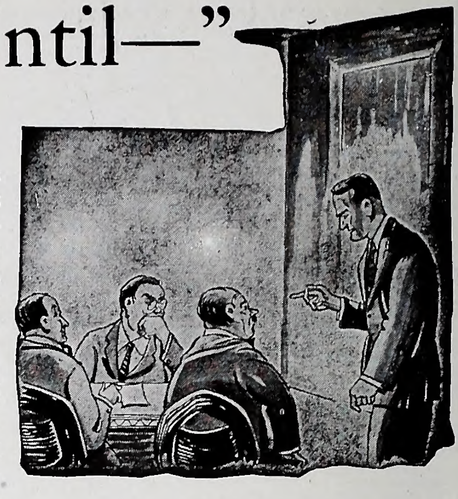
He wanted to get out into the cold night air and think. He was weary of counting the hours between the present and the interview. He anticipated a barrage of questions coming from the directors' table and had prepared answers to all likely queries. He visualized disapproving glances of these officials, the negative shaking of heads, whispered comments and sharp glances of appraisal, until he had created a mental bogie of gigantic proportions and had thoroughly succeeded in frightening himself, shrinking in his own estimation to Lilliputian stature.

Stepping into his car—a veteran of the road, and manifesting unmistakable signs of senility—he drove off into the night with no fixed objective, only the desire to get away and be alone with his thoughts. As his eyes mechanically rested on the road ahead he suddenly became aware of the fact that, in the distance, the concrete seemingly lifted itself sharply into the air and he then remembered that the city's steepest hill was directly before him. He had always avoided that hill, preferring to go a roundabout way, for was not his car's motor rather weak and its steel sinews somewhat infirm? And then an analogy came to his mind, the human application of this problem involving mechanical transportation. For example, the seemingly hazardous hill just ahead was comparable with the problem of the morrow. Himself, the car, as it were, was approaching this problem with doubt and uncertainty, looking for a convenient side road that would obviate risk and unnecessary effort, a circuitous route that was indirect but *easier*. He had never tried the car out on this hill fearing the machine's inability to meet the exacting requirements. Similarly he hesitated to face the test the next day for the selfsame reason.

From this trend of constructive thought he roused to find that the car was nearly at the top of the hill, and so gradual and even had been the climb that he had not realized the faithful old machine was carrying him safely and surely to the very crest. But after all, was the hill so *steep*, now that he was actually on it, as it appeared from a distance? And in a like sense was his problem—

* * *

Five distinguished appearing and portly gentlemen were sitting about an elaborately carved directors' table in the executive office of a great corporation. Before them was a mass of papers—reports, profit statements, lists of employees, etc. Suddenly the door opened and a middle aged, neat appearing man stepped briskly forward, bowed and at a nod from the president began to speak in a clear, firm voice. From an attitude of indifference, induced by the fact that the gentlemen had heard many speakers that morning and were somewhat fatigued, the five officials, one by one, straightened in their chairs and exchanged significant glances. One nodded approvingly, another checked a name on the employees' list, a third adjusted his spectacles for a closer view of the speaker. A half hour quickly passed and when an alert secretary approached the table, watch in hand, he was waved back by a lordly gesture from the president. The speaker, without hesitation, his face animated with enthusiasm as he carefully made his points, had clearly recited his duties, his varied experience, and had even gone further, he had politely made suggestions looking to the interest of the business and arising from his personal observations extending over a service of many years. When he had finished he bowed and retired. A profound silence reigned for a few seconds, then the president stirred in his chair, smiled and addressing his colleagues stated: "I'm proud of that chap, Brown." The others nodded in unison.



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Mr. Brown was seated at his desk as the office was about to close for the day. A secretary approached and laid a sealed letter before him. While his fellow employees covertly watched his expression, he opened the letter and they saw his features light up with a radiant smile as he perused the contents of the directors' communication. He was still smiling when he approached the old car that was waiting to take him home to an expectant wife and children. Placing a hand affectionately on the hood of the machine, he murmured: "Well, old friend, it took you and that hill to teach me a needed lesson, but you may be sure I will never again underestimate your ability—nor my own."

CAN MENTAL DEFICIENCY BE CURED?

As much as has already been said on this problem, there is still the general misconception that mental deficiency can be cured. People come almost daily to Caswell Training School wishing to have their mental defective children admitted with the view that we could cure them in a given length of time and that after this period of "cure" these children could assume the same functions in their respective communities as their normal sisters and brothers. It would perhaps seem that this hope is held only for those who are of the highest type of mental deficiency and that no miraculous cure is expected of the lower grade mental defectives. Unfortunately, however, this is not the case. Frequently parents tell us that they are quite convinced that their child will grow up to be a real "normal and bright" man or woman, as the case may be, despite the fact that a mental examination reveals that the individual in question will never exceed in intelligence a normal three or four year old youngster should he live to the age of 60.

It must be realized, of course, that much of this hope harbored by parents is only a form of self-deception. All wish to see their children grow up to be normal and bright and to admit the fact to themselves that their children will remain subnormal in intelligence would mean facing reality which, it is to be regretted, they cannot easily do.

However, this false and fruitless hope in a great many instances springs from quite objective sources. Physicians and other public health officials, we are told by parents, inform them that Caswell Training School can cure their children and consequently recommend that they be placed here for this purpose. Often parents tell us that for years, since their children were almost mere infants, they have sought the advice of physicians when it became apparent that their children seemed retarded in comparison with more normal children and that directly or indirectly it was suggested to them that their children will gradually develop to normality. Various community workers outside the medical profession, according to reports, also suggest this institution as the place where mental defectives can be cured.

We understand, of course, that such advice is well meant and is intended to instill hope. Yet we find that sooner or later parents realize that their children are not, and never will be entirely normal and the disappointment which they experience upon this realization offsets manifold the advantages of having been hopeful for years.

In Caswell Training School, our policy is to explain to parents that their mentally deficient children cannot be made to become normal in intelligence, and even though this is naturally very unpleasant news for them, many tell us or write to us later expressing deep appreciation for the information given them, claiming that it has helped them to become reconciliated to the condition of their children and that they prefer to know the truth than continue to harbor unfulfilled hopes. We are in hopes that various State officials and others may in time familiarize themselves with some major problems of mental deficiency and help to educate the public in these problems in an effort to overcome grave misconceptions.

Before closing this article, it is perhaps well to reiterate what I have already said in previous articles of this magazine, that no institution for mental defectives claims to be able to turn mental defectives into normal individuals. With the present knowledge of mental deficiency, this is impossible. However, mentally defective people can be trained according to their capacities, which should by no means be neglected. It is for this purpose that institutions for mental defectives exist. Mentally subnormal individuals cannot profit very much from academic education though the higher types may be able to achieve the fifth or even the sixth grade in education. The lowest grades of mental defectives cannot profit at all from academic training. While mental defective individuals should be given all the book knowledge they are capable of absorbing, greater stress should be laid on manual training since they are more capable of learning practical and concrete things than general and abstract subjects.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist

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CHRISTMAS IN SCHOOL

Christmas is over, and with that realization the hearts and hopes of thousands of little boys and girls have been lifted. What does Christmas mean to the children of an institution?

Long before Christmas they were looking forward delightedly toward having their class room Christmas tree. The excitement and anticipation of Christmas came to the little pre-primary and primary children quite early.

Picture a shining Christmas tree in a class room. Imagine the delight of the children in knowing that the tree was theirs. They not only had the joy of seeing it but of helping to trim a common tree with merely rugged beauty and watch that tree change into a shimmering, glittering object of splendor. Each primary child felt that he has a part in the proceedings. Perhaps the most important emotion was the feeling of proprietorship and pride that each child had because he had helped trim the tree.

Under the tree was candy made by the teacher and wrapped in "Santa Claus" napkins as a gift of Santa Claus, who was riding underneath the tree in his sleigh pulled by "eight tiny reindeer."

Miss Rowena Tull,
Pre-primary and Primary Teacher

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OUR CASWELL

Home should mean a good place in which to live, eat, sleep and play. It should be a place of contentment and cheer. We want our children to feel that Caswell Training School is a big home, not merely an institution. The children here are allowed certain little privileges as much as if they were in their own home; for instance, going to movies, attending parties, going on vacations, and many other little favors shown to them daily. When they are sick, they are admitted to the hospital, nursed and given the best of medical attention. Our children as a rule are happy and contented and appreciative of the kindness shown them.

Mrs. T. Lehman, R.N.

o

APPRECIATION

For all our group, we acknowledge with deep gratitude the fine co-operation we have received from the entire institution during 1938 and may I add best wishes to every one for the New Year.

Mrs. Sally Fisher, Laundry Matron

FLASHES OF MERRIMENT

Teacher:—"Who was Anne Boleyn?"
Boy: "Anne Boleyn was a flatiron."
"How dare you make such a frivolous answer?"
"Well, that's what it says in the book."
"What book?"
"Our textbook."
"Nonsense, show it to me."
The boy brought up his book and pointed out the sentence: "Henry VIII, pressed his suit with Anne Boleyn."

* * *

"Are the fish biting?"
"I don't know," replied the weary angler. "If they are, they're biting each other."

* * *

Nervous Musician: "Madam, your cat has kept us awake two nights with its serenade."
Mrs. Nextdoor (tartly): "What do you want me to do, shoot the cat?"
Nervous Musician: "No, madam, but couldn't you have him tuned?"

* * *

Managing Director: "Have you met our London manager?"
Visitor: "Very informally—he called me a liar once."

* * *

Modest Suitor: "I have only $5,500 a year, sir, but I think I can support your daughter on that."
Father (enthusiastically): "Support her, my dear boy? Why, you can support her entire family on it."

* * *

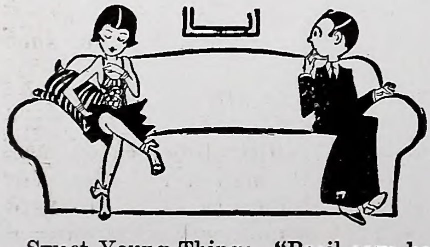
"Say, Bill, I hear yez had a military weddin'."
"Naw, only Lizzie's old man was there with his shotgun."

* * *

Arithmetic Teacher: "Johnny, if your father earned $40 a week, and gave your mother half, what would she have?"
Johnny: "Heart failure."

* * *

"Perhaps you were a witness of the fall of Rome?"
"Nossa, Ah didn' exactly see it, but Ah recollect hearin' somethin' drop!"



Sweet Young Thing: "Basil says he worships the very ground I stand on."
Rejected Suitor: "I don't blame him. A farm of that size is not to be sneezed at."

Judge: "But if you were doing no wrong, why did you run when the officer approached you?"
Prisoner: "I thought he wanted to try and sell me a ticket for the policemen's annual concert!"

* * *

"Lay down, pup; lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."
"You'll have to say 'Lie down,' mister," declared a small bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."

* * *

Mother: "Tommy, how is it I find you with your hand in the cookie-jar?"
Tommy: "I don't know, mother, unless it's because you wear rubber heels."

* * *

"Was Harold's wedding a swell affair?"
"Positively! They even used puffed rice."

* * *

Marie: "If you could have two wishes what would they be?"
Viola: "Well, I'd wish for a husband."
Marie: "That's one."
Viola: "And then I'd save the other till I saw how he turned out."

* * *

"Well, Jack, how are you?"
"Wonderful, thanks."
"Well, I'm glad some one thinks so."

* * *

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, children, you must never do anything in private that you wouldn't do in public."
Sammy: "Hurray! No more baths!"

* * *

Dentist: "Which tooth do you want extracted?"
Pullman Porter: "Lower seven."

* * *

Cora: "Does that rich young man of yours write convincing letters?"
Dora: "I can't say. The case hasn't gone to the jury yet."

* * *

More Brains (at piano recital): "What is that charming thing he is playing?"
Less Brains: "A piano, y' dub."

* * *

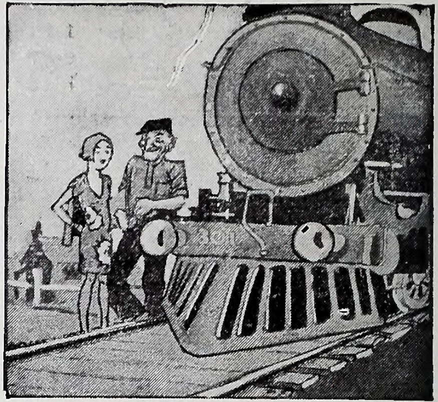
"I hate those impromptu complexions, don't you?"
"What do you mean?"
"Those they make up as they go along."

* * *

Vagabond (sleeping in a barn loft): "Ou-u-ch!"
Second Vagabond: "Wazzamatta,'Enry?
"I just accidentally found the needle in this haystack."

* * *

He: "And you are absolutely sure you love me?"
She: "Heavens! Do you think I'd be sitting here letting you bore me like this if I didn't?"



"And that's called the cow-catcher, miss." Gee! But wouldn't a lasso be better?"
—*Aussie.*

Earnest New Student: "Excuse me—could you tell me the way to the lecture hall?"
Old Hand: 'Fraid I can't; I'm a student myself."

* * *

"Yes, Dad, I have a chance to embrace an opportunity."
"Fine, son. Give it a good hug."

* * *

"Aren't you afraid the birds will eat your seeds? You ought to put up a scarecrow."
"Oh, it's not worth it. There's always one of us in the garden."

* * *

Customer: I see you have a sign, "We aim to please."
Barber: "Yes, that is our motto."
Customer: "You should take a little time off for target practice."

* * *

Biltmore Waiter: "Want soup?"
Bill Rogers: "Is it good soup?"
Waitor: "Sure; fourteen carrot."

* * *

Young man: "Did I see you taking a tramp over the hills last Sunday?"
The Girl: "How insulting! That was Uncle Henry!"

* * *

Tourist: "Do you get much in the way of motor traffic down here?"
Village Ancient: "No, zur; Oi wouldn't be turned eighty-four if Oi did."

* * *

First Boy (showing his friend over the house): "See that picture there? It's hand painted."
Second Boy: "Well, what about it? So's our chicken house."

* * *

Manager (to neglected customer): "Can you identify the waiter who had started serving you, sir?"
Diner (indicating plate): "Well here's his finger-prints."

* * *

Motorist (held up for speeding): "I was hurrying up to town to see my lawyer."
Traffic cop (writing his ticket): "Well, you will have some more news for him now."

GARDEN DEPARTMENT

This year has been one of the worst years I have seen in my 18 years' experience to keep the insects under control. However, with the aid of the matrons and children, we can say that we hope to have conquered the pests that we have had. We have also dusted with several hundred pounds of non-poisonous Rotonone. We are indeed thankful to report that we are now supplied with an abundance of greens and root crops. I have in my possession a record of the profit we have realized from our garden up to this time. We have about five acres of collards, which if sold would pay for themselves and make enough profit to pay the entire expense incurred by the other 25 acres of vegetables.

In a modest way I would like to express my appreciation for the many nice compliments I have received from the employees here and from many people I see in Kinston and other parts of the State. I sincerely hope that our good prospects will continue through another year. I wonder if anyone here at the School really knows that we grow over 60 different vegetables during the season. Now that I have told of the general activities of my department, I want to tell of a few unusual things. I have weighed several articles from the garden among which was one turnip that weighed eight pounds and ten ounces. One collard measured four feet across and weighed 12 pounds. We had some out of season things at Thanksgiving, namely, strawberries, butter beans and squash.

Mr. J. H. Smith, Gardener

———o———

DAWSON BUILDING

I want to make a few remarks at this time in regard to our children and how they spent the Christmas holidays. They all had a nice time in one way or another. Of course the group of children in our building cannot realize the true meaning of Christmas and yet each child received a gift. We were all well provided with nice food and confectionery.

Two children, Maxine and Russell, come to my mind. Maxine walked around the tree admiring the beautiy of it (so it seemed) and Russell took a seat before Santa's fire-place just as though he was warming himself by the fire. This fireplace was arranged before one of our radiators and it surely gave one that comfortable feeling of being near a coal fire.

Our helpers, too, seemed to enjoy every minute by helping us matrons decorate and generally speaking they did most of the work.

So we are thankful to all for making everything possible for us to have such a joyful Yuletide.

Mrs. Justice, Matron

———o———

"CIVILIZED MAN CANNOT DO WITHOUT COOKS"

Several months ago, Miss Zelda Wood, our very efficient and pleasant dietitian, joined the staff of Caswell Training School. She has co-operated wholeheartedly and on several occasions planned special dinner for us. One of the nicest things that occurred at Caswell during the Christmas holidays was a bountiful turkey dinner planned by Miss Wood and prepared by her helpers. We are very glad to have Miss Wood and wish her to know that we enjoy and appreciate the nice dinners as well as all other meals.

NEWS FROM COTTAGE II

We can truthfully say that we are more than happy to have the opportunity to express how much we all enjoyed and appreciated the grand and glorious Christmas which everyone spent at Caswell Training School. There was nothing left undone in Cottage II for "dear old Santa" could never be any better to anyone than he was to each and every girl in our cottage.

It was a real pleasure to see the beaming, happy faces of all children on Christmas day and watch them open their gifts, for everyone received something nice and pretty, as well as lots of fruits and nuts to eat. Everyone was very much thrilled over her gift and they all shouted loud their appreciation for them. There was a joyous and merry time when Mr. Stroud came with "Santa" to our Cottage on Christmas day. Mattie peeped out of the window about 5:00 o'clock that afternoon and said, "Oh, there goes Santa Claus to see us; I'll tell him what I want," and before the word was out of her mouth, almost every girl was at the door to greet him. Some were holding his hand while others were clinging to his coat telling him what they would like for him to bring them Christmas, and sure enough everything was complete. Each child received just what she asked for and was very much pleased and happy over everything.

Now, we wish to thank Dr. and Mrs. Register, Mrs. Harlan and Mr. Stroud, in fact, everyone, for making it possible for us to spend such a wonderful Christmas and for Santa's goodness to us. We wish for each and everyone a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Miss Surles and Mrs. Hudson, Matrons

———o———

COTTAGE I

We are grateful for a happy and prosperous New Year. We truly hope it will be as happy as the past year. Christmas was a happy time at Cottage I. The children went for a ride over in town to see the lights and Santa Claus shops. They take this opportunity to express their appreciation to Mr. Stroud for making it possible for them to go. The children sang carols as they rode through town. It was a real treat to be in Cottage I Christmas morning and to see the smiles on their happy faces as they opened their gifts. Seeing this, we, too, caught the true Christmas spirit.

Mrs. Happer and Mrs. Fisher, Matrons

———o———

FARM NOTES

Down on the Caswell Farm we are still busy harvesting the crops, but we hope to finish this work soon. Hay is yet to be gotten into the barns and soy beans are to be gathered. Too, work has already been started for the next year's crop, such as ditching, shrubbing, etc.

The crops for the year 1938 are very disappointing so far, due to two major causes, namely: first, excessive rains during the cultivating season, second, inadequate power, both man and mule. The first is beyond our control but we sincerely hope the convening General Assembly will take care of the latter. With adequate power in normal seasons we feel that 1939 will bring us something better than 1938 had to offer.

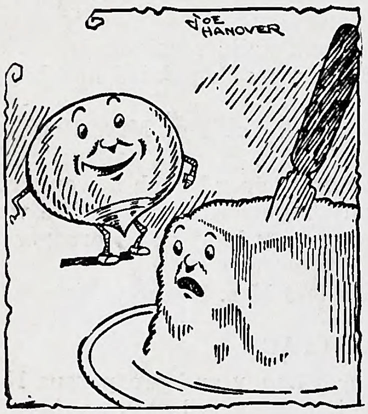
E. V. Brown, Farm Director

Current Wit and Humor

SAILED IN AN ARK.

"As he had neither rudder nor sails Noah must have sailed in a circle."

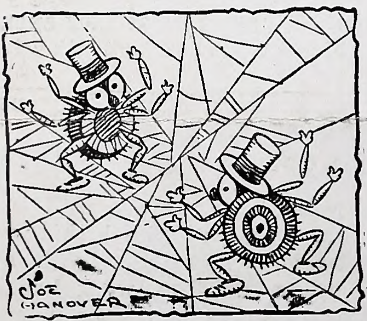
"Not a complete one, then—we're told he sailed in an arc."



BOTH VERY STRONG.

Onion—I'm the strongest person in the world.

Boarding-house Butter—Are you overlooking me!



WISE FLIES.

First Spider—Any flies "coming into your parlor just now?"

Second Spider—Nope. They're much "too fly" to be fooled!

ONLY A FEW.

Mother: "Tommy, what are you doing in the pantry?"

Tommy: "Oh, just putting a few things away."

AND STILL ANOTHER.

She—What do you hope to gain by kissing me?

He—Another kiss.

MADE OUT OF THE SOIL.

"She makes her money out of the soil."

"She's a farmerette, eh?"

"No—laundress."

BEAT THEM TO IT.

A small, nervous fellow walked into the grocery store. "I want all the rotten eggs you have," he demanded.

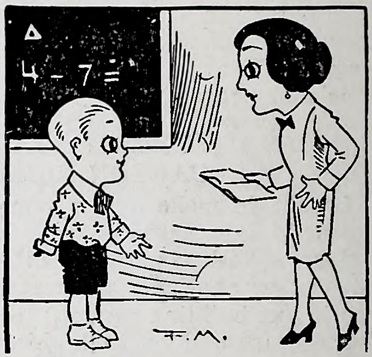
"What do you want with stale eggs?" asked the clerk. "Are you going to hear Savage speak at the contest tonight?"

"Sh-sh-sh," hissed the buyer nervously, "I'm Savage."

THEN THE IRON FLEW.

Wifie—Here I've been pressing clothes all day! I'm weary of ironing!

Hubby—Sort of ironing bored, I suppose.



IN SCHOOL.

Teacher: "What can you say of the canine teeth?"

Boy: "Nothing, teacher, I have never been bitten by a dog."

GOOD FOR EXTRA SHOTS.

He—Why does she have all her pins in the form of arrows?

She—So that Cupid will have plenty of ammunition, I suppose.

IT FLOATS.

Drex: "What's good to clean ivory?"

Erd: "Try a shampoo."

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The Caswell News

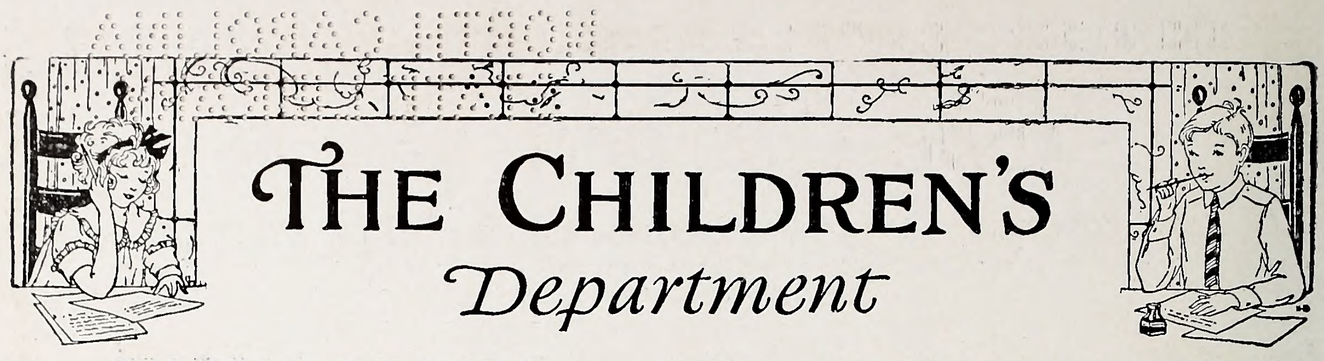
Volume 3

Number 12

Definitions of "A Friend"

The first person who comes in when the whole world goes out.
A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.
One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.
A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.
One who multiplies joys, divides griefs and whose honesty is inviolable.
One who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.
The Triple Alliance of the three great powers—Love, Sympathy and Help.
A watch which beats true for all time, and never "runs down."
A permanent fortification when one's affairs are in a state of siege.
One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.
A balancing pole to him who walks across the tight-rope of life.
The link in life's long chain that bears the greatest strain.
A harbor of refuge from the stormy waves of adversity.
One who considers my need before my deservings.
The jewel that shines brightest in the darkness.
A stimulant to the nobler side of our nature.
A volume of sympathy bound in cloth.
A diamond in the ring of acquaintance.
A star of hope in the cloud of adversity.
One truer to me than I am to myself.
Friendship, one soul in two bodies.
An insurance against misanthropy.
A link of gold in the chain of life.
One who understands our silence.
The essence of pure devotion.
The sunshine of calamity.
A second right hand.

FEBRUARY, 1939



THE CHILDREN'S Department

WHY MILTON WAS CHOSEN

THERE was much excitement at the Brockway Orphanage, this time only among the boys. A lady had sent a message saying she wanted to adopt a boy, and would call at the orphanage on Thursday.

"Oh, I wish she would want me!" sighed George. "And Miss Cole said it was in the country where they lived, on a farm."

Milton's eyes were wistful. It had been so long since he had lived in a real home, since he had had a father and mother. For a moment the memory of that terrible fire came back dimly — the strangling smell of smoke, the shouts of firemen. He was only a very small boy then, and could hardly remember. But when the fire was over, and when, in a few days, the smoke and excitement had died down, Milton was an orphan. He had a scar on his arm and shoulders. Yes, would always have. But he was big and strong; he was sure he could help work on a farm. Then he heard George's sigh.

"I wish they would take you, George," he said. For George was not so very well, and was a sad-eyed little fellow. So there were hopeful boys Tuesday and Wednesday, for who knew which one would be chosen?

Thursday came—a beautiful Thursday, with its smiling big sun, and green grass, and flowers. Milton Hughes thought he never had seen so pretty a day. Then he laughed.

"Probably it's because I may be adopted," he said, "everything seems so nice. But," he thought, "I've always had a good time here."

At one o'clock a car came up the driveway, and a man and a woman got out and went into the house. Everywhere curious eyes were watching and little hearts were beating fast.

Out by the flower garden Milton and some other children were playing. Just as they heard voices approaching and knew that the people were coming to see them, little Esther, running about, tripped and fell She fell just where Milton was sitting, and, looking up through her tears, moaned, "Oh. I hurt my toe-e, oh-h-h!"

He looked down and saw her poor toe hurting just dreadfully, and even as the visitors came nearer he said, "Never mind, Esther, it will soon be all right. Wait! I'll go and get a cloth and do it up for you. I know it will help and soon will be well again." And he went; and even as he left he thought, "Maybe they'll take John or Archie or — Tommy while I'm gone. I'm missing my chance, missing my chance—missing my chance," his feet seemed to sound out as he went quickly in search of bandages. "And yet, there's Esther; what else could I do?"

Coming back, he found Esther waiting patiently, her foot held tight in two hands.

"That's one of the things we always try to teach the children," Miss Cole was saying, "to be unselfish and thoughtful toward one another." And just as Milton finished tying the string, she laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Harris want to talk with you."

An hour later, as Milton Hughes said good-by to his friends at the Brockway Orphan's Home, his eyes sparkled with a happy light.

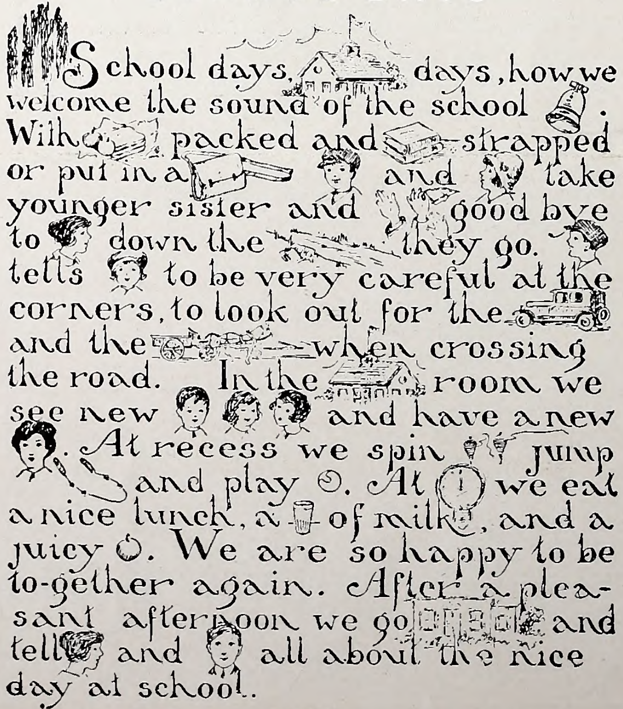
"And George," he said, as he stopped in front of him, "Mrs. Harris says one of their neighbors wants a boy; and I told her about you, and she said she was sure they would be out to see you soon. So maybe you will live near me." And the happy boy turned toward the car, and never thought that the little act of kindness he supposed would take away his chance had only made it sure.

Milton liked his new home very much and his new parents were very kind to him. Mr. and Mrs. Harris wanted to start him in school as soon as possible so that he might learn to read and write like his other playmates.

Milton was given a shepherd dog which was his constant companion and were always seen together.

Occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Harris took Milton for a drive to the Orphanage where a pleasant visit was had with the boys and girls.

SCHOOL DAYS


School days, days, how we
welcome the sound of the school .
With packed and strapped
or put in a and take
younger sister and good bye
to down the they go.
tells to be very careful at the
corners, to look out for the
and the when crossing
the road. In the room we
see new and have a new
. At recess we spin jump
and play . At we eat
a nice lunch, a of milk, and a
juicy . We are so happy to be
to-gether again. After a plea-
sant afternoon we go and
tell and all about the nice
day at school.

The Caswell News

Vol. 3 - No. 12 KINSTON, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1939 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor..F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor..................Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor...........................Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor..........................Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager........................Miss Mary L. Utley

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

We must do the best we can for our exceptional and misfit children. In the first place, we must take care of them, feed, clothe and house these youngsters. We must keep them well and make them happy. This day while I am writing this article, we have 734 children to care for, over 1200 on our waiting list, and every mail brings requests to take more children, for which we do not have room or money to feed, clothe, and house these unfortunate children. We will have room for about 60 more, but we will not have sufficient funds to pay people to care for them unless the legislature gives a little more money. We know that if North Carolineans knew the situation fully enough, money would be forthcoming to care for every one of the mentally deficient that would need institutional care. It would reduce expenses in the long run, but last, by no means less, it would make three to four thousand children happy, because they would be taken care of by people who make a specialty of caring for the unwanted child or at least the unknown child. We hope the legislature will make it possible to give every child that works a pay day, say five to ten cents a week according to the job. We have tried this for about three years, but we find that they are so anxious to please that they take care of the school buildings and furniture and do their work much better.

The legislature two years ago made it legal to pay them as much as $1000 a year provided we are able to find the money. We have been forced to reduce the pay roll several cents a week because we had more children to pay off and less money to do the paying. If we only had $1500 a year we could pay off regularly five cents or a dime a week. Make a self case of this, never a pay day in all your life. A pay day regardless of how small it is, "Does good like a medicine."

* * *

EVERY DAY IS VISITING DAY

We have found it best for all concerned to have every day as visiting day. We prefer not to have visitors on Saturday afternoon or Sunday, because everybody wants a rest. But if you cannot come during the week, come any time. You are welcome. Our children are mentally sick, but learn more from observation than from books. We want to teach them that this is a home, their home, and just as good a home and probably better than the average child usually has. We want to teach them that they can be trusted and we want the public to know that we do not have any more runaways here than the same population would have at any other place. We want to impress on all employees that kindness is a winner here and that we must enter into their wishes and enter into their conversation and teach them by example what they should know.

* * *

"TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL"

Passing along the highway, we slow down and pass a squad of workers. They stoop over under pick and shovel and one to three men are guarding them. They are doing time for some infraction of the law. About 90 percent of these boys and men are below par. The most of them are repeaters in crime. They have gained nothing by past experience. They are untrained in the better things of life. If we could have had them from the sixth or ninth year of life, while they could never have been scholars and could not have reached higher standards of learning, we could have made the majority of them better in morals and manners. So when the State takes care of them early, there is less to do later. Life and property are taken care of by teaching mentally deficient children early.

* * *

WHAT ABOUT A WESTERN INSTITUTION FOR THE WHITE AND AN EASTERN INSTITUTION FOR THE COLORED?

The legislature should appoint a committee to look into this matter. There should be an institution in the east for the colored mental deficients and an institution in the west for 120 white children.

F. M. R.

—o—

MEETING, CLINIC AND BARBECUE

The Neuro-Psychiatric Society met with us January 27. We had a splendid meeting. Miss Wladkowski gave a clinic which was greatly enjoyed and praised by members of the society and others present.

Dr. Hall was made president; Dr. Griffin, vice president; Dr. Kemp, secretary-treasurer. We had a splendid meeting. A great many doctors and other invited guests were present.

F. M. R.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

According to information collected by government agents the number of Indians in the United States is increasing. Within the past 10 years the rate of increase is reported to have been nearly 5 per cent. The total Indian population at present is estimated at about 350,000.

The influence of the white man's schools and hospitals is credited with the improvements in the red man's living conditions and his consequent numerical increase.

At the same time with this encouraging news about the present status of the remarkable people who possessed America before our arrival, comes interesting information about the ancient history of the Indians. Near Joliet, Ill., a group of burial mounds have yielded evidence of the former existence of "four distinct civilizations." represented by as many layers of burials. The skeletons found in the graves exhibit some of the favorite skull characteristics by which ethnologists distinguish races, such as long skulls and oval skulls.

The oldest layer to which a probable "great antiquity" is ascribed was formed by people, some of whom had long skulls while others had medium skulls. From this it is concluded that there must have been two tribes combined. But judging by the very crude flints they left they were very low in culture.

But next to the top were found the skeletons of a round-headed, "rather slightly built" race, whose graves contained pottery, ornaments and tools and weapons of stone and copper. Here archaeologists believe they can trace indications of the Iroquois tribe, the most remarkable of all the Indians, who attained their zenith in the famous "Five Nations" of New York state.

But if this identification is correct the history of the ancestors of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas is carried back to a time, long preceding the white man's arrival, when these Indians dwelt in the middle west, as far as the Mississippi valley. But the five leagued tribes that history has hitherto known had never, to the white man's knowledge, dwelt farther west than the boundary of New York. But their warriors were feared as far as the great "Father of Waters."

Evidently there is a long course of buried American history stretching between the time when those midwest mounds were made and that when Champlain had his battle with the fierce Iroquois at Ticonderoga. It is a mistake to assume, now that we have grown so great, that no attention need be paid to the beginning and the growth of those whom Philip Freneau called "the ancients of these lands." The Iroquois created a degree of civilization that rightfully demands the respect of the historian. If they had not a literature they had the raw materials for one. They had eloquence of a high, imaginative quality which crystallized into literature the moment it was touched by the white man's pen.

They had national and racial pride, indicating a triumphal history behind. Parkman says: "If we seek for a single trait pre-eminently characteristic of the Iroquois we shall find it in their boundless pride which impelled them to style themselves, not inaptly as regards their own race, 'the men surpassing all others.' 'Must I,' exclaimed one of their great warriors, as he fell wounded among a crowd of Algonquins, 'must I, who have made the whole earth tremble, now die by the hands of children?' "

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

Several years ago Sir William Bull, a British inventor, began to keep a list of needed inventions in a memorandum book. In 1923, while Sir William was entertaining some of his fellow inventors at a London coffee-shop, somebody suggested that the Institute of Patents, an inventors' mutual aid organization, publish the list as an annual booklet under the title "What's Wanted." The suggestion was adopted and since then the list of needed inventions has steadily grown.

The public has been encouraged to supply practical suggestions relative to needed inventions. Only the legitimate wants of the people are given a place in the list. Foolish ideas, such as fit receptacles for disposing of safety razor blades, are not admitted. "Some of the ideas which appear in the book may seem fantastic," says Sir William Bull in a preface, "but it may be that one of them will give a flash of inspiration to an inventor which will alter the history of the world."

Here are ten suggestions taken at random from the last edition of "What's Wanted":

A folding umbrella that can be carried in the pocket.

Luminous paint to make signs visible at night.

A vacuum cleaner for chimneys.

A successful "fountain" paintbrush that will hold from one to two pounds of paint.

An unbreakable, unblurrable and flexible glass.

A method of raising bread without yeast or baking powder.

A better method of fastening carpets than tacks.

A rubber boot to prevent ladders from slipping.

A typewriter attachment that will sound a warning when the bottom of a page is about to be reached, the attachment to be adjustable to any length of page.

A camera device that will automatically roll the film around and thus prevent double exposure.

CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL ENTERTAINS GUESTS

Dr. F. M. Register, Superintendent of Caswell Training School, invited the North Carolina Neuro-Psychiatric Society to hold its annual meeting here, on Friday, January 27, of this year. Dr. Register and Dr. Lee are members of this society. For this occasion, Dr. Register not only showed his warm hospitality to the members of the Neuro-Psychiatric Society, but also invited a great many other people from this State, including the members of the Lenoir County Medical Society, several other physicians from this State, officials from the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, ministers and many others. While many of the guests were from the eastern part of the State, all other parts of North Carolina were also represented.

The guests arrived here at 2:30 in the afternoon. A brief excursion around the institution was made upon their arrival. This was of interest to the group since many had never visited Caswell Training School, or for that matter, any institution of this kind. The guests then assembled in the auditorium where, after a brief description of the set-up and purpose of Caswell Training School, a demonstration clinic was held. The purpose of this clinic, which lasted for over an hour, was to show the various clinical types of mental defectives and also the undifferentiated mental defectives who cannot be classified into any special types except for being mentally deficient. The mentality of the children shown was explained, symptoms and causes were discussed and case histories were reviewed in several instances.

Following the clinic, a brief musical program was arranged. Mrs. Ramon Askew, our music teacher, very ably conducted the glee club, harmonica band, and the dancing group of boys and girls in their performance. On this occasion, our children once more demonstrated how much they can achieve when adequate training is given to them.

According to statements from the visitors and from various other indications, it seems that what the guests saw and heard was not only pleasantly surprising to them, for many of them never had occasion to become familiar with the work in an institution of this kind, but many also felt that their visit here proved very instructive. A number of guests voluntarily told us that before this visit they had entirely different ideas as to the set-up of an institution of this kind. Above all, until this visit, to many it was unbelievable that mental defectives could be trained to sing, dance, play and do many other things.

To top off this pleasant afternoon in Caswell Training School, the guests enjoyed a barbecue following the clinic and musical program. The members of the Neuro-Psychiatric Society had their business meeting, after which they joined the others to enjoy the barbecue. The barbecue and all other trimmings that went with it was so enjoyably consumed, that Miss Wood, our dietitian, should indeed be proud of her good cooking, for what else could have caused this happy consumption?

Yes, we all worked a little hard during the day of Friday, January 27, but it was more than worth it. We like to have visitors and we like to show them what this institution is like. We also like to get criticism and comments. Favorable comments encourage us to continue our good work; unfavorable comments stimulate us to improve, and so we want all kinds of comments from visitors.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist

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P. W. A. AT CASWELL

As a result of the special session of the General Assembly, called last summer by Governor Hoey for the purpose of issuing and selling bonds to provide funds in order that the State of North Carolina could participate in the P. W. A. Building Program, the Caswell Training School received $98,200.00, of which $54,010.00 is financed by the State and $44,190.00 is provided by the Federal Government.

The needed projects the School desired to provide were as follows: a new milking barn, dairy barn, manure pit, gas storage house, fertilizer house, sweet potato curing house, one new dormitory and the renovation of several old buildings such as painting, screening, plumbing repair, new floors, roof repair work, and replacing windows.

Last summer when we made out our request for the above building program and renovation of old buildings to be presented at the Special Session of the General Assembly, we were very conservative and under-estimated the cost of the projects. Time was limited and all estimates were without the assistance of an architect or contractor. We estimated the work could be done for $98,200.00, and plans and specifications were prepared and bids received. At the time contracts were awarded to the lowest and best bidder we were forced to eliminate several needed projects as we did not have enough money to carry out the entire program. Taking into consideration the lowest and best bids received, we were short $47,500.00 and hence the following projects were eliminated: Replacing windows in Austin, Pollock and Wooten buildings, all of the plumbing repair work and the sweet potato curing house.

On January 23, the projects eliminated on account of insufficient funds, were discussed with the Joint Appropriation Committee, now in session, and we sincerely hope said committee will be so kind as to see fit to recommend to the General Assembly, the necessity of finishing the original Building Program in that the request of $47,500.00 will be appropriated.

S. H. Stroud, Business Manager

———o———

PARTY AT CASWELL

Caswell Training School had its regular monthly party in the Central building, Monday, January 30. This party seemed to be enjoyed more than any party that has been given. Many attended and seemed to be well entertained. Some played bingo while others danced. On other tables, mysterious puzzles were attempted to be solved, and different games were in progress. We were delighted to have Dr. and Mrs. Register attend the party and they seemed to have enjoyed it immensely. Thanks to our social committee, who so graciously plans these parties. We are hoping to have more of these entertainments at Caswell.

Edith Phillips, Nurse

"THE MONTH OF BIRTHDAYS"

February has so many birthdays of famous people it can aptly be called the month of birthdays. This month we celebrate the birthday of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas A. Edison, Longfellow, Lowell, Charles A. Lindbergh, and of course, Saint Valentine's Day. These men have played a real part in the history of our United States.

Since any of these famous people could supply us with a wealth of material for study, we are using a general theme of patriotism with a more concentrated study of George Washington.

In Chapel, on February 22, one general program will be given to such special subjects as "The Life of Washington", our flags and songs and poems of that period. Children from the Intermediate and Advanced groups have special parts in this.

Another day soon we are planning a winter program with Miss Tull's group. We are only waiting for real winter weather, so our songs and poems about "The Snowman," Jack Frost and Ice Skating will be more realistic.

Mrs. Ramon Askew, Music Teacher

THE DESTRUCTIVE CRITIC.

I am the destructive critic.

I feed upon the mistakes of people.

I laugh at human frailty.

I sneer at the patient plodder.

I pick flaws in things that are precious and noble.

I magnify deformity.

I break hearts and mold bitter tears.

I dim the light of hope and darken the glow of faith.

I jest at piety and caricature the things of God.

I don the garb of a clown and invade the sanctuary of truth, polluting her white altars.

I retard the work of the sturdy builders of things.

I scatter ashes among roses.

I speak words that are as arrows—poison-tipped.

I am the handmaid of despair.

I am the friend of the digger of graves.

Since the world began, I have done no constructive thing.

I am the world's greatest destroyer.

I am the destructive critic.

The latest gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself"—long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual; know what thou canst work at and work at it like a Hercules. That will be thy better plan.

It is with a sense of supreme satisfaction that a man goes to his work knowing that he will help others while helping himself. This kind of double service makes life a real opportunity.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Dr. H. H. Fryette of Chicago says crossing the legs puts a kink in the spine that leads to many ills. The woman who crosses her legs, he declares, is flirting with all kinds of nervous ailments. He claims that when the legs are crossed the spine is twisted so that vertebrae hamper the functions of the nerves in that section.

* * *

Dwarfing the automobile's equipment, balloon tires being manufactured for the huge air liners in England are seven and one-half feet in diameter and weigh nearly 200 pounds each. They are made to ease the shock in landings, and can withstand a load of eighteen tons. The wheels have hubs twenty inches long and weigh nearly a quarter of a ton apiece.

* * *

Millions of European insects, resembling small, fighting monoplanes, are being "trained" and multiplied by Dr. L. C. Howard at the Government laboratory in Arlington, Massachusetts, under an appropriation of $10,000,000. Within the next few years these parasites will be loosed upon the country districts to wage a bug-eat-bug campaign against the deadly cornborer.

* * *

According to some authorities the story of "The Babes in the Wood" was founded on the deed of Richard III of England, who made his two young nephews prisoners in the Tower of London, from which they disappeared. It was believed that they were murdered by his orders. Perhaps the best known version of the tale is the one in which the lost babes are covered with leaves by the robins in the woods.

* * *

Figures compiled by the Philippines branch of the American Bible society show that there are more than 2,000,000 Bibles in use throughout the archipelago. The Bible holds a unique place in the life of the Filipino people. Millions of Filipinos, it is reported, seldom read any other book. The annual distribution of the Bible in the islands is greater than the combined circulation of all newspapers, exceeding 125,000 copies annually. No other book has attained a circulation excess of 1,000 a year.

* * *

A very singular plant, found in South Africa, and commonly know as elephant's ear, produces but one huge leaf. Its real name is Strepocarpus wendlandii, and the great leaf is in fact one of the cotyledons of the seed that has developed to an enormous extent.

This leaf is borne on a very short stalk, thus preventing other plants from growing too near it. It has been noticed that plants with good-sized leaves growing close to the ground never suffer from overcrowding, simply because other kinds cannot grow near them.

Eyes To See With

The eyes of a crafts teacher or of an artist are trained to see beauty. Of course they must see and recognize ugliness and flaws in order to be able to eliminate or correct them. Generally speaking, however, it is much more comfortable to be blind to what is ugly and unattractive so that we can put in full time enjoying what is beautiful.

As for me, no matter where I am, if there is a light, I can have a good time through my eyes. If I happen to be alone in a room, waiting with nothing to read, I become interested in the play of light and shadow on objects in the room or more likely through the windows and all branches of trees forming an interesting composition against the sky. When riding by train or bus, the windows are to me like a silver screen on which move ever changing scenes of interest and beauty. Out of doors at any time to a person who is a lover of nature is a thrill.

In winter, the lacy twigs and branches of bare trees form intricate patterns against the sky. It is then that individual forms of trees may best be studied. The sturdy, rugged oak and the slender, graceful willow show up in all their beauty. Perhaps a frost or a clinging snow has changed everything into a fairy land and made the dead grasses and weeds more beautiful than the queen's finest lace. Have you ever noticed how like a fine Japanese print all out of doors has become? Not everyone really appreciates the delicate colors seen in spring time, the infinite variety of greens and other more subtle colors, even though miles of poetry have been written on the theme. To the gorgeousness of autumn colors, practically everyone responds. To me, they are almost intoxicating.

But lest to some one this is a dissertation on the seasons of the year, I want to speak of some things that I observed in and about Caswell, in the school room, and to and from the buildings. I am speaking now of things that are really beautiful, but in a different sense. If we keep our eyes open we can see things that lift the heart, such as little children's faces lighting up at the sight of a Christmas tree, or hungry hearts responding to a little show of affection or a child struggling with cheerful patience to do what is to him well nigh impossible. I have seen demonstrations of friendship among the children that is lasting through years. One case of unselfish devotion is that of a girl, well and strong, who spends the greatest part of her time caring for and pushing in a wheel chair, a girl who is more unfortunate than herself. I have seen many girls mothering and caring for smaller children, helpless and pitiful sometimes, just as carefully and lovingly as a real mother might. These are just a few of the many instances I have seen of love, loyalty and service rendered without thought of reward.

Things such as these are observed with the spiritual eye. If the crafts teacher can help others to open their eyes to the beauty that is all about us all the time, she will be very happy. It is part of her job.

Mrs. Ethel Parrott Hughes, Crafts Teacher

STORIES ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON

In the school department, we always celebrate the birthday of George Washington. Every child knows the story of the cherry tree, and his brave leadership later in life. This month I am going to tell my class some other stories of George Washington.

One of George Washington's first playmates was Richard Henry Lee. Once little "Dickey" Lee sent George Washington a present of a story book about an elephant. George was very much pleased. He wrote his little friend a letter of thanks. Many years later these two great men often wrote to each other about very important matters, but Washington's first letter to Lee was the friendly note written when they were boys nine years old.

When George Washington was 13 years old, he kept a copy book at school. He wrote in it neatly and carefully. Among the things that he copied in it was a list of one hundred and ten rules for behaving properly. This copy book tells us what kind of boy George Washington was. It shows that he wanted to behave properly. It shows that he was neat and orderly. When he was a man, these habits helped Washington in his work of commanding an army and of governing a new nation.

George Washington loved to run and jump and ride horseback. He could throw stones a very long way. Some people say that once he threw a stone across the Rappahannock river to the opposite bank. He needed his strong body when he became a soldier.

George Washington's companions must have thought that he was fair at school as they used to come to him to settle their quarrels. He liked to do this. He liked to lead, too, and drilled a little company of boy soldiers. It was good practice, for later he was in command of many soldiers.

When George Washington grew up, he married Martha Custis. She was a widow with two children. These children were very dear to him. When little John Custis was only six years old, Washington ordered a pair of silver shoes and knee buckles from England as a present for him. He ordered toys and books also. For the little girl, Martha Custis, he ordered caps, ruffles, aprons, toys and a large, beautifully dressed doll.

One winter during the Revolutionary War, General Washington and his men were in camp at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. He was at dinner one day when a big dog wandered in. On the dog's collar was marked "General Howe."

General Howe was the commander of the enemy, the British troops. General Washington knew that the dog was lost. He sent him back to General Howe with a polite letter. One of his men took the dog and the letter and a white flag. The flag was to show the British that they were coming on a friendly mission. I am sure that all the school children at Caswell would like to learn this little verse, "The Father of his country was once a child like me. He played and wrestled in the green and swung from leafy tree. But when his country called him he put aside his play. I hope that I, like Washington, may serve my land some day!"

Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal

A FREEZE-OUT

He: "Why are you bringing my coat and hat?"

She: "Didn't you complain of my chilling manner?"

NONE NEW TO HIM

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

"No, you can't find a trick that's new to him, I suppose."

NEVER WILL MARRY

He: "Me? Marry? Huh! Not till the girls buckle down and wear sensible clothes again."

A Little Bit Humorous

EGGS ARE GOING UP

Towner—Do you keep hens?

Subbubs—No, but I just about keep a farmer who does?

"HELP! HELP!"

He—Aw—er—which hand do you eat with, Miss Hubb?

Boston Maid—The only function performed by my hands in the act of eating, Mr. Sapp, is that of carriers of food to the oral cavity, where the actual work of mastication is accomplished.

GOOD LOOKS

She: "She takes a good look at every handsome man she meets and they stare back. What makes them do it?"

He: "Her good looks."

AS THEY WALKED ALONG

He—Do you like to take walks?

She—Of course—I love to.

He—Great! We can do that as we walk along.

A STINGING VINE

Longwed: "Justwed says his wife is a true clinging vine."

Neverwed: "She sure is. And poison ivy, at that."

23'39

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TREES

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER

165th Infantry (69th New York), A. E. F.

(Born December 6, 1886; Killed in Action
Near Ourcy, July 30, 1918)

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

MARCH, 1939

CHILDREN'S PAGE

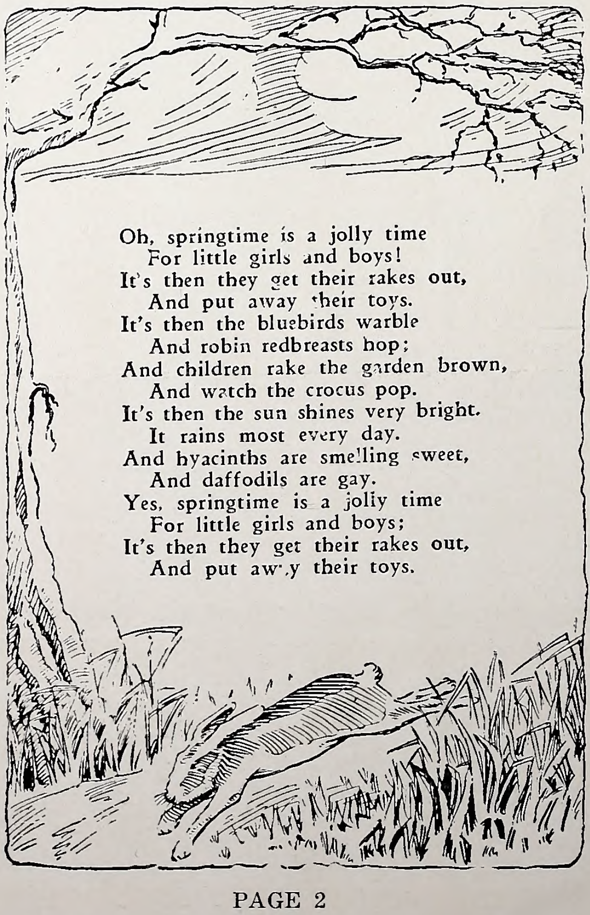
PETER'S HAPPY EASTER.

LITTLE Peter had been lying still for a long time, waiting to get well. He had been run over by an automobile and his leg was broken. He did not live in a very pleasant place, so the days crawled by slowly. He lay on the couch near a window which opened toward a dirty alley. One would never know that Spring had come, for not a bird was to be heard. No frogs piped him to sleep at night, and there was no blade of green grass in the whole alley brave enough to push its little green head above the ground.

Peter did not grieve about not being able to see the pussy willows, or any other of Spring's children. But today his large brown eyes looked very wistful. He was missing all the stories and pictures at the kindergarten. Miss Paige, the teacher, had told him what the children were going to do. Today the little brown seeds were to be planted in the window boxes, and this was the day when each child was to have a pussy willow from Miss Paige's home in the country.

In two days Easter would be here, and Peter would have to lie on his couch all day, while Miss Paige's other boys and girls were at church school, singing Easter songs and listening to the Easter story. He knew that they all had been saving pennies to buy an Easter lily for some one who was sick, but now he could not even take part in that. Little wonder that Peter was sad two days before Easter!

Easter Day finally came and Peter watched the children going to church school. It was hard for Peter to be confined in his home. He had not had a caller for the last two days. His mother would sit by his side and read to him and many pleasant hours were spent in that way. In the afternoon there was a knock at the door and Peter's mother announced six visitors to see Peter. A more surprised boy than he was when Miss Paige and five of his little friends entered the room was never seen. Two of them carried a beautiful white Easter lily and set it on the table where it seemed to lighten the room and fill it with a delicate perfume. Three of the buds had opened up in all their beauty and seemed to nod to the patient.



Oh, springtime is a jolly time
For little girls and boys!
It's then they get their rakes out,
And put away their toys.
It's then the bluebirds warble
And robin redbreasts hop;
And children rake the garden brown,
And watch the crocus pop.
It's then the sun shines very bright.
It rains most every day.
And hyacinths are smelling sweet,
And daffodils are gay.
Yes, springtime is a jolly time
For little girls and boys;
It's then they get their rakes out,
And put away their toys.

Miss Paige sat down on the couch beside the boy and told him the story, which the others had heard at church school, of the first Easter—how Jesus had died on the cross to save little boys and girls, and how He rose again on Easter morning, and later ascended to His Father in Heaven. She told him that the Easter lily stood for purity and was a symbol of the life which Jesus led while on earth. No other flower could have been chosen to represent that great day which is commemorated each spring.

The children had brought their flower to him that he might have something to look at and think of until he could be up again. It was many weeks after before the last bud had blossomed and then died.

Peter's eyes shone with tears of happiness. To think that although he lived in a humble home which lacked the carpet on the floor and the usual amount of furniture that he had not missed everything after all!

Miss Paige had tried to tell him of the eagerness of Jesus to go where He is asked to come. The Lord is no respector of person. He loves the poor as well as the rich, the dirty as well as the clean, the haughty as well as the humble, the sinner as well as the saint.

The beautiful lily was his, and the Easter story was something that could never fade from his memory. It had made an indelible impression. He tried to thank Miss Paige, but somehow the words stuck in his throat. Miss Paige saw the smile on his face and understood.

Fearing that he might get too tired with so much company, his guests said "Good-bye."

That night, as Peter lay on his pillow, he thanked the Heavenly Father who had given him kind friends and fell asleep thinking of Him who said: "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The Caswell News

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Associate Editor........Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor........Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor........Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager........Miss Mary L. Utley

ALL-STAFF ENTERTAINMENT

Members of the all-staff group had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Bayord Wooten of Chapel Hill lecture on "Carolina Homes and Gardens," Monday evening, February 27. The meeting was held in the school auditorium where, as Mrs. Wooten said, she had an exceptionally fine silver screen. Mrs. Wooten illustrated her lecture with beautiful colored photographs which she had taken. She told of the Magnolia Gardens, the Cypress Gardens, those of Georgetown and the Middleton Gardens at Charleston. The pictures of the Azalias were unbelievably lovely. She showed the finest white Azalias in the world, but the flaming beauty of the reds was more attractive to the eye.

There were several pictures of Summerville, a veritable fairyland with the purple clematis hanging from the trees over the gorgeous beauty of the many colored Azalias.

The Magnolia Gardens are not formal as Middleton is. The first Azalias were brought here from Japan. Some of them are two hundred years old. Here they grow to perfection. The live oak trees are venerable with age, their arched boughs add to the marvelous beauty. In the Middleton Gardens there are wonderful grass terraces leading to two butterfly lakes. Nearby is an old rice mill. To think these gardens, near Charleston, were planted before the Revolutionary War!

More gorgeous even than the Azalias are the Camellia Japonicas. Some reach a height of a hundred feet. They vary from deep red to flesh tint, from purple to white and multicolored. Mrs. Wooten showed close-ups of the Camellia blooms. People wonder why these gardens were not called Camellia Gardens, but they cannot be sure that the frost will not mar their perfection.

In Brookfield there is the finest collection of statuary in America. They have a beautiful setting of majestic trees and charming flowers. Near Wilmington, we have lovely Azalia Gardens, while much younger than Charleston gardens, their beauty is almost unbelievable. They, too, are planted around lakes and the reflection in the water of the gorgeous colors of the Azalias is remarkable. They have the Lady Bankshea Cherokee roses trained to grow up the trees, rivaling the lovely purple and white Clematis and the green foliage.

After the lecture, the hosts and hostesses served punch and cheese wafers. The hostesses were Mrs. Askew, Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Brown, Miss Broome and Mr. Braxton.

Mrs. K. P. Dawson, Teacher

INSIDE THE HOSPITAL

During the past months a great deal of improvements have been made in the hospital department of the school. These improvements not only add to the appearance, but have made the work more interesting and easier for the nurses.

Several months ago, one of the private rooms was equipped with the most modern, adjustable beds which gives graceful appearance to the room as well as comfort to the patient. These beds are used mainly for the operative patients.

One of the most appreciative necessities which has been added to the hospital is the table in the operating room. This is one of the most modern pieces of hospital equipment, designed for beauty as well as for use. It's surprising new features enable the table to serve for more than one purpose.

A third addition is the new cabinet sterilizer for the treatment room. Its beauty adds greatly to the room and it is one of the most convenient sterilizers available.

A fourth addition is the filing system which has been placed in Dr. Lee's office. This file has been needed for some time and we now wonder how we ever did without it.

We feel that this hospital is getting to be as well equipped and modern as any one of its kind. We are delighted to show visitors through and we hope to have many other improvements in the future.

Clara Doby, Nurse

HOW WE GOT OUR BANANA TREE

Yes, we have bananas! And if anyone doubts this statement we invite him to visit the Central Building and see the nice bunch of ripening bananas on our banana tree at the entrance of my office.

Perhaps it will be interesting to know just how the banana tree came to Caswell. About four years ago one of our employees, Mr. James Braxton, spent his vacation in Florida. He brought back with him specimens of flowers and fruits and among them were several banana trees. Mr. Griffin, our business manager at that time, was a great lover of flowers and was given a banana tree. He was quite proud

(Concluded on page 5)

FROM THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK

WHEN a person dies in an Alaska village, the very next birth in that village, or even in another village, fills the place of the deceased and takes the name also, as well as the characteristics. (For this reason no doubt there is no gender in names, as men and women bear exactly the same name). The family of the deceased are obliged to notice those who were born in the place of their own dead, pretending that he or she has returned. This notice consists in giving a cup of water and a dish of food to the namesake of their dead. (There may be many namesakes). There is a special festival in the fall, for the bringing of these dishes of food into the Kashima. By the side of each kantuck, or dish, is a cup of water and a little fat-lamp lighted. Before the contents of the kantuck are distributed, a pinch of the food is thrown to the ground and some of the water is also poured out, and the rest is drunk by the namesake of the dead. The potlatch. This is the last obligation that the living pay to their dead; for it they have been pinching and saving parkas (outer garments), boots, household utensils in twenties or multiples of twenty. All these things are then given away. Generally several persons give a potlatch at the same time to insure a large gathering of people. If a potlatch is given for a daughter or a wife, all the articles of clothing are feminine. It often happens that young men have to put on a woman's parka and boots.—The Moravian.

* * *

STRANGEST of all the tragic figures in the great drama of the Russian revolution was the man who stood at the very center of the worst of it—the late Czar Nicholas II. And the more you find out about him, the stranger he looks. Mohammed Essad-Bey has written a revealing biography of the man in "Nicholas II: Prisoner of the Purple." It is a portrait of a ruler who was just naturally bound to have a revolution happen to him. The czar of prewar Russia was a literal autocrat. He ruled by divine right and the great masses of his people actually believed in him. His word was law, in the most exact meaning of the expression. Since he ruled one-sixth of the earth's surface, his job was a staggeringly big one. Nicholas II was about as poorly fitted to fill such a job as any man you could possibly imagine. He was flat, dull, colorless, so completely uninspired that if he had been czar he probably would have needed a keeper. He showed just one sign of life; as czarevitch he once emptied a bowl of caviar on the head of the St. Petersburg chief of police. Nicholas did not merely misgovern his country. Obsessed with his own power-by-divine-right, he stupidly refused to adopt any of the reforms which would have staved off revolution. So steadfastly did he persist in doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, so incredibly blind and stupid were all his official acts, that you finish his biography wondering only that the revolution was so long in coming.

* * *

IT IS only within the last 75 years or so that paper has been made from wood fibers to any great extent. Before that time it was made of linen and cotton rags, says Charles Lathrop Pack of the American Tree Association. During those times, when rags were the only raw material for paper, periods of great scarcity occurred, for the mills were often unable to get them. Appeals were made to the public to save rags and linen for paper making. During the revolution American officers could not always obtain the small amount of paper needed for military orders. Newspaper editors were often forced to print on even the margins of their papers, so scarce was this commodity that we have in abundance. In the eighteenth century a German who had studied the methods of the paper wasp was struck with the possibility of making paper from wood. But it was not until about 1845 that wood began to replace flax and linen and cotton rags for paper making. Tons and tons of paper are made each year from wood pulp. So it is probably to the wasp that we must give credit for first suggesting the possibility of using trees as raw material for paper making.

* * *

EVIDENTLY we are getting crazier and crazier. At any rate, Harry Lutgens, Director of State Institutions, reports that California must build a new insane asylum every four years, to keep up with the present rate of increase in the number of patients committed to these institutions. If they were to keep up long enough, the difficulty would be to find enough sane people left to care for the insane. It has been suggested, instead, that we then confine the few sane, as misfits, and leave the conduct of affairs to the insane.

Do Not Become Discouraged

Discouragement means defeat. The very mental attitude that puts a man above these things raises him to the plane of inevitable success. Don't get discouraged. If things don't come your way today, make them do so tomorrow, and they will if you go about it right. Refrain from wasting your vital forces by worrying over what has gone amiss. In other words, "don't cry over spilt milk." A cheerful and hopeful mind is worth more than great riches; therefore, cheer up, as there is always a silver lining to the dark cloud. You will gain nothing by being pessimistic. A refusal to look on the dark side of things frequently accomplishes as much as genius. Remember that "can't" is a bad enemy; therefore, stick to "I will."

HOW WE GOT OUR BANANA TREE

(Concluded from page 3)

of the tree and looked after it most carefully—in summer he planted it in the ground out-of-doors—in winter it was placed in a large tub and kept indoors. And friends who called were always taken to see how the banana tree was flourishing. In the late summer just before Mr. Griffin left for the Baltimore Hospital to have his eyes treated he wondered what would become of the tree if he should be away longer than he had planned. He asked me if I would like to take care of it for him. I was glad to be asked to keep the little tree for him and told him that I would do the best that I could with it. He seemed happy about it and said that he knew that I would look after it as well as he would and added that if anything should happen and he did not get back that he wanted me to keep the tree. So the tree was brought up from the little cottage and placed in the Central Building where I watered and tended it the best I knew. About a year later I was away on my vacation in the western part of the state. Everyone was intensely interested in the banana tree and oh, how that little tree was watched and discussed! Every day someone inspected it for sign of fruit—and one morning there was a peculiar, cone-shaped, dark purple flower—it looked somewhat like the shoot on a corn plant where the ear begins. And in a few days this dropped off and the tiny knobs began to take the form of bananas. Everyone was quite excited and someone wrote me to come home at once for the tree had bananas on it! That was in September and now the first of February the bananas are beginning to turn yellow and will soon be fully ripened fruit.

And that is how the bananas came to Caswell.

Mrs. Florence Leonard, Head-Matron

———o———

BIRD STUDY IN THE SCHOOL

When school began in September every group in the school department began the study of North Carolina birds. Already most of the children can name our southern birds, can recognize their pictures and tell something of their habits. The boys have made some attractive bird houses and are planning to make bird baths and feeding stations. The girls have painted bird pictures and embroidered several lovely wall hangings.

The best season to begin the study of birds is the winter when the varieties are few and less likely to confuse you. It is also an excellent time to learn to observe carefully as to plumage, form, manner of flight and feeding habits. Besides, experience gained at this season will be of great value to one when the country is overrun with the army of migrates. But with the first arrival of the spring begins the season when birds are most interesting, for then may be studied their songs, mating and nesting habits and many activities of their busy lives.

I should like to see every boy and girl at Caswell doing everything they could to encourage the birds to stay with us. When Christmas time comes in Norway many girls and boys make Christmas trees for the birds. In the summer they gather oats and other grains and when Christmas comes they fasten the grain to the top of long poles. They love to hear the birds chirp and flutter as if thanking them for their treat. Many children of our country put suet and crumbs on the window sills for the birds. All birds love suet, seeds and crumbs. If we are kind to the birds, they will stay with us. Why not make a Christmas tree for our birds at Caswell?

Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal

———o———

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT

We are all familiar with the quotation, "An Army fights on its stomach," but we, who do the laundry work for this Caswell Army know that this one at least, stands or falls as the case may be, on its laundry—for "Cleanliness is next of Godliness."

We feel that it will be interesting to everyone to know just what the laundry work covers at our school. When all realize the magnitude of the work and the importance of system in handling such a volume of work we will have no trouble in having the cooperation of every one connected with the school. If laundry is not brought in on time and on the days assigned to the different departments it throws everything out of line and it is difficult to get the work done as it should be done and when it should be done.

The following is a report of the work for the week of January 23—and we might add—that this is typical of every week's work:

The first thing Monday morning the employees' clothes are sent to us. While Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Taylor separate and check them, Mrs. Parrish is busy washing clothes from either the Hospital, Junior Ward or one of the low-grade buildings. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday we make and use around 120 gallons of starch, on Thursday and Friday about 50 gallons. We use 150 gallons of soap every week. All overalls, rompers, underwear and blankets are dried in the dry-house—in bad weather the starched clothes are dried in dry-house, also, on clear days we have them dried out-of-doors.

The following is a list of pieces sent to different buildings during the week:

Hospital	1898 pieces	Cottage I	378 pieces
Junior Ward	1790 pieces	Cottage II	406 pieces
Kitchen	1402 pieces	Cottage IV	986 pieces
McNairy	2233 pieces	Cottage V	381 pieces
Cartwright	836 pieces	Cottage VI	365 pieces
Pollock	978 pieces	Cottage VII	385 pieces
Tapp	486 pieces	Austin A	800 pieces
Dewey	337 pieces	Austin B	400 pieces
Dairy	69 pieces	Wooten A	312 pieces
		Wooten B	571 pieces

This makes a total of 15,013 pieces. Some weeks we have more — this is about average for a week's work. In the washing and mangle department are 14 girls and 7 boys.

The ironing department begins each Monday as soon as the employees' clothes are ready for ironing which is usually around 10:30 a. m. The clothes are again checked and separated, each girl taking charge of her allotted work—shirts and uniforms usually. Some of the girls iron as many as 15 shirts and 25 uniforms. We try to have all employees' clothes out by 4:30 Wednesday afternoon. Then we are ready for the clothes from the buildings. This week—we have put out 1800 pieces. In this ironing group we have 20 girls—5 of these are school girls, 4 are dining room girls and 2 have craft classes.

Mrs. Taylor
Mrs. Fisher
Mrs. Parrish

THOUGHTS ON LIFE & BUSINESS

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

* * *

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.—Dickens.

* * *

A desire for greatness has hurt many folks. Putting oneself in the limelight at the expense of others is a wrong idea of greatness. The secret of greatness rather than bigness is to acclimate oneself to one's place of service and be true to one's own convictions. A life of this kind of service will forever remain the measure of one's true greatness.

* * *

Opportunities? It is only necessary to look around you in order to find something that needs improvement.

* * *

A wise man reflects before he speaks. A fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has uttered.—French Proverb.

* * *

The more noise a man or a motor makes, the less power there is available.

* * *

We help others when we go ahead, and we are helped when others go ahead; that's why we should always take a constructive view of things.

* * *

I believe that the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power. But really great men have a curious feeling that the greatness is not in them but through them. And they see something divine in every other man, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.—John Ruskin.

* * *

I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder to each other than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily it is done.—Henry Drummond.

He who influences the thought of his times, influences all the times that follow. He has made his impression on eternity.

* * *

Thousands of engineers can design bridges, calculate strains and stresses, and draw up specifications for machines, but the great engineer is the man who can tell whether the bridge or the machine should be built at all, where it should be built, and when.—Eugene G. Grace.

* * *

The first and last thing required of a genius is the love of truth.

* * *

Quality is never an accident. It is always the result of high intention, sincere effort, intelligent direction and skillful execution.

* * *

Enthusiasm is a definite part of salesmanship. When it begins to fade and die out, results begin to die out also. Enthusiasm is contagious. You can't quarantine it. It puts a tingle and a glow into the prospect you are trying to reach. It makes him feel and not simply hear the points you are making.

* * *

It is a mistake to fancy ourselves greater than we are, and to value ourselves at less than we are worth.

A wheelbarrow will stand on its two legs and never move a foot unless you lift it up and push it along. So would business. You've got to pick it up and push it along.

No matter what other merits you possess they may get you nothing if you haven't gumption enough to push yourself to the front and put them in practice. To get anything useful out of himself, a man must first believe in himself. Self-assurance is the foundation upon which successful outcome is begun. But even the man who believes in himself may lack the irresistible impulse to try it. It is self-assurance, gumption—call it what you will—which supplies that impulse.

* * *

We get from people what we give; we find in them what we bring; and the changes are not changes in them so much as changes in ourselves.

* * *

Folks who never do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for any more than they do.—Elbert Hubbard.

* * *

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no delay, no procrastination; never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.—Chesterfield.

* * *

Which do you enjoy more, the doing of your work or the reward for doing it?

* * *

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not first given good control to himself.—Seneca.

* * *

If you would have friends, be one.

* * *

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.

* * *

Do not loiter or shirk, do not falter or shrink; but just think out your work and then work out your "Think."

CRAFTS

New zest has been put into the crafts department by the undertaking of a special project, namely the beautifying of one of the girls' dormitories in the Wooten building. This is just the beginning of what we hope will make all the dormitories more attractive and home-like. The girls from the Wooten building have made curtains and colorful pillows and two of the boys have woven some lovely rag rugs. We hope to cover the settees in harmonious fabrics, and also fix one or two dressers.

Another special undertaking of the crafts teacher in the past few months has been to try to interest the girls in the Dewey building in some form of crafts. The efficient matrons in this building show marvelous patience and try to get the girls interested not only in crafts but in keeping the dormitory clean and neat. Most of these girls have responded to some degree and became interested in making doll clothes, tacking rug strips, looping looper clips, or making scrap books. Several do beautiful embroidery. Mary produced such an attractive crib spread it was sold immediately. She can also crochet rugs. Jean is weaving a most attractive rug on the small "weave-it" frames. The crafts teacher visits them an hour each Wednesday and is greeted most enthusiastically.

The advanced boys are doing such nice woodwork. They are making magazine stands, mail boxes, bedside stands, and Chinese checker boards. The boys also helped to thread looms and have woven a number of rugs. The intermediate boys have been having a great time working in the old crafts room one morning each week under the supervision of the crafts teacher. Some have been turned loose to follow their own initiative and have produced some impressive looking objects such as wagons, scooters, etc., which give them a great deal of pleasure. This is a fine way to use any surplus energy. In the meantime mail boxes, bird houses, Chinese checker boards and a dog house have been produced.

With the approach of spring the interest in bird study has increased. Recently the advanced girls went on a hike to look for birds. Even though it was a very windy day, a good many birds were identified, robins, meadow larks, sparrows, bluebirds, mocking birds, crows and myrtle warblers.

Mrs. Hughes, Crafts Teacher

———o———

A DAY IN COTTAGE VII

Our work in the cottage together has been a great pleasure. We have twenty-five boys of the teen age. Everyone is very co-operative and seems to be happy with us. We report on duty at 4:45 a. m. and call two boys to go to work at the dairy barn. At 5:30 a. m. we call the rest of them. They dress, make up their beds or fold their bed clothing if it is airing day and mop one dormitory, then they get ready for breakfast, which is about 7:00 a. m. After breakfast, the boys who work outside leave at 7:30 a. m. and the boys who need to go to the clinic are taken. Those left in the building begin washing dishes, cleaning the sun parlor, moping the other dormitory that was not cleaned up before breakfast, scrubbing bathrooms and doing all other general cleaning. At 8:45 we try to have our entire building in order for the usual morning inspection which is made by Mr. Higgins.

In the morning there is but little time for play because after cleaning the building, the children go to school at 9:00. We take them in the back for a while whenever the weather is suitable. Dinner is served and the the children are ready to eat at 11:30 a. m. After dinner, each boy takes his dishes to the diet kitchen where they are washed by the boys assigned to that job. After they are through with the dishes and cleaning up the sun parlor, the outside working boys go to work and the one o'clock boys go to school and the ones that are left in the building rest until 2:30 p. m. After their rest period we take children to play until supper time which is about 4:45 p. m. After they have eaten supper, again the dishes are washed and the sun parlor is cleaned up.

Now all the work has been done. We all gather in the sun parlor where we can have the happiest moments of the day. We read, play games and listen to the radio. The children are tired and sleepy by 7:30 p. m., then they take a bath, say their prayers, then go to bed at 8:00 p. m. At 9:00 p. m. we make our last round in the dormitories. As we lock the doors, the children all tell us, "Good night."

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Powell

———o———

COTTAGE II

We welcome to our cottage three new girls, namely, Mary Frances, Mary Louise and Betty. We are really proud of our new girls and we are glad that they seem to be very happy with us. It is indeed a great pleasure to see the interest that the older girls in our cottage take in playing with the newcomers and how they fall in with them at first sight.

We are glad now that old man winter will soon be gone and the beautiful, happy spring is just around the corner. Already we are enjoying very much the pretty days.

We are thankful and glad too of the pretty shrubbery which Mrs. Register has had planted in our back yard. It has added very much to the beauty of our yard and the exterior of our building.

Miss Meadows and Mrs. Hudson, Matrons

———o———

THE BARBER SHOP

A great many visitors fail to see a very busy corner in the setup of Caswell Training School, the barber shop. We do need larger quarters so we could have three helpers instead of just one. However, James is of great help and can shave a boy almost as quickly and nicely as a regular barber. Some day we hope to train more and more of the boys to be helpers, then instead of giving the girls only Mondays and Wednesdays, we can more evenly divide the time. Mondays we take care of the girls in the cottages, Dewey Building and Junior Ward. Tuesdays, we have the boys from the cottages and part of Pollock A. Wednesday the rest of the girls from Wooten and Austin Buildings and McNairy. Thursday, boys from Pollock B and Cartright. Friday boys from Tapp and the leftovers from the buildings named before, and on Saturday morning we try to take the farm boys and those who are working in places that they cannot come at the other times.

B. S. Holloman, Barber

THIS MERRY WORLD

A chronic loafer out our way says he is, as a matter of fact, wedded to his work—in the companionate sense.—Arkansas Gazette.

Tramp: "Madam, would you mind givin' me the recipe for them biscuits you give me half an hour ago?"

Lady: "What can you want with the recipe? You're not going to make biscuits, are you?"

Tramp: "No, but I want you to settle a bet. My pard says you use three cups of cement to one of sawdust, and I say you use only two."

* * *

Diner: "Waiter, please close that window."

Waiter: "Is there a draft, sir?"

Diner: "No, but it's the fourth time my steak has blown off the plate."

* * *

"What happened to your face?"

"Had a little argument with a fellow about driving in traffic."

"Why didn't you call a cop?"

"He was a cop."

* * *

Soph: "What did Paul Revere say at the end of his ride?"

Frosh: "Whoa."

* * *

Old Lady: "Girlie, can you direct me to a bank?"

Inez: "Yessum, for a quarter."

Old Lady: "Isn't that pretty high pay, my girl?"

Inez: "No ma'am, not for a bank director."

* * *

Artist: "This is my latest picture, 'Builders at Work.' It is very realistic."

Visitor: "But they aren't at work."

"I know. That's the realism."

* * *

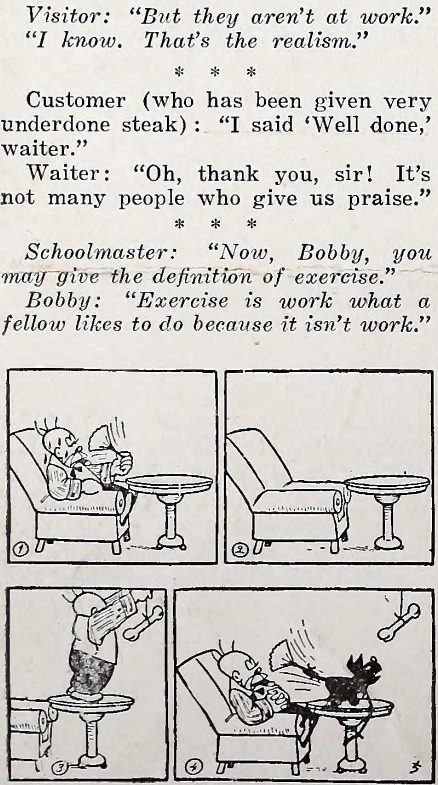
Customer (who has been given very underdone steak): "I said 'Well done,' waiter."

Waiter: "Oh, thank you, sir! It's not many people who give us praise."

* * *

Schoolmaster: "Now, Bobby, you may give the definition of exercise."

Bobby: "Exercise is work what a fellow likes to do because it isn't work."



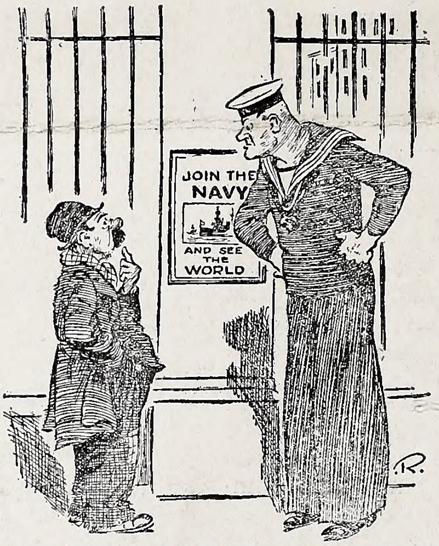
—Cartoon by Jacobsson

"I've been thinking, my son, of retiring next year and leaving the business to you."

"There's no hurry, is there, dad? You go ahead and work a few years more and then we can retire together."

* * *

Chief of Village Fire Brigade (entering local barber's shop): "A quick shave, Joe—once over—I'm on my way to a fire."



"Well, d'you think they'd take me if I took off the moustache?"

—*Tit-Bits.*

The vacation postcard isn't trustworthy.

If they really are having a swell time, they haven't time to write home about it.

* * *

"Has your son's college education proved of any real value?"

"Yes, indeed, it's entirely cured his mother of bragging about him."

* * *

"How do you like the new street?"

"Oh! Is that a street? I thought that they were putting in an irrigation system."

* * *

"Did that rabbit's foot you carry around in your pocket ever bring you any luck?"

"Sure thing, my wife got in my trousers pocket once to get something and thought it was a mouse."

* * *

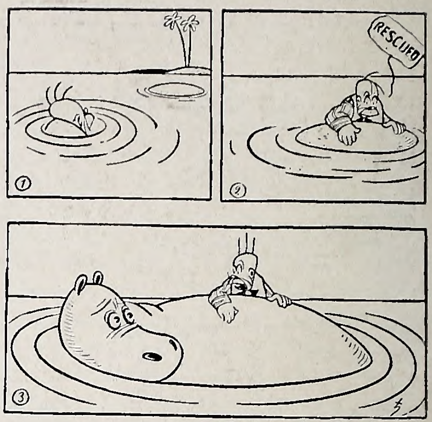
"Do you believe Stella's teacher can make anything out of her voice?"

"Well, she's made over $100 out of it already!"

* * *

Passer-by (to "blind" beggar): "It seems to me that you can see."

Beggar: "Oh, well, in these days competition is so great that even a blind man must keep his eyes open."



—*Cartoon by Jacobsson*

Client: "You deceived me with that dwarf spaniel you sold me. It gets bigger every day."

Salesman: "Yes, it is a giant dwarf spaniel."

* * *

She: "Are you going to my sister's birthday party?"

He: "How old is she?"

She: "Twenty."

He: "I was there five years ago."

* * *

"Say, waiter, I ordered strawberry shortcake, and you brought me a plate of strawberries. Where's the cake?"

"Well, suh, that's what we is short of."

* * *

Appel: "The doctor says there's something the matter with my head."

Fetherstone: "You don't mean to say you paid a doctor to tell you that?"

* * *

What we can't understand is how the ant ever earned its reputation for industriousness considering the number of picnics it attends.

* * *

"Waiter, this spinach is terrible."

"Sorry, Sir—you'll have to take it up with the greens committee."

* * *

"I've changed my mind."

"Well, does it work any better?"

* * *

Angry Parent: "Why were you kissing my daughter in that dark corner last night?"

Suitor: "Now that I've seen her in daylight I sort of wonder myself."

* * *

"Why is it I never see you going with Freda any more?"

"I've married her."

* * *

The doctor's small daughter had strayed into his consulting room and was watching, wide-eyed, as he tested the heart and lungs of a patient with the stethoscope. Suddenly she spoke: "Get any new stations, Daddy?"

* * *

Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, what happened when the cow jumped over the moon?"

Jimmy: "Somebody got an idea for vanishing cream."

* * *

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin."

'I never thought much of the pin test. Try him with an umbrella!"

6'39

The Caswell News

WISHING

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many
May be ofttimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

Volume *4*

Number *2*

APRIL, 1939

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Truly Great

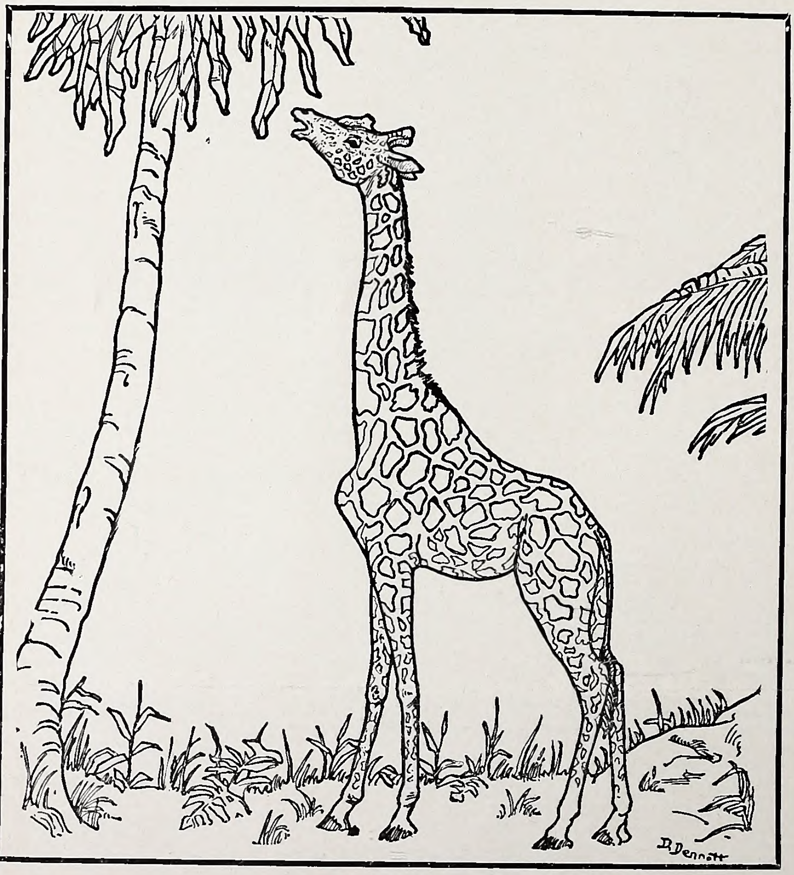
"GERALD, will you run to the store and get me some eggs?" asked mother. "Aunt Helen has just telephoned that she is coming and I must make a cake."

Gerald put down the book he was reading. "I don't want to carry bundles," he said. "Big people who are doing real things in the world don't carry bundles. Imagine Sir Galahad with a box of eggs tied to his saddle!"

Mother laughed; she couldn't help it. Then her face grew sober. She thought a minute and then she began.

"Once upon a time," and Gerald sat down again with a happy little sigh—mother was going to tell a story. That was like mother; a fellow never knew how or when she would tell them, but they were always worth listening to.

"Once upon a time," began mother again, "there was a little girl whose name was Dolly. She lived long ago, in the days when twenty miles from home was a long journey to take. This was her first real journey, not just to go by stage coach to the next town to see her cousins and stay all night, but a real journey on the railroad that had lately been built through the town.



The Giraffe is the tallest animal. He has a very long neck, so that he may eat leaves off the trees. He lives in the jungles and on the plains of Africa. His colour is light yellow with somewhat darker, irregular shaped spots all over him. He can not make any sound.

"She watched and waited for the expressman to come for her trunk, but he did not come, and mother and grandmother watched, too, with anxious faces. The expressman must have forgotten. What could they do? It was before the days of telephones, and there was no man in the family to help them.

"Just as Dolly was about to break down and cry, a tall, ungainly man came in sight. Dolly had never seen him before, but as he glanced down at the anxious little face, he stopped.

"'What is the matter with this little girl?' he asked kindly. And Dolly told him all about her visit, and how the expressman had not come, and she was afraid she would miss the train.

"'I will be your expressman,' said the tall man, picking up the trunk and placing it on his shoulder. Then he took Dolly's hand and away they went, down the street, up another street, and they were at the station, just in time for the trunk to be put on the train, and for Dolly to be settled in a nice, comfortable seat by the window before the engine started. Dolly sat by her window and waved 'Goodbye' to the tall man until he was out of sight.

"She did not know who he was, but years later one day she picked up a paper and there was the same face, grown older and care-worn, and as she looked at the picture of the man who had been elected president of the United States, she saw again the little white gate, and the anxious little girl, and the tall, ungainly man who loaded the trunk on his shoulder, and took her hand in his, and she knew that the kindly stranger of that morning was the wonderful Abraham Lincoln.

Gerald was very still for a minute after mother finished, then he grabbed his cap and said, "I'll be back with those eggs in no time, mother, and any time you want any other bundles in a hurry, just call on me," and away he went down the street as fast as he could run.

The Caswell News

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CO-OPERATION

Co-operation is probably one of the most used and also one of the most abused words in our English language. All of us know the meaning of the word as given by Webster—"To act or operate jointly with others." In other words, if we co-operate with our co-workers we work with them toward one aim—the common good of all. When any group or class fails to co-operate, then harmony is gone—in its stead spring up envy, selfishness, and general discord, and the result is anything but happy. Once upon a time in a memorable meeting a great statesman made a remark something like this, "If we do not hang together, we will all hang separately." Figuratively speaking, that is true, for when one group fails to work with the others for the common good of the entire organization, it means that the organization as a whole is weakening. Our school here is made up of different departments and each department has its supervisor, but the School suffers should the heads of the different departments forget that the department is only a part of a greater organization, Caswell Training School. The work here is too big and too far-reaching to be crippled by any lack of co-operation on the part of any individual or any one department. Whole-hearted and sincere co-operation will work wonders—it means happiness, efficiency and progress . . . fail to work with others and the opposite result follows—there is little progress, no efficiency and discord and unhappiness. It is always easy to co-operate when one is on the receiving line, so to speak—it is harder if the result seems to be for the benefit of the other department or the other individual. It takes a big person sometimes to work against odds—a little person will always follow the lines of least resistance.

Let us all strive for bigness at the Caswell Training School and work together for a bigger and better school.

M. L. U.

o

The measure of a man is not in the number of his servants but in the number of people whom he serves.

FOOD

Just what selection of foods is the best for health is a subject which interests nearly everybody. At various times there has been agitation for a curtailment of this and that food, for foods in the diet are quite as prevalent as in music, amusements or dress.

Whatever is taken into the system to supply nourishment, maintain the temperature of the body, furnish energy, and provide material for growth, is food. Foods contain the same elements as are found in the body. We must first of all, then, look for nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen and carbon, since these elements enter into the composition of the body in larger proportions than any others. Next in importance come calcium and phosphorous which are found in large proportions in the bones, and finally, iron, a small proportion of which is required in the blood.

The proteins are the only food constituents that contain nitrogen. These various nitrogenous substances are constituents of the body tissues. During every moment of life, the protein supply of the body is being drawn upon, and unless this supply is adequately replenished from the food, the body loses weight and grows weak. Such foods as lean meat, cheese, milk, eggs, nuts and peas and beans are rich in proteins.

Carbohydrates are composed chiefly of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Starch and sugar are typical carbohydrates. Potatoes, cereals, and wheat bread are types of carbohydrate food containing large amounts of starch. Those, comparatively rich in sugar are: beets, grapes and other juicy fruits or vegetables. The chief function of this class of foods is to furnish heat and energy. Cellulose, which is largely indigestible, is a third type of carbohydrates and oxygen, but the oxygen in them occurs in much smaller proportions than in the starches and sugars. Lard, butter, olive oil, fat meat, egg yolk, nuts and some classes of fish such as salmon and shad contain large amounts of fat. The mineral elements or inorganic substances used as food are valuable as regulators of body activities. There are at least three minerals needed by the body that haphazard eating cannot be trusted to supply. They must be consciously planned for in our daily meals—iron, calcium and phosphorous—small amounts of copper and iodine are also essential. Raisins, prunes, strawberries, blackberries, plums and pineapple contain more iron than some fruits, but many others contain some iron. Oranges contain more calcium than any other fruit.

While water has no nutritive value in itself, it is necessary for the maintenance of life, for without it the body cannot carry on digestion, circulation and

(Concluded on page 5)

Mother's Day Is Universally Celebrated

OF COURSE there is no complete chain connecting the early celebrations with the modern festival, which is perhaps the most conscious effort ever made to honor motherhood. Yet the present Mother's Day has something in common with the old celebrations. The history of the modern observance dates back to the Civil war. In fact, the movement had its inception prior to that struggle in the work of Mrs. Anna M. Jarvis of Philadelphia. Through her community and religious work she aided many war mothers and veterans in various ways. From this work was developed the annual celebration by her daughter, Miss Anna Jarvis, also of Philadelphia. Miss Jarvis is now recognized as the founder of this great movement despite the fact that several others have claimed credit for this wonderful idea.

The story of the origin of this much-loved anniversary goes back to the time of the founder's mother's death. While wondering what flower to lay on her mother's grave it occurred to Miss Jarvis that it would be a wonderful tribute to all mothers, living or dead, if everybody would unite in the simple wearing of a flower on one day of the year. She decided on the white carnation because it seemed to be the most appropriate symbol. Then she selected a day and asked everybody to wear a white carnation in honor of their mother.

The Mother's Day International Association was then organized to promote and protect the celebration of the day dedicated to mothers the world over. Through its efforts Mother's Day is now observed not only in America, but in England, France, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Australia, Japan, China and Africa. On May 10, 1913, congress commended the idea, and in 1914 Representative Heflin at the request of the founder and president of the association, whose picture is shown here, introduced a joint resolution whereby the president should designate, by annual proclamation, the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day. The bill, as passed that year, also authorized the president to issue a proclamation requesting the government officials to display flags on all government buildings each Mother's Day. President Wilson issued the first Mother's Day proclamation May 10, 1913.

According to the official program of the Mother's Day Association, Mother's Day is a personal, family and memorial day, a celebration for sons and daughters. On this day you should live your best. You should have your mother and father or other benefactors as guests. And if you have no place to entertain them, go home to them, providing of course your presence will not mean added work for tired hands. In case it is absolutely impossible for you to get home, write a Mother's Day letter. No person is too busy to write a letter to his or her mother on this hallowed day. Make her comfortable.

The emblem to be worn on Mother's Day is the white carnation. It typifies the beauty, truth and fidelity of mother love. Some people choose to wear a red or pink one for one who is dead, but the Mother's Day Association does not recognize any but the white carnation, which may be worn in either case. However, if carnations cannot be had, almost any flower of either color will do. In this connection the association warns against peddlers, money-schemers and others who are always trying to commercialize Mother's Day. The only authorized badge for the day is a button with a white carnation design on it and the name of the association. Many of these buttons have been given away, but their sale at a few pennies each is now the association's only means of raising money to carry on its work. The association has no paid officials and no one is authorized to sell such things as paper carnations, or real carnations at fabulous prices.

MISS ANNA JARVIS

In recent years ahe celebration of Mother's Day has broadened to include observances during the weeks preceding and following it. Many of our schools observe the Friday preceding the second Sunday in May, while many of our colleges celebrate the week-end by having parents visit the students and college officials. Last year thousands of mothers and fathers visited various colleges as guests of their sons and daughters. The heads of the army, navy and marine corps annually enter into the spirit of Mother's Day by having the defenders of our country remember mother and home folks.

———o———

SAMUEL'S TESTIMONY TO HIS MOTHER'S DEEP LOVE

Great men do not forget their mothers. Samuel never forgot his pious mother, Hannah, who, having prayed for her child, loaned him to the Lord for all his life.

When Samuel as a venerable statesman wrote down the events of his lifetime, he included among these the fact that "his mother made him a little robe, and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." 1 Sam. 2:19.

A strange event to chronicle among the mighty happenings of a nation! Yet insofar as it pictured in one beautiful stroke the relation between mother and son, it also revealed the human source of greatness in Israel's greatest judge.

———o———

Among all names in the tongues of men, that of mother stands dearest. It is the name lisped with affection by the lips of infancy, murmured with loving tenderness by the lips of maturity, sighed reverently by the lips of age.

FOOD

(Concluded from page 3)

respiration. Everyone should drink at least a half dozen glasses of water, and eight glasses a day might be better. Many of us do not drink enough water. Do you?

Vitamins contain organic substances which are found in foods in minute quantities, but which are indispensable to health and growth. At the present time, six important vitamins are known to exist. They have been designated as A, B, C, D, E, and G. Vitamin A, a fat soluble substance found in abundance in butter, cream and cod liver oil, fish roe, egg yolk, whole milk, spinach, liver, cheese, tomatoes, carrots, dandelion greens, lettuce, string beans, young green peas, sweet potatoes, green celery, chard, raw green cabbage, orange juice, and whole wheat bread. Vitamin A is especially essential for growing children and young animals and adults need it to build resistance to infectious diseases. It is particularly the vitamin that contributes to general body vigor. Vitamin B is thought to prevent and aid in the cure of pellagra. Whole meal, cereal products, tomatoes, dried kidney or navy beans, dried peas, raw cabbage, fresh spinach, nuts, yeast extract, egg yolk, milk, orange, lemon and grapefruit juice, liver, leafy vegetables and potatoes are good sources. Vitamin C is essential because it prevents scurvy. Vitamin C is soluble in water, and is found in great abundance in raw cabbage, orange, grapefruit and lemon juice and in raw, cooked and canned tomato. Vitamin D is a fat, soluble vitamin found in the same foods as A. Its special function is to prevent rickets.

The foregoing discussion should make clear the importance of a varied diet. No one vitamin can take the place of another and the lack of any one of these vital substances may affect the health and cause disease.

The heat quantity of food is measured by a unit called the calory. The former is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of a kilogram of water one degree centigrade. "We live not upon what we eat, but upon what we digest." Food must undergo a number of chemical changes before it becomes suitable to nourish the body. Digestibility is an important consideration in selecting food.

From the foregoing statements, it can readily be seen that while man may live on an exclusively vegetable diet or an exclusively meat diet, he will preserve and maintain his strength much better on a mixed diet.

In planning meals with the knowledge as is here outlined, I plan meals so as to meet the physiological needs of the children and employees and to give a good variety of appetizing food and prevent waste. Food is the cheapest which supplies the greatest amount of nutriment at the lowest cost.

Miss Zelda Wood, Dietician

There exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage.

Life is a humdrum if we live it poorly; but if we live it well, it is fascinating.

Enthusiasm is the mother of success.

THE EARLY COMERS

When beecher buds begin to swell and woods the bluebirds warble know, The yellow violets modest bell peeps from last year's leaves below.—Bryant.

If you are a lover of the birds, the warm days of early March will sharpen your eyes for the first sight of those heralds of the spring, the robin and bluebird. The male bluebird, "with the shy tinge in his back and the earth tinge on his breast," appears about a week before the female. While awaiting his mate, he visits the old familiar places and his happy warble from orchard and pasture tells of joy to come. In a few days the female bluebirds arrive in loose flocks and for a time the wooing of a mate takes the male's whole attention. Then is heard that "mellow, coaxing love note" which charms the ear and endears him to all who hear it.

When he has found a mate, the happy pair look for a home, for there can be no delay if two or three broods are to be reared before mid-summer. Last year a pair of bluebirds built a nest in the bird house just outside the music room window. The teachers and music pupils enjoyed watching them build the nest and read the brood. The male leaves most of the work to his willing mate, but he cheers her labors by his bright presence and joyous warble. There are five pale blue eggs in the nest. Later the nestlings in their scanty suits kept both parents busy searching for food, for they were always hungry. They grew rapidly and in a short time were standing on the edge of the bird house ready for their first peep at the world. The anxious parents watched them with care a few days until they had learned to fly, then the mother went back to her nest to rear another brood. We were not at school to watch the second brood and when we came back in September, they were gone.

This has been a very mild winter and so many birds have been seen around our building all the year. The bluebirds have returned to their bird house and come to the window daily for nuts and crumbs. I hope every boy and girl at Caswell will do all they can to encourage the birds to stay with us.

Mrs. B. S. Barnes, Principal

MATTRESS FACTORY

It is our job to make and sterilize mattresses and to keep all beds in repair. At the present we are only running half time. An entire new group is being taught filling, sewing, stitching, roll-edge sewing and tying. The boys are willing, very ambitious and are learning fast.

Recently we received new webbing and coil springs for replacing old ones. This work is about caught up and enough material over for keeping all beds in good shape for some time.

The sterilizer is being repaired and we hope soon to resume our regular sterilizing schedule—all mattresses each month.

Carl Higgins

Love is power. The man who would be most able to lift up his fellows, must be the man who is most in love with them.

Flashes of Merriment

"Yes," said the man in the ancient overcoat with bulging pocket, "Bill and me are in partnership, but we don't carry the same goods."

"Explain yourself," said a friend.

"Well, Bill goes around sellin' a stove polish that leaves a stain on the fingers, and I go around next day with the only soap that will take it off!"

* * *

Little Girl: "Please, have you a sheep's head?"

Facetious Butcher: "No, my dear; only my own."

Little Girl: "It won't do. Mother wants one with brains in it."

* * *

At the end of the outdoor scene the perspiring film director dropped exhausted on the grass.

As he mopped his forehead he looked round at the heap of "props" and saw a dummy of old clothes and straw.

"Heavens!" he yelled, "who was it we threw over the cliff!"

* * *

Lady: "Why don't you go to work if you are hungry?"

Hobo Harry: "I tried that once an' it only made me hungrier."

* * *

She had been under a slight operation, and was telling the nurse how she felt on recovering.

"I felt so happy when I was waking," she said. "I thought at first I was in heaven. But when I saw the doctor standing over there, I knew I couldn't be."

* * *

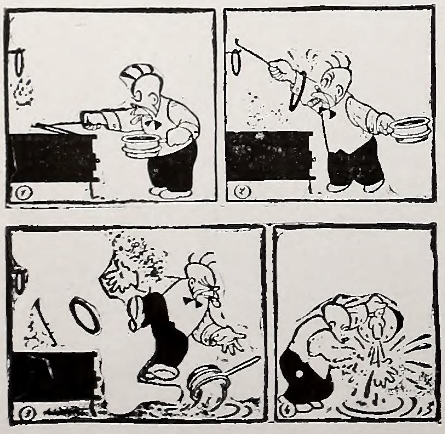
Rastus: "You says anything to me, big boy, an' I'll make you eat yo' words."

Mose: "Chicken dumplins, hot biscuits an' watermelon!"

* * *

Farmer Haye: "That Jones boy that used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?"

Farmer Seede: "Well, if he was any steadier he'd be motionless."



—Cartoon by Jacobbson.

"Say, your car certainly is smashed up. Did you hit something?"

"No, indeed; a tree came tearing toward me, and bumped right into me."

* * *

Proud Parent: "How do I know that you are not marrying my daughter for my money?"

Bold Suitor: "We are both taking a risk. How do I know you won't fail in a year or so?"

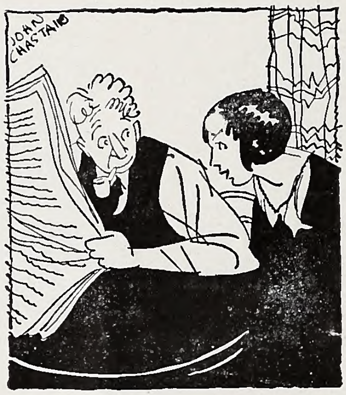
* * *

Tim: Avast there! Couldst tell me why cigarette lighters are like collitch boys?"

Tom: Wouldst not try, Tim."

Tim: "Ho, ho, because they usually don't work."

* * *



She: "It says in this paper that a girl, single handed, landed a fish at a Long Island resort weighting one hundred forty-five pounds."

Hubbie: "What's his name?"

* * *

"If you haven't a doctor," said the tourist at the hamlet inn, "what happens when anyone is taken seriously ill?"

"Oh, they just dies a natural death."

* * *

First Bright Lad: "I want an introduction to that Miller girl."

Second Ditto: "I'll introduce you—"

"No; I want to make a good impression right from the start."

* * *

"Should a husband keep anything from his wife?" asks a writer.

Enough for lunch and carfare, we should say.—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Boss: "Look here, what did you mean by telling me you had had five years' experience in selling real estate when you never even had a job before?"

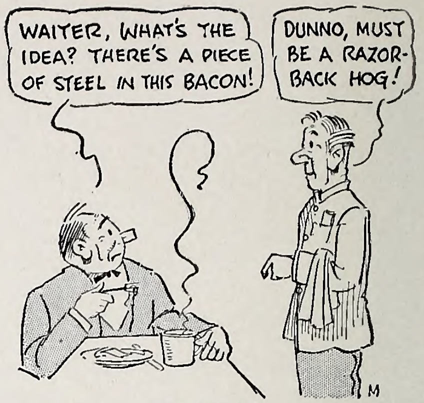
Youth: "Well, you advertised for a man with imagination!"

* * *

"Where's your girl?"

"Aw, she went off in a huff."

"I never did like them cheap cars."


WAITER, WHAT'S THE IDEA? THERE'S A PIECE OF STEEL IN THIS BACON!
DUNNO, MUST BE A RAZOR-BACK HOG!
M

* * *

"How are you getting along at school, Henry?" asked the father.

"Fine," answered the son. "I have learned to say 'thank you' in French."

"Good," came back the father, "that's more than you ever learned in English."

* * *

Big-game Hunter (at dance): "I killed four lions that day."

She: "How wonderful! Did you tread on them?"

* * *

"What's the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?" the sergeant demanded.

"Look at the number," said the newcomer.

"Oh," barked the sergeant, "and what's the big idea?"

"To make sure I don't clean someone else's."

* * *

Man (standing on a corner): "Could you give a poor cripple enough for a cup of coffee and a sandwich?"

Good Old Lady: "Why, my poor fellow, how are you crippled?"

Man: "Financially."

* * *

"Did you have much snow this year?"

"A fair amount, but my neighbor had more."

"How could he have more?"

"He has more land than I have."

* * *

Finding his audience very difficult to please, a comedian cracked another joke and added, "I suppose you will laugh at that next year?"

"No," said a voice, "but we did last year."

* * *

A young barrister, taking his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railway company for killing twenty-four pigs.

He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury. "Twenty-four pigs, gentlemen. Twenty-four; twice the number in the jury box."

* * *

He: "If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you."

She: "Well, I can't hold this expression much longer."

LAUNDRY "CANNOTS"

Very often the laundry is called upon to do the impossible and it is up to us to speak up and say, "It cannot be done."

1. We cannot hope to return clean and sanitary linen until it has first been delivered to the laundry.
2. We cannot return linen until we have had time to wash, extract, and iron it.
3. We cannot clean linen that has been harshly treated in the buildings before it reaches the laundry—such as ink-stained, paint-smeared, fruit-stained, etc.
4. We cannot put out snow white linen that has been exposed to rain, dust and mildew.
5. We cannot keep up with little garments sent miscellaneously or just whenever the child may wish to bring it to the laundry.
6. We cannot launder woolen garments that should be dry cleaned.
7. We cannot put out perfect linen without the proper machinery and a sufficient number of helpers.
8. We cannot return linen that has not been properly marked.

The employees as well as the different departments of this institution have certain days on which to send linen and garments to the laundry and it would be a great help if all would send linen on the days scheduled.

Mrs. Sally Fisher

PRE-PRIMARY AND PRIMARY CLASSES

Chapel exercises on Wednesday, March 1 were held by the Pre-primary and Primary groups. Each child was delighted in contributing his or her part toward making his group a success.

Winter weather was discussed and studied as language lessons by the classes. The songs and poems memorized in class were used in the program. With the aid of Mrs. Askew, the music teacher, the tunes were quickly learned.

Dorothy opened the program with a poem, "Winter."

The 9:00 o'clock Primary class sang, "My Snowman" and also recited, "Jack Frost."

"Winter Nights," a very pretty poem, was given most effectively by James, Gradon and John, members of the Primary class. Due to sickness, Sarah was unable to present her verse.

"The Snowman" was sung very sweetly by the 10:30 Pre-primary boys and girls.

The "Snowman," a poem was given by James in a clear, carrying voice so each word was easily understood by the audience.

Odell Strickland, of the Pre-primary class, next recited a winter rhyme.

"Ice Skating, Is Nice Skating" was sung by the 1:00 o'clock Primary class. They presented, "Winter Day" as their next number.

The 2:00 o'clock Pre-primary class concluded the program with the song, "Snowbirds."

Miss Rowena Tull,
Primary and Pre-Primary Teacher

THE DEWEY BUILDING

The girls in the Dewey building are happy these bright, sunny days. We go for walks to the woods and gather wild flowers. While doing so, we talk about the nature of flowers. The girls seem to enjoy it. We brought some dogwood and yellow jasmine and planted them. We are planting other flowers also. All is not play. We do the work in the building. Blanche, Lucille and Helen wash the dishes and Mary cares for the silver. All who are able are expected to make their own beds after which Callie Mae tidies each bed up. After the building is cleaned, some cut and tack rug strings. Jean makes very pretty rugs on the "weave it" frames. Mary chochets rugs of loopers. Mary and Jean do beautiful embroidery work. Some do spool knitting. We all thank the school department for their help.

Mrs. Hughes, crafts teacher, gives us thirty minutes each week. When the girls see her coming, they exclaim, "Oh, Mrs. Hughes is coming." They are always glad to see her. Mrs. Barnes helps a lot by giving us books to read.

Mrs. Dikerson and Mrs. Jones, Matrons

COTTAGE I

Everyone in Cottage I is glad to know springtime is here again. All the winter days were cold and sad, but now that the winter months are gone, we can go for long walks in the woods and gather flowers and enjoy the birds that greet us again with their pretty songs.

We have a very nice time going down the lane to pick the violets that are peeping from the grass. In the woods the trees are turning green, the dogwoods are in full bloom and when the wind passes by it brings us a sweet perfume. All the sky is blue with not a sign of gray. We welcome to our little group, Annie Elizabeth whom we hope is going to like living with us. We are busy these pretty days with our flowers for repoting has to be done in the spring in order to have pretty flowers.

Mrs. Inez Fisher, Matron

COTTAGE IV

Spring is here and we are so glad. It is a treat to all after being "cooped" up all winter to get out in the warm spring sunshine and take long walks through the fields and woods. The children love to go for walks. Suggest going for a walk before them and see how they respond to your suggestion. Such laughing and clapping you have never heard.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Grady, a new matron, to our cottage and hope she is happy in her work with us.

Miss Wagstaf, Matron

CO-OPERATION AGAIN

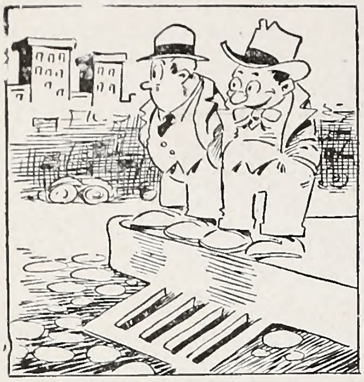
When it comes to co-operation, we really have it at Caswell.

For the past month or so we have had an epidemic of flu and the hospital being filled, we were compelled to put the children to bed in the buildings and cottages; but with the fine co-operation and help of the matrons and attendants, we are now proud to say the flu is almost over.

The entire nursing staff wishes to thank all of you for your loyalty and spirit to help.

Nancy Whitfield, Nurse

Current Wit and Humor

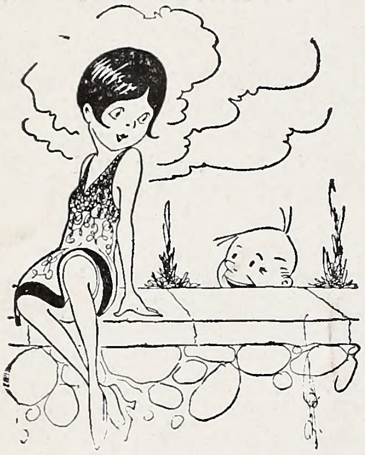


ARTERIES OF TRADE

Visitor to Great City: "My, these streets fairly throb with life."

Host: "Well, they're veritable arteries of trade."

* * *

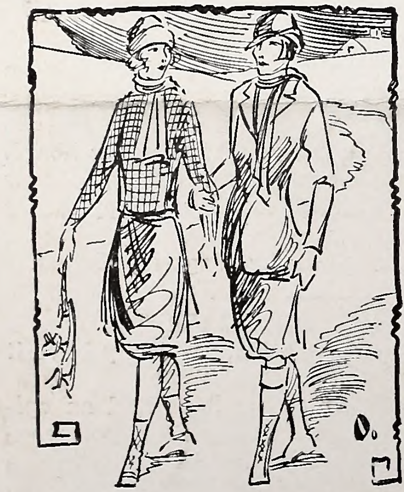


KISSING ALOUD

He: "So you think kissing shouldn't be allowed."

She: "Aloud? Well, not too loud."

* * *

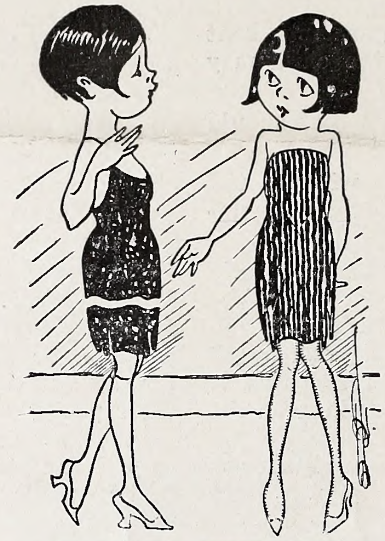


ROUGH STUFF

"Jack broke his leg the other day."

"Heavens! Hockey?"

"No, dancing the charleston."

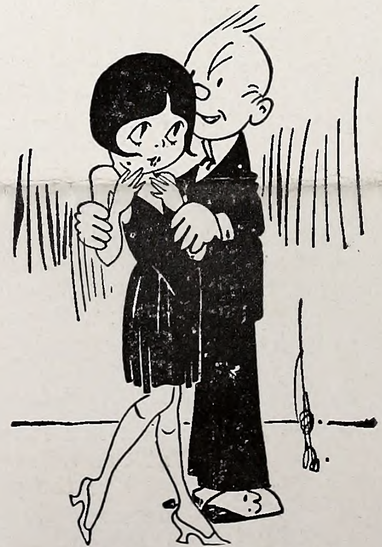


EASY TO FIND OUT

"He said life without me would be impossible."

"And he could easily find out from your former husband what it would be with you."

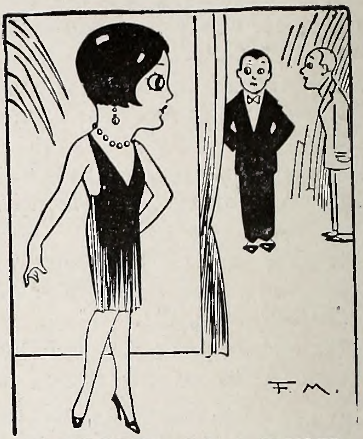
* * *



SOME RESTRICTIONS

He: "Darling, you're mine—all mine!"

She: "But that doesn't give you the privilege of walking all over my feet."

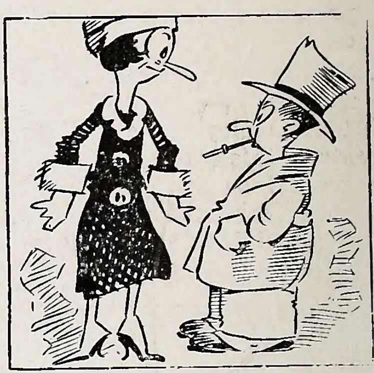


SQUEEZED TO A MUSH

"Gee, but that girl's mushy!"

"Well, she's been squeezed enough."

* * *



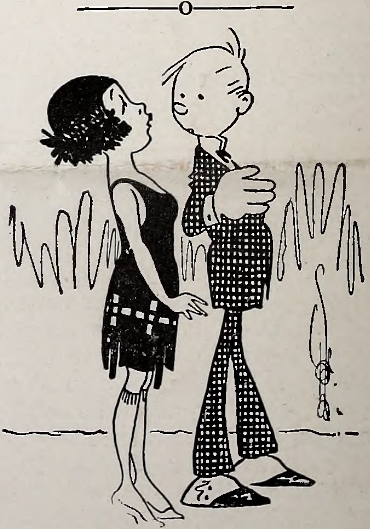
REASON ENOUGH

Miss Sharpe: "So you can find no reason why she refused you?"

Reggie: "I simply cawn't think."

Miss Sharpe: "Wouldn't that be reason enough?"

* * *



STICKPINS

She: "I've been on pins and needles all day."

He: "Yes! I was noticing the pins."

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

The Caswell News

Volume *4*

Number *3*

TODAY IS MINE

I care not
  If today
Is vivid hot
  Or livid grey
With rains
  That shower
Hills and plains,
  Amid each flower.

Nor care I
  Where I be,
Land or sky
  Or roughest sea;
For today
  Is mine to be;
Only God may
  Take it from me!

And no mere man
  Nor petty things
Can ever fan
  The joy it brings;
In each one
  I can see
Work and fun,
  And life for me!

Taken from News and Observer, Raleigh, N. C.

Nellie Lane

MAY, 1939

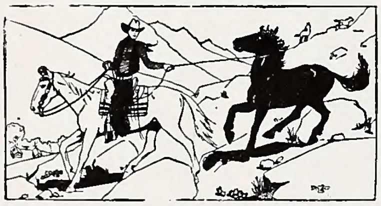
CHILDREN'S PAGE

BRONC

BRONC was a mountain pony with short, sturdy legs and a stocky little body. His life was free and happy, and he spent most of his time wandering about the hills in search of the tenderest grass and clearest streams.

One day, as he dashed over the top of a hill, he was brought to a sudden stop by a lasso pulling tightly about his neck. The cowboy brought him to his new home among strange horses.

Bronco was to be trained and it took many days to learn all the new and difficult things expected of him. It was hard to stand quietly, for instance, when he felt something jump on his back. He always wanted to throw it off by dashing round and round and kicking up his heels.

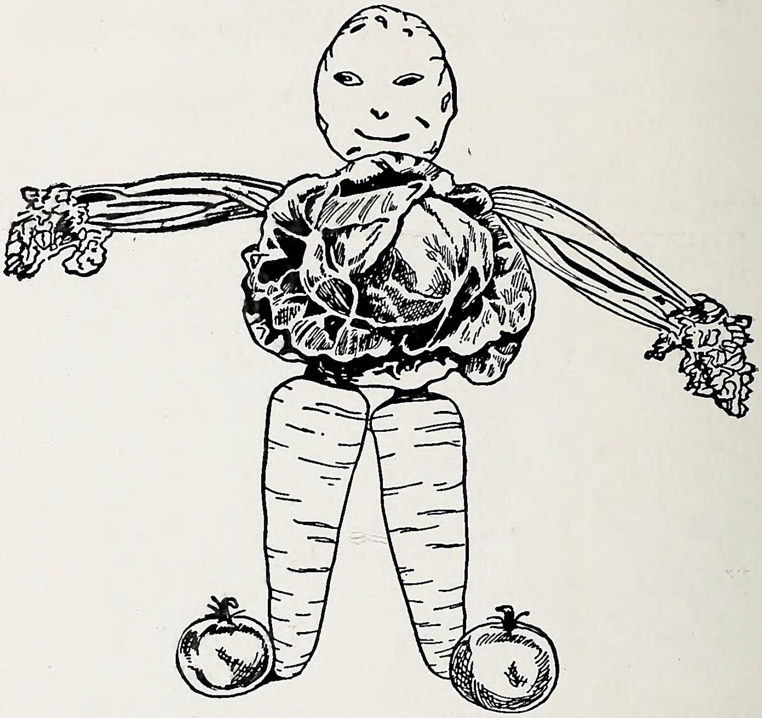


He learned to stop and to go when told to do so, to turn at a tug of the rein, and to follow at the end of a rope without pulling back.

One day he was sold and taken away from the hills where he had always lived. His new home was different from the old, and daily the children were clamoring about him or proudly riding upon his back. One afternoon while standing in his stable he was startled to see two strange boys hiding in the hay. Whispering together they untied the haltar rope, and leading him out through the alley way, jumped on his back. When they had gone a short distance, Bronc felt a sudden jab of pain in his side, and his startled jump only caused a gale of laughter from the boys. In a few moments the same thing happened again, and in fear and pain Bronc dashed ahead at a rapid trot. By this time the boys were bobbing up and down on his back, and their heels were digging into him as they made an effort to cling on. At every dig of their heels the fearful pain would come again, until Bronc was galloping madly, he knew not where. Dashing across a roughly plowed field, Bronc suddenly stumbled and fell. Both boys tumbled to the ground, jumped up, and ran toward home.

Bronc made an effort to get up, but it was useless. One leg was doubled beneath him, and he neighed with pain as he tried to straighten it. Just then he heard the welcome voices of his little masters and mistresses. They led him limping very slowly toward home. Then a clean new bed of straw was made and fresh water brought for him. When the doctor came he said gravely, "Bronc must go back to his mountain home again. There, with rest and care, he will become as strong as ever again."

So Bronc traveled back to the hills, and as he neared his old home he lifted his head to sniff the fresh mountain breeze. The gurgle of the water over the rocks reminded him of the children's voices, with whom he would again be playing as soon as his ankle became strong again.



THE VEGETABLE MAN

I've drawn for you the best I can
A queer little, fat little Vegetable man.
His body's a cabbage, his head's a potato,
His legs are long carrots, each foot's a tomato.
Two slim stalks of celery arms for him make,
And he will be finished if you will just take
Your crayons and color this Vegetable fellow
Green and light brown and scarlet and yellow!
And when you have finished perhaps someone can
Make a vegetable stew, from the Vegetable man.

The Caswell News

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Associate Editor..........Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor..........Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager..........Miss Mary L. Utley

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME SO

"The Birdry"
May 1, 1939

My dear Jennie-Wrenn:

At last I have a moment to write you! If you could only see me hopping here and there trying to click on this machine it would give you a hearty bird laugh! Anyway according to my promise I am starting a letter, since I have found a setting place. You would simply adore my "perch." It is away up under the eaves of a big, big building, free from all hail, sleet and wind, but open to the sunshine and good smells that come from the windows of this building. The girls call it the Children's Dining Room. All I know is three times a day there is a lot of clatter and laughter and I see rows of boys and girls going in the doors, and then is when I get the good smells, as the place is just full of windows! These humans must like sunshine and fresh air as well as good things to eat.

These boys and girls are a swell bunch, for as long as I have been flying around I have never seen a soul shooting or hurling stones at any of our kin, but more of the boys and girls later. Right now I want you to get a picture of my lovely surroundings. From my perch on the house top I can see the entire group of buildings with their well laid grounds which make up this place known as Caswell Training School. When I caught my first glimpse early one morning I longed so to be an "artist bird" instead of just an ordinary "talking bird." Nevertheless I'll tell you all I see and maybe some day a Byrd will be able to paint the picture with all its marvelous color and symmetry.

As you fly toward the school the first thing you see is the superintendent's home, gleaming white and stately among the grove of old oaks. As you get closer you discover it is really an estate with its formal and informal walks and gardens. Flowers of every description, from some of the rarest to some of the more ordinary kinds, clustered, banked and landscaped with lovely shrubs and small trees. It is a paradise for our people and truly dozens of them live in the oaks, red buds, dogwoods and mimosa trees as well as in the grape vines and creepers in the rear. A very unique thing about this home, the grounds of which cover several acres, makes no difference how you approach it, whether north, south, east or west, it is lovely. Even the banks of the canal at the end of the estate are covered with flowers and a rustic bridge. The outdoor living room seems to be quite a favorite spot with the family as well as their guest. Many the evenings on my way to "the Birdry" I have watched a group sitting around the fireplace, looking so happy and contented, making a beautiful picture with the trees and shrubbery forming a living green wall. Jennie-Wrenn, it is just like our mother bird used to tell us, "lovely surroundings are conducive to lovely thoughts and lovely thoughts produce lovely characters." That is why I've decided to make this my home.

Well my dear, you are beginning to see now why I promised to write you a series of letters. I have only given you a glimpse of Dr. and Mrs. Register's home and that is just at the beginning of the picture. Later, I will take you on up the avenue and tell you of some of the people responsible for all this beauty and happiness and hope to make you see Caswell as we see it and love it, but now I must rest. My toes are worn to the quick and this "type machine" has gotten stuck and I hear a human coming in. So long, more soon.

Yours in the telling world,
Gertie Bird.

NEWS FROM THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The annual spring program of the school department will be given Thursday night, May 11, at eight o'clock in the school auditorium. This will be sponsored by the music department.

This year we are planning a spring festival, featuring a concert of spring songs and dances. The program will culminate in the crowning of the May Queen and the traditional Maypole Dance, danced by sixteen girls.

Approximately fifty boys and girls will take part in the program, using children from each class room and department.

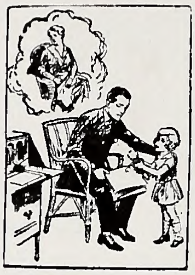
Wednesday morning, May 3, we had a most enjoyable program for the children and attendants. Mrs. John Lambert, director of music in the Harvey Elementary School of Kinston, brought a group of her pupils from the first, second and third grades and presented a program for us. There was the rhythm band, the choir and a short operetta, "The Three Little Pigs."

This was a most generous courtesy from Mrs. Lambert and the city schools and we sincerely thank them for the pleasure they brought to our children.

Mrs. Ramon Askew, Music Teacher.

DO YOU OWE MOTHER A LETTER?

THERE have been many sermons written for women. This is for men, and its test is, "Don't Forget to Write to Mother." Women don't need this sermon, because they do not forget. But a man is liable to be neglectful of family ties and to forget how lonely and desolate are those who sit in the twilight of old age beside solitary hearthstones and who wander through empty rooms listening to the gay young voices that are silenced. This is not because men are lacking in natural affection. It is because they become so absorbed in their own affairs, and are so swallowed up in their business and their interests in their own pleasures and their own wives and children, that they cease to realize there is another claim upon them.


TOO BUSY!

Perhaps in the whole of human life there is no such ironic contrast between our noble ideals and our faltering deeds as is shown in the way the average man treats his mother. His affection for her is his profoundest emotion, least expressed.

He may not neglect her entirely. He may pat himself on the back and think he is a good son because he has given her the little house in which she lives, if she is poor, and sends her a monthly allowance.

But he doesn't write to her. He leaves the correspondence to his wife, or to the children. Occasionally he may write a letter to her—a short, formal, concise, businesslike letter that has about as much heart in it as if he were writing to a broker to inquire the price of stocks.

The man's excuse is that he is too busy to write. Maybe so, but mother was never too busy to answer his call when he needed her. She was never too busy to hunt the spool of thread he wanted for his kite, or to wash the little shirt he needed when he wanted to go out with other boys.

Too busy to write to mother! But she, Mr. Man, was never too busy to do every possible thing for you. You forget to write to mother. But never for a single second in all your life has mother forgotten you.

How empty such excuses must sound to the old lady who is waiting patiently and uncomplainingly for a letter from the son who is still a child to her, no matter if to the rest of the world he looks a stout, bald-headed old gentleman. To her he is the world and all there is of interest in it. His success is her triumph. The smallest thing that concerns him is of greater importance to her than the rise and fall of empires. And if he does not take the trouble to write to her and let her share in his hopes and joys and plans and acheivements, her lot is desolate indeed.

Therefore, you who read these lines, sit down at once and write to your mother a long, human, gossipy letter, telling her all that you are doing and thinking and seeing.

Don't let your mother be one of those poor, neglected women who watch every day for the coming of the mail man, and when he passes them by turn sorrowfully and dejectedly away, wondering why the letter that they look for never comes.

We talk insistently and loudly about the opinion-making power of the world and too frequently we think it is generated in those large places of concourse where men foregather for legislation and trade We seem to think the fine sentiments of life spring out of occasions where crowds wait breathless upon the spoken word. The real place in which the more wholesome influences and convictions of our life are formed is, or ought to be, the home, and in the forming of these influences or convictions the mother holds a supreme place. Cowper wrote one of his noblest poems on receiving his mother's portrait, and much of the inspiration of genius has had its sacred promptings in response to a mother's love.

If, as a nation, we can maintain unimpaired, at its highest worth, the mother influence, we need not be concerned about those things that are most vitally related to our nearest and dearest interests. More important than all our legislation, than all our expanding commerce, than all our piled-up wealth, is the unsullied purity of motherhood and those mighty influences that make for moral regeneration and the stabilizing of character that proceed from a mother's high consecration to what is best and noblest in life.

Mother's Day—a beautiful tribute to the mothers of the world. But let us stop for a moment and consider all this talk about mothers today not being like our grandmothers. We hear that young mothers today are filled with the newfangled ideas. Nevertheless the enlightenment which she has received and which grandmother tabooed is in reality conducive to real happiness.

I SAW a host of nodding flowers,
Fluttering about like morning hours,
Or new-green leaves in April showers;
On Mother's day.

THEY bloomed in gowns of fluffy white,
Two big brown eyes were sparkling bright,
Ah, they were such a dainty sight,
On Mother's day.

AND yet a tear dropped in my cup
When I sat down with them to sup,
For no one came to pluck them up,
On Mother's day.

Some Psychological Notes

The psychologist at Caswell Training School has been devoting part of her time to give mental examination to individuals referred to her by public welfare departments and other public agencies with the view of getting diagnoses and recommendations. At times it is not difficult to make a diagnosis as in the case of definite mental deficiency. At other times, however, this may not be quite as simple as when mental deficiency is complicated by emotional disorders or when mental disease alone rather than mental deficiency exists. Furthermore, unless the results of mental examinations are utilized to benefit the individual and others concerned, mental examinations are mere playthings. The endeavors of a psychologist are therefore not only to make a correct diagnosis of each case but also to give the best possible recommendations for dealing with the person in question.

In order to achieve these ends mentioned above, it is necessary to have as much information as possible of the individual's personal history, family history, environment and the present difficulties. Unfortunately, on many occasions those agencies responsible for getting such information fail to supply the psychologist in this institution with it, making it difficult for her to be of as much help as she might be.

It is perhaps useless to give many examples of such occurrences, though one may be of interest. Sometime ago the psychologist was called long distance by an agency and asked for an immediate mental examination of a small colored boy who presented some definite emergency problems. When an appointment was made for the next day it was thought that surely someone who was well acquainted with the history of the case would accompany the boy so that an adequate interview could be conducted. Instead, someone else came with the child who knew absolutely nothing about the case and all the information presented to the examiner was incorporated in a short letter of two paragraphs. This boy happened to have presented serious problems in the home and community and the question was whether he was a mental defective, a psychotic or both and to give recommendations accordingly. We all know that physicians desire a great deal of information prior to making a physical examination which aids him in the diagnosis and treatment of the case, so why expect a psychologist to make a mental examination without supplying him or her with adequate preliminary information?

As stated in a previous article of this magazine, we are glad to render all psychological service possible to various state agencies, but please supply the psychologist with adequate information on the case so that she may be able to give you the best advice. It is difficult at times to know what is most important to include in a written history, so the best solution would be if, in addition to the written information, someone well acquainted with the case, like the social worker, who not only works with the individual but also has the required academic training, were to accompany the patient rather than one who knows little of the problems.

"How long will it take for my child to get well?" This is still a frequent question asked by parents whose children are admitted to Caswell Training School. Of course, we take pains to explain to these parents that mental defective children cannot be cured but only trained to the limit of their capacities. Many parents of mentally deficient children have for years harbored the vain hope that their mental defective children will in time become perfectly normal and it is therefore difficult to reconcile themselves suddenly to the fact that their youngsters will remain subnormal. Representatives of state agencies, especially public health men and social workers, could do much to help educate the public in an effort to overcome this misconception. In many instances we find that many parents who could hardly afford it have uselessly spent money going from one physician to another to seek "cures" for their mental defective children.

* * *

In this connection it should also be mentioned that many people regard the child's learning to read and write a sign of cure. Some parents have felt that we have been failing in our duties when their children have not learned reading or writing in a given period of time. Others, on the other hand, have felt greatly encouraged by the mere fact that their children have shown signs of learning these subjects. As said above, mental defectives will profit from training only as much as their capacities will permit them but no more. The higher grade mental defectives slowly learn some reading and writing, the amount and quality depending on their mental capacities. An individual having a mentality of, say, an eight year old child, irrespective of his actual age, will as a result of teaching, learn as much of academic subjects as a normal eight year old child. But an individual whose mentality is that of a two, three or four year old child could not be expected to learn such subjects.

* * *

In most of the applications which we receive for the admission of children, it is indicated that the child in question is "very nervous." Although some neural involvements do cause a certain proportion of mental defectives to show greater emotionality than is commonly found among intellectually normal children, most of those who are supposedly "very nervous" are in reality not very much characterized by this trait after they have been admitted to this institution. In most of these cases results of interviews and mental examinations reveal that prior to admission more was expected of the individual than he was able to do with his limited capacity. Many children with mentalities of no more than three or four are sent to the regular school grades. Naturally, not being able to keep up with other pupils, and in general having only limited understanding of what is going on in the class room may result in restlessness and other manifestations which are mistaken for "nervousness." The same is true in homes when adults expect subnormal children to do more than their mental capacities will permit. Understanding the child's mentality and to deal with him accordingly would be healthier for the child and for those dealing with him.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

SIDE LIGHTS

ONCE worship as a divinity old Sol is being made to act as a cook in these scientific days and work for those who some centuries ago would have been his worshipers. From France comes the information that Jules Guillot is using the sun as a power plant to furnish electricity to light and heat his home. A large mirror device draws enough solar energy to fill his storage batteries. Dr. C. G. Abbot of the Smithsonian institution, contriving a solar cooker by utilizing sun heat and oil, baked bread and roasted meat. He even cooked meals on top of Mt. Whitney surrounded by snow and found he could get a meal faster than at lower levels because the sun's rays had less density of atmosphere to penetrate.

SOLAR cookers for some time have been used in India and Egypt and the invention of the first contrivance of this kind is attributed to an Englishman, Adams, a Bombay official, nearly 60 years ago. It was shaped like an eight-sided pyramid turned upside down, hollow and lined with mirrors. Sun's rays were reflected by the mirrors on a cylindrical copper pot with a glass cover. When he had the sun and his cooker co-operating satisfactorily Adams could get a meal for seven men in two hours. Being in India he probably had a native boy watch the sun oven.

SUN also is useful for distilling drinking water in countries where, if you imbide the fluid as it is, you get a malignant germ. Salinas, Chile, distills on a considerable scale. Glass roofing over an area of somewhat more than 51,000 square feet is placed above a shallow tank. Water evaporated by the sun condenses on the glass and by means of gutters is carried to containers. Yield is 5,000 gallons of distilled water a day. Soldiers on African campaigns carry portable distillers so they will have safe drinking water and residents of southern California get "hot" water from roof tanks warmed by the sun.

KING PAUL of Tavolara has his place in the sun, although not a large one when compared with other rulers who hold public attention. Paul is only 11 years of age and is somewhat handicapped by the size of his dominions—a little island in the Mediterranean. He rules not quite 100 loyal subjects, most of whom devote their time to catching sardines. They do not call him the "sardine king," however. Little Tavolara is accustomed to royal rule, having had kings for 85 years, and young Paul's occupancy of the throne is due to a grant made by King Charles Albert of Savoy as far back as 1843. Paul intends to make his country better known by encouraging tourists to visit him and taking a few trips about the world to see what there is to see and let the world know there is a king in Tavolara.

GATHERERS of magnesium salts in grim Death Valley purify this product by dissolving it in water heated by copper coils under sheets of glass, which attract a maximum of the sun's rays. Back in 1878 a Frenchman demonstrated he could operate a printing press with sun power and his solar engine was the means of issuing the Sun Journal, a small daily paper. Sun power outfits for irrigation are operated in the Nile valley of Egypt and in French possessions in north Africa.

FROM England came the announcement recently that you can carry sunshine in your pocket. All you have to do is ask the chemist, who corresponds to our drug store proprietor, for sunshine pills. They contain vitamin D which, it is explained, is obtained through the ultra violet light acting upon a definite chemical substance. The sunshine pill is said to taste like chocolate. Heat, light, power, medicine and a good coat of beach tan are only some of the things the sun is doing for us these days.

ALL snowballs are not made of snow, at least not for motion picture purposes. One of the imitations fashioned recently was of metal, wire and plaster of paris and measured six feet in diameter. It was contrived so an actor could roll down hill in it while the camera took shots. Inhabitants of the snowball got in by a trap door. The heavy ball was hauled by horse and sled up the hill and then let go. Figures compiled recently show that 20,000,000 of our citizens attend motion pictures daily and 25,000 miles of film are handled each day at the film exchanges.

UNITED STATES is rated as the largest producer of leather in the world, but we do not supply all our raw material. Far from it, according to recent government reports. These show that of the total hides and skins tanned annually in this country we import more than 22 per cent of the cattle hides, about 50 per cent of the calf skins and nearly all of the goat and kid skins.

SOUTH AMERICA sends us large shipments of cattle hides, Australia and New Zealand contributes sheep pelts, European countries calfskins and India goatskins. We had to increase our exports considerably the past year, however, because of a general scarcity of cattle hides and calfskins elsewhere.

CHILDREN during the middle ages played with dolls, horses and other creations of gingerbread and the London stall markets had them to tempt the youngsters and induce the parent to buy. Gilt gingerbread also was a staple offering at the fairs. When Richard II of England was born, gingerbread dolls were distributed to the people.

THE HOSPITAL

We were all glad to get our new equipment in the hospital and we are doing our best to take care of it. Our working children have shown some fine work in helping keep the hospital clean and sanitary. Each working child has a special duty and learns to do it well before starting something else. Our aim is to make the children happy here and teach them all we can. We want them to feel like it is their home and their duty to help keep it clean.

With all of our remodeling going on we will soon have everything cleaned up for the summer. We are always glad to have visitors come in to see us and we appreciate helpful hints.

We are glad to welcome to our nursing staff, Miss Prince who has been here about six weeks. We hope she will like her work here.

R. Snuggs, Nurse

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COTTAGE VI

We are all glad that spring is here with its warm weather and flowers because it seems to bring vacation time nearer and nearer and that is what some of our little folks live for: It seems to be the happiest moment of their lives when they get a letter from home inviting them to spend a while with their people in the summer.

All of Cottage VI and Cottage VII boys seemed to enjoy themselves immensely Easter. They were taken by their matrons away from the cottages for an Easter egg hunt. Of course some found more than others, but all of the eggs were found and divided equally among them. After they had eaten their eggs the boys all climbed trees and played until time to go back to the cottages for supper and seemed as tired and happy as they did at Christmas.

We are trying to improve our cottage by making new curtains and having some flower stands made. We have also done a lot of new painting. We have painted our linen shelf and flower stands. After the cold weather has completely gone, we are planning on planting a variety of flower seed in our new porch boxes. I think with all of the new curtains up and flowers in bloom our cottage will look much improved.

Miss Hardison and Miss Gray, Matrons.

o

AUSTIN A

For the past few months I have been working with the girls in Austin A. Now that spring is here, we have been very busy picking strawberries and helping with various other tasks. The children all seem happy that winter has gone and they can spend much of their time out in the sunshine at work and play.

We often go for a walk down the highway and spend a while at the sunhouse. There we have such beautiful surroundings. The grass around the houses is so pretty and green and directly in front of us is the Neuse River whose winding way is vividly portrayed by the mass of green foliage. The many beautiful blossoming flowers about us perfume the air as well as beautify the surroundings. We are looking forward to more outdoor life as it will not be long before there will be beans to pick and many other things to do. We also enjoy our work in the building and we strive to keep Austin A looking its best.

Miss Katherine Thomas, Matron.

COTTAGE I

In Cottage I we have twenty-two little girls. We are glad to welcome Annie and Carolyn to our group. We also have two visitors, Cora Lee and Nettie. They are with us temporarily until this building is repaired. They all enjoy Cora Lee so much as she is much older than they and likes to mother them.

Each child is assigned a task and knows what it is. Each morning they go to their work without being told. Four girls eat at one table and set it for a week until all have had their turn. So it is with washing dishes, sweeping and making beds.

Most of the girls are busy practicing their spring dance as school will soon be out. Some children go home for a short vacation, but they are always glad to get back.

Gladys F. Happer, Matron.

o

COTTAGE II

With much cooler weather mother nature has bestowed upon us this second day of May, we wish to thank her for the warm beautiful days we have had and the pretty flowers that come to greet us as we take our girls for walks in the woods and along the roadsides. We also wish to welcome our little newcomer, Betty Lou, who seems very happy in her new home and everyone is happy to have her come live with us.

Miss Meadows, Matron.

o

COTTAGE IV

The children in Cottage IV are very happy these cold windy days even though they cannot get out of doors very much. They are contented to sit and play with their beads, blocks, pegs and other indoor playthings.

Everyone looks forward to show night and is very disappointed if it happens to be a rainy night and they cannot go.

We are glad to see Dr. Register able to be back with us.

Miss Wagstaf, Matron.

o

DEWEY BUILDING

The Dewey Building girls are having a very nice time these pretty spring days working with our flowers. We also are enjoying shelling peanuts to plant. We go to walk some time and gather wild flowers. We do get such a thrill out of that. Mary and Jean delight in gathering flowers for our dining room. We are glad to have Dr. Register back with us as he has been very sick.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Dickerson, Matrons.

o

DAWSON BUILDING

Everything is moving on very well with us at the present and we are glad that Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Carter are again with us after their recent illness.

We still have four children in the hospital and we hope for them a speedy recovery for we miss them very much in our ward.

We do appreciate the new window screens we are getting put into our building. So many thanks to everyone concerned in having or getting them for us.

Mrs. Justice, Matron.

A Smile A Day Keeps Old Age Away

If your life is a grind, use it to sharpen your wit; comical things happen to and around every one of us every day; even the troublesome irritating things have their funny side to the man who has thrown away his blue goggles.

Harold—"There's the handkerchief you dropped last night, dear. I slept with it under my pillow, and I've kissed it a thousand times."

Alice—"That isn't my handkerchief. That's little Fifi's sweater."

* * *

"Her niece is rather good looking, eh?"

"Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are.'"

* * *

Host (at dinner): "You know it is said that the mustard people make their money not by what is eaten, but by what is left on the sides of plates."

Fair Guest: "Yes; but what always puzzles me is how they collect it."

* * *

"Mighty mean man I's wukkin fer."

"What's de mattah?"

"Took de laigs off de w'eelbarruh, so's I kain't set it down an' rest."

* * *

The Master (to his servant): "I told you to put my coat in the sun to dry. Have you done so?"

"Yes, sir."

"And has the dampness gone?"

"I don't know; the coat has gone."

* * *

"The doctor will see you inside," said the nurse to the patient as she helped him on to the operating table.

* * *

Friendly German (to waiter)—"Wie gehts?"

Waiter—"One order of wheat cakes."

German—"Nein, nein!"

Waiter—"Nine? Boy, you sure are hungry!"

* * *

Traffic Judge, 1950—"Wrong side of the cloud, eh? Fifty dollars and costs."—Baltimore Sun.

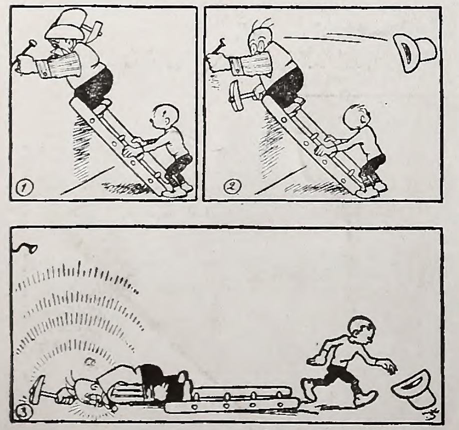
* * *

Salesman: "How much is Bill Jones good for?"

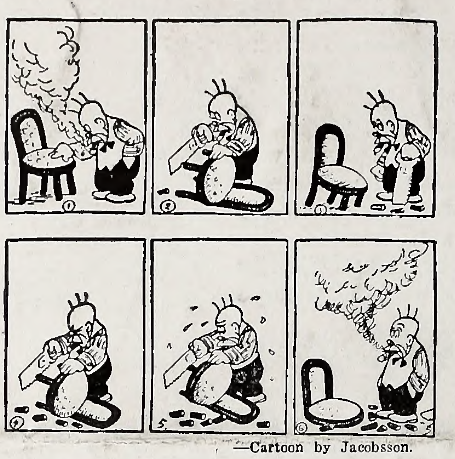
Credit Man: "Does he own an automobile?"

Salesman: "No."

Credit Man: "Let him have all he wants."



Cartoon by Jacobsson.



—Cartoon by Jacobsson.

Doctor (examining unconscious engineer): "Did that automobile hit his engine?"

Fireman: "No, the driver slowed up to let the train go by and the engineer fainted."—Woman's World.

* * *

Mistress to Maid: "Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand it any more."

* * *

English Teacher: "Michael, when I have finished you may repeat what I have said, in your own words:

"See the cow. Isn't she pretty? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as a horse? No, she cannot run as fast as the horse."

Michael: "Lamp de cow. Ain't she a beaut? Kin de cow hustle in wid de horse? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid de horse!"—Bowen Arrow.

* * *

At a lodge entertainment a woman had just finished singing "My Old Kentucky Home" when a brother was seen to be in tears. "Are you from Kentucky?" asked the brother beside him. "No," said the tearful one, "I am a musician."—Ex.

* * *

Judge—"I fine you $1.10 for beating your wife."

Prisoner—"I don't object to the dollar, but what's the ten cents for?"

"Judge—"That's the federal tax on amusements."

* * *

He—"You see, we've gone into truck farming."

Visitor—"You can't fool me, you don't raise trucks, they come from a factory."

* * *

Mrs. Nut (handing her husband a saucerful of white powder): "John, taste that and tell me what you think it is."

Mr. Nut: "It tastes like soda."

Mrs. Nut: That's what I told Bridget. She declares it is rat poison. Taste it again to make sure."

Captain: "All hands on deck. The ship is leaking."

Voice from the Hold: "Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed."—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

* * *

Teacher: "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

Scholar: "Yes ma'am."

Teacher: And what do we do with the bones?"

Scholar: "We leave them on the side of our plate."

* * *

"Do you think autos are ruining the younger generation?"

"No, I think the younger generation is ruining the autos."—New York Medley.

* * *

Lady: "I want a nice book for an invalid."

Librarian: "Yes, madam. Something religious."

Lady: "Er—no—not now. He's convalescent."—Humorist.

* * *

Wife, reading: "It says here they have found a long-legged sheep in the Himalaya mountains that can run 40 miles an hour."

Her Hubby: "Well, it would take a lamb like that to follow Mary nowadays."

* * *

Judge: "You say you have known the defendant here all your life. Now tell the jury whether you think he would be guilty of stealing this money."

Witness: "How much was it?"—Hardware Age.

* * *

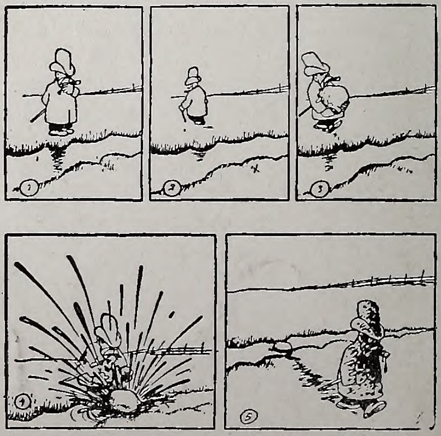
Housewife: "We are going to get an electric washer, so we won't need you any more."

Laundress: "All right, lady, but an electric washer don't give you no gossip."

* * *

Harold: "Ouch! I bumped my crazy bone!"

Alkali Al: "Oh, well, comb your hair right and the bump won't show."



—Cartoon by Jacobsson.

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The Caswell News

Volume
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"They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.
Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.
Laugh like a baby at splendors that have sped,
To vanquished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.
Though deep in mire wring not your hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say 'I can.'
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.
Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost thou reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.
Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sin may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven."

Walter Malone

JUNE, 1939

CHILDREN'S PAGE

FRED'S MAGIC DIME

FRED was tossing the magic dime from one hand to the other when it slipped through his fingers and almost rolled into a crack in the sidewalk.

"You'll lose it if you don't look out," Joe warned him.

"I shouldn't want to lose it," Fred answered thoughtfully, as he tucked it away in his purse. "But sometimes I think I should like to get rid of it somehow, just to show that I could. It's queer how it always comes back, even when I'm sure it is gone."

Joe laughed. "You want to get rid of it and keep it, too, don't you? Well, I'll tell you how."

"You can't lose a thing and keep it, too," replied Fred.

"You can if you will do just as I tell you," insisted Joe.

"All right, tell me," said Fred.

"Go to the corner grocery, and buy twelve tomato plants. They have lots of them now; and they're a good kind. Father used to be a gardner, you know. I helped him, and I'll help you. You started me in business, and I'll start you."

"You mean for me to sell the tomatoes? The dime would come straight back if I did?"

"Try it, and see," chuckled Joe.

Fred knew Joe's ideas were good, so he bought the tomato plants. Joe helped him set them out along the backyard fence, where the earth was mellow and the sun shone all day. Later, Joe said, they could tie the vines to the palings, and that would save stakes.

Fred kept the ground well stirred around the roots, and the rain and sunshine did the rest. The vines grew very fast. Joe tied them up to the fence. Soon they blossomed. The flowers were tiny yellow things—not at all pretty. But the blossoms became tiny green balls; and the balls swelled, and turned pink and then scarlet.

"Don't you pick one until it is dead ripe. I'll tell you when," Joe cautioned him. "That's what people like. Mother says almost everything on the market is picked too green, and therefore is tasteless. Let them get really ripe, and you can sell them all summer at ten cents a dozen."

It was days after the tomatoes looked ripe that Joe said one morning, "I think now you can get about three dozen that are ready."

"That many are sold now," cried Fred gleefully. "Mother spoke for a dozen, and so did your mother and Mrs. Drew."

He picked them, and put them in a basket as carefully as if they were eggs. Then he delivered them, and collected the money.

"I told Joe it would come back!" he exclaimed, rattling the three dimes in his hand. Then he stopped and stared at them. Which was the magic dime? He couldn't even guess. They looked exactly alike, and he didn't even know which was given him first.

"Now I know what you meant," he said to Joe that night when he showed him the dimes. "I don't know which is the magic dime."

"And that's only the beginning," added Joe.

He was right; for before the end of the week Fred had three more dimes. It was a moist, warm summer, and the tomatoes grew, and blossomed, and ripened until frost came. Fred had no difficulty in selling them all. He could have sold three times as many, they were so big and ripe and smooth and red. So the dimes kept coming, faster and faster. Lucy Drew made a verse about it:

"Fred is making money now, almost every day;
Dimes to spend, dimes to lend, dimes to give away."

Fred thought it a very clever rhyme. He used to say it over to himself while he was gathering his tomatoes:

"Dimes to spend, dimes to lend, dimes to give away."

He had heard people say that money doesn't grow on bushes. "I say it does," he thought. "Mine does, on vines, anyway. Dimes and more dimes!"

What wonderful dimes they were! So small, and yet what good things they could do for him and for others. He was sure the magic dime had come back; but he couldn't tell which it was. So he concluded that they were all magic dimes.

Each year Fred planted his tomato garden and each year his profits grew more and more. It was not long before he had a neat little bank account which he had built up from the sale of his tomatoes which the neighbors were eager to buy from him.

The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor........F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor........Miss Edith Wladkowski
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ENTERING CHILDREN AT CASWELL

To enter a child at Caswell Training School does not take influence. We try to treat all alike and we try to take children on a population basis but this is not always done as there are so many things to take into consideration.

In the first place, we must have room for the particular kind of child seeking entrance. If an idiot, we must have room in the building where the idiot is to be placed and it must be in the male or female building as the sex of the child requires. We have two buildings for idiots, housing male and female. We cannot take more than the capacity of these buildings. Room only comes by death. We must have considerable help for these buildings because every child in these buildings has to be cared for by some one else as these children are not able to care for themselves. Their mental ages run from six months to three years. Every minute, day and night, they are under watchful care. Other groups are segregated into buildings and groups according to mental age and chronological age. Children that come to our school are placed in one of ten or more groups and we find it of the greatest importance to group them correctly if there is to be any peace in our large family.

Those Whom We Do Not Take

We do not take epileptics. There is a colony for these unfortunates in Raleigh. We do not take pregnant girls, children with tuberculosis, children under six or over twenty-one years of age, and those who are mentally sick. There is such a thing as being mentally sick and at the same time mentally deficient. There should be a place for these unfortunates. We have room for probably only ten percent of those who need our care.

Home For Life

The large majority of children entering Caswell Training School are coming here for life and we are trying to make it a real home with all the training that goes with that great word, **Home.** So we have to go into each child's case very carefully so that the 735 children that are already here will not be upset and have undone all the good that we have already accomplished. First we have the application filled out, giving us all the information about the child that it is possible to get, then we like to see the child and have an examination made by our psychologist. By this means we come to a somewhat definite conclusion as to what we can do. It is all out of reason to expect us to take a child without definite arrangements having been made with the welfare officer to take the child for life. Just because a child is a misfit in the home or community it is not expected for us to take it regardless of room or other conditions. We have a rather small institution for a great state like North Carolina.

Caswell Training School is not a penal institution. No one is sentenced here. We keep children not by locks or bar but by kindness and human beings always respond to kindness.—F. M. R.

A TRIBUTE

June twelfth is a very important date in the history of Caswell Training School! It was on June 12, 1914, that Mrs. Florence Leonard, our beloved head-matron first came to the school as supervisor of children or house-mother. Since that time the school and the friends of the school have witnessed twenty-five years of gracious, beautiful living—twenty-five years of loyal, devoted service that is rarely equaled in any organization or in the life of any individual. Mrs. Leonard was here when the first child was admitted and has seen the growth and development of a struggling school into the well-organized institution of today—an institution that is touching vitally the welfare of the entire state and renders unique service in that it is the only institution in the state for the care and protection of exceptional children. Mrs. Leonard herself has been a vital force in the growth of the school. In connection with her position as house-mother and head-matron she has performed a mulitplicity of duties from catering to gardening! More than one Governor of North Carolina and other dignitaries in and out of the state can attest to her excellent cooking and her charm as hostess at banquets and receptions. Mrs. Leonard still has time for flowers and her culinary arts are unexcelled! Both service and years have only added to the innate modesty and sweetness of a truly great character. Duties well performed with no thought of praise or reward other than a sense of doing one's best is the record of the years, and the result is the respect and love of every child at the school. Her devotion to duty, her loyalty to the school, her patience and courtesy in dealing with the children is an inspiration and is worthy of emulation.

I repeat, June 12 is a "red letter day" in the history of the Caswell Training School and words are inadequate when one tries to appraise the value of such a life to the institution. M. L .U.

The Life of . . . Booker T. Washington

"It is safe to say that the little Negro boy, who began life under such great handicaps, became one of the most highly respected of the world's citizens."

—Wm. McKinley

UP FROM slavery came Booker T. Washington. His is a story to thrill even the most calloused. He was born in a log cabin in Virginia, some time in 1858 or 1859, the exact day and date being unknown. His earliest impressions are those of the recollections of living with slaves, and undergoing the hardships incident to such a life. The cabin was 16x14 feet in size, and into this, without windows, the family was crowded. No wooden floor, no stove, no bed for the children, even the bare necessities of slave life were lacking. The mother was the plantation cook and all cooking was done over an open fireplace.

When mealtime came they were never called around the table. The children were given pieces of bread and hunks of meat as though they were animals, and wherever they could find a place to eat, there they went. Often they had nothing to eat out of but their hands. Never could the lad Booker remember grace being said before a meal. His work even as a boy was the most difficult. He never had an opportunity to play, for the slave duties were pressing. He was about eight years old when the slaves were liberated. The family moved to West Virginia where Booker found a place in the salt mines, and began working at four in the morning and continued at it until he would almost drop from exhaustion at night.

Years before he had learned about school, but never had an opportunity of attending one—though there lingered in his mind a desire to learn to read and write. This seemed like going to Paradise to him, that he might go to school and be like white children. He discovered a dictionary, and eagerly he learned the alphabet. At that time there was not a single Negro that he knew that could either read or write. His mother, though totally ignorant, encouraged him all she could to go on and learn to read. Someone opened a school in the little town for colored children, and a young Negro was placed in charge. Since his father would not permit him to attend in the daytime, he persuaded the teacher to give him a few lessons at night, so anxious was the boy to learn to read. Later he was allowed to attend, provided he continued to work in the mines. From four in the morning until nine, when school opened, he worked, and after school hours he returned again to the mines.

Nothing could stop the lad with such ambitions as his. One day he heard two men in the mine talking about a school for colored boys some distance away. He found out that they could pay part of their board, and learn a trade at the same time by working for the school. At once there arose a desire in his soul to attend. He managed to save a little money, and determined to succeed; he walked to the school, known as Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. He walked the entire distance, and, as a result, his clothes were worn and torn, his shoes gone, and he appeared like a tramp. So the teacher was unwilling to take him in.

The furniture needed cleaning, and he was told to clean it, to see how well he would work. He worked the hardest he ever did in his life to be sure that there wasn't even a speck of dust or dirt remaining. When the teacher returned to inspect his work, she said, "I guess you will do to enter this institution." He said that the sweeping of the room was his college entrance examinations, and never did any boy or girl pass Yale's or Harvard's examinations with greater satisfaction.

Three years he spent in this school. Soon his mind became cleared, and he learned with ease. Through sheer grit and nerve he worked his way to the head of the class. Most of his books were borrowed, for he was unable to buy them. After finishing his course, so brilliant had been his record that he was made teacher in the institute, and was placed over a group of Indians. Through the interest of a teacher, Miss Nathalie Lord, he was taught public speaking. It was she that also introduced him to the study of the Bible. On Sundays he would speak to Sunday schools. When his course was completed he returned to his home to teach school.

In May, 1881, a letter came asking Hampton Institute to nominate someone to take charge of a normal school for the colored people at Tuskegee, Alabama. Booker was recommended and accepted for this place of leadership. It was then that his life's work began. He started his work with thirty pupils in an old shanty. It was not long until the shanty became too small for those that desired to attend. So Washington saw his opportunity of getting a disused plantation house, provided he could raise $500. Soon the money was gathered and the school moved into its larger premises. He refers to the first work of Tuskegee as "teaching school in a stable and henhouse."

Ofttimes old colored people would come to him with some eggs and say, "God knows I spent de bes' days of my life in slavery; God knows I's ignorant and poor; but I knows youse is tryin' to make better men and women out of these colored boys and girls. I ain't got no money; take dese six eggs, and put dem into the eddication of dese boys and girls."

Rapidly the school began to grow. The colored people became so interested in it that they would bring animals to it so that the colored student might be trained by them. Soon the school had two hundred horses, calves, mules, and seven hundred pigs, sheep and goats. It became necessary to enlarge the buildings, and it was but a few years until 1,100 students were enrolled and eighty-six teachers and officers were employed. During those early years the school was so poor that it could not afford bedsteads and mattresses, so the students had to sleep on the floor. Even on the coldest night, Washington said that the conditions were so intense that he himself would be unable to sleep, worrying about the students. Three students were frostbitten one night. But nothing could deter them from their desire to get an education.

Faithful work finally won a place for Tuskegee in the hearts of the nation. The colored students graduated and filled positions of trust and leadership, and the south learned that Booker T. Washington, the boy who came up from slavery, was filling a real need. He was called everywhere to lecture, and to raise money. He became one of America's greatest orators, and he addressed the largest audiences in America. Wherever he went he raised the colored man in the estimation of the people. He became a great friend of Grover Cleveland and was invited many times to the White House. McKinley was also a special friend of his.

When honors began to pour in upon him, it in nowise turned his head. He was called to the largest cities, and the wealthy would entertain him. One incident will bring out the nature of his work with the white people. He invited Dr. E. W. Donald, rector of Trinity Church, Boston, to be his commencement speaker. The meeting was held in an old fashioned brush arbor. During the service it began to rain, so a colored boy came with an umbrella and held it over the speaker until he had finished. But at once two ladies, hearing of the incident, said they would build a suitable chapel. Andrew Carnegie gave the money for the library. Christian Endeavor Societies over the nation sent thousands of dollars to the school.

His pen was also busy. He wrote a number of books, the most interesting of which are those dealing with his life story, "Up From Slavery" and "Working With Hands." His later works brought him still greater renown. Dartmouth honored him with the L.L. D. degree. When his labor was completed, still a young man, he died November 14, 1915, at Tuskegee, where so faithfully he had wrought for the Master. He died as he had lived—overworked.

VISITING NEW CHILDREN AND TAKING THEM HOME FOR VACATION

This institution is always open to visitors. There are no special visiting hours as found in some institutions, since we are trying to have the place presentable at all times.

With this fact in mind we never tell parents to stay away from visiting their children, with one exception and that is in the case of newly admitted children.

When a child is first admitted it is only natural that some time will be needed to get the child adjusted in his or her new surroundings. And the environment is so different from which the child has come from (new living quarters, "new parents," new and many more contacts, etc.), that it may take several weeks before some youngsters become fully adjusted and happy. When parents and others close to the child stay away from the institution for the first few weeks after the child's entry, we find that the period needed for him to make an adjustment is materially shortened and is less stenuous. On the other hand, when parents visit the child, say only a few days after having brought him and continue to come every week or oftener, the task of getting the youngster adjusted is much harder.

Whenever possible we advise parents to stay away for at least three weeks before paying their child the first visit. Experience has shown us that if we get cooperation from the family in this respect the child is happier and more could be accomplished in the initiation of training. As in all cases of individual differences some readily see our point and cooperate to the fullest extent, while others, perhaps less considerate of the child's welfare, come entirely too often for the first few weeks on the ground that they (the parents) "just could not stay away any longer" or that they "simply had to come to see" their boy or girl. This is an all too frequent occurrence. As an example, several weeks ago an eight-year-old boy was admitted from a nearby town. Despite all explanations and warning to the contrary, both parents came every day during the first week and to make matters worse they came separately so that the boy had two visits each day. The child was constantly upset and it seemed almost an impossible task to get him contented. It was only after the parents were called to the office once again and finally almost sharply told not to visit their boy for the following three weeks that they stayed away. During this time their youngster became one of the happiest boys in the institution and when the parents visited him after the three weeks were over, he showed no irritability or unhappiness and only proudly showed them how well he could play.

Sooner or later all children adjust themselves here. This realization might make us say, "All is well that ends well." But why not make it good from the very beginning? Why make it harder for the child than is absolutely necessary? Since all children are admitted here through the departments of public welfare, it is hoped that welfare officers will cooperate with us by helping us to explain to parents the above points.

Many of our boys and girls go home to spend some vacation with parents. Most of those who do go out, do so during the summer months, but also throughout the year some parents desire for their children to spend some time with them. In most instances we have no objections to such arrangements. However, at times we also feel that the child would be better off if he were not taken out.

This is a training school and our aim is to train our children as much as possible. Many of our youngsters come from homes where little or no adequate training has been given to them. Many of them have never been taught to do even simple things for themselves of which they are capable, to be in the slightest degree independent and self-reliant. Our aim is to do away as much as it is possible with these bad effects and to help the child establish more desirable habits. This job is of course hardest soon after the individual comes to live here, and if, after succeeding to bring about some change in the child, he is suddenly taken home for a period of vacation the effects from the training in the institution are usually destroyed by the time the child is returned. At home, especially being the guest, the youngster has his ways, is catered to and things are constantly done for him. Needless to say this makes it hard for those employees in the institution who deal with him while he is here, but neither is it fair to the child who is in the process of acquiring new and better habits.

Therefore, just as it is important to help the child make an adjustment in the institution after he is admitted, it is equally essential that he be kept well adjusted and be given a chance to go on with acquiring his training with as little disturbance as possible. This is by no means intended to say that no child should ever be taken out for vacations. In some instances we see absolutely no harm in it. In other instances there would be no harm if the child is kept long enough here to acquire some habits before being taken out for a period of time, and in still other instances it is more adisable of the child were not removed at all. At any rate it is always still other instances it is more advisable if the child in question if consultation is obtained before removing the child. In such instances the parents are at least given some advice on how to deal with their child while he is home.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist

—o—

SEWING ROOM NEWS

Since spring is here, the girls are very busy getting their print dresses made for the summer. Each girl is very interested in the making of her dress. The advanced girls have learned to cut dresses by patterns and follow the instructions very closely.

The spring list for each building is mostly completed.

Our beginners are learning to sew nicely. They are very anxious to be promoted to the advanced class.

We have recently added two machines to our collection. We now have seventeen machines and all are in good condition.

Our sewing room has twenty girls enrolled at present.

Mrs. Stokes, Sewing Room Matron

A Lesson of School

So you failed in your class, my lad?
You couldn't quite make the mark?
You failed—and you feel so blue and sad
And all of the world looks dark?
You lost and your heart is sore
And you wish you could go and cry?
Well, let us not worry a minute more
Or give it another sigh.

You failed, and you stand in fear
Of the things that the boys will say?
Why, there isn't a boy who is worth a tear
But who knows he may fail some day.
For it isn't to win that's good
And it isn't the head held high,
But to know you did the best you could,
And the best we can do is try.

You failed, and you know how sad
Were the ones who have failed before;
And what did you say to them, my lad,
When you knew their hearts were sore,
Did you come to them, near and near,
With a kindly word and a smile,
And bid them dry that very tear
That came to after a while?

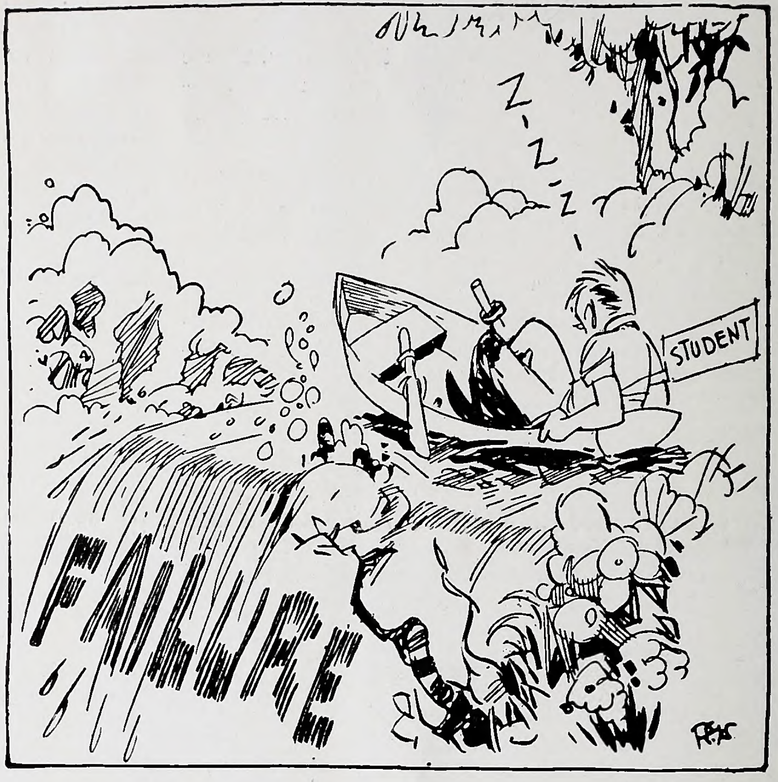
Ah, yes—you didn't know
What it meant to the ones who lost;
And maybe you said some boy was slow,
And you didn't count the cost
Of the sorrow it was to him
When he heard what his fellows said,
But you know it now, when your eyes are dim,
And the sorrow is yours instead.

So, lad, we have failed, maybe,
And the other boys may pass,
But we've found a lesson for you and me
That's finer than one in class;
We've learned what the bitter tear
And the sorrow of the boys may be,
We've learned the need of a word of cheer,
So we haven't failed, you see!

* * *

A sparrow's wings make 13 strokes a second in flight.

It's Easy To Drift—But Look Out!



Students

There are three types of students in every school. The first type is the go-getter. He is always busy doing something for himself or others. He is the one who works hard and gets the honor. He is also interested in all school activities.

How wonderful our school would be if we were all of this type.

The second group is made up of those students who intend to do great things some day. A member of this group is the dreamer. When he sees others winning honors, it inspires him and he determines to do something equally good. But somehow he never seems to get around to it. Once in a while he does try something, but he gives so little real effort to it that he can do nothing but fail. If he does win some honor, he is satisfied and does not try again. Too many of us belong to this group.

The third type is the laggard. He does not even care to do anything or win any honor. He does not boost his school but finds fault with everything in his whole life, in business life. He never works because somebody else will do it if he doesn't. The laggard is seldom if ever missed when he is gone.

The go-getter decides what he wants and goes after it. He boosts all worthy things. The dreamer is not sure what he wants, or, if he is, he hasn't ambition enough to go after it. The laggard's only desire is to be nobody and to be let alone, and he usually is. Are you a go-getter, a dreamer, or a laggard?

* * *

Guide Posts Along the Road of Life

Luck seems to favor the man who doesn't count on it.

Flying off the handle suggests that you have a screw loose.

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work.

Doing the impossible is frequently done by an amateur because he doesn't know it's impossible.

Every time one man puts a new idea across he finds ten men who thought of it before he did—but they only thought.

* * *

According to an estimate by the Public Health Service, nine out of ten persons in the United States have measles and three out of four whooping cough

KINDERGARTEN

June 1, school closed and the sadness of parting! Always there are some who will not be back next year. The kindergarten has had a very happy year of work and play. There has been improvement in counting, writing and sewing among the girls. The girls have shown this progress in the state bird quilt they embroidered. We believe we know and appreciate the birds better and that there will be less thoughtless killing. As the chickadee is the state bird for North Carolina we learned a song about the chickadee which soon became a favorite.

When we first had kindergarten we drew, colored, and cut out objects on paper. Next we made them a cardboard with movable legs. This year the boys have had the joy of sawing out the animals and dolls from veneer board and painting them as realistic as possible. They have not only made the birds and farm animals but many forest friends and those characters in the story books we best love; such as The Three Bears, Red-Riding Hood, Peter Rabbit and Snow White, etc. Next year we are looking forward to painting more blocks for the cottages.

Mrs. Wilbur Dawson, Teacher

———o———

OUR NEW HOME

The girls in the Wooten Building have been transferred to Cottage III while a new floor is being laid in the Wooten Building. We will be glad when the floor is finished so we can go back to our old home to stay, although the girls seem to enjoy their temporary stay in the cottage.

The girls have had several special treats since they have been in the cottage. On April 13, Mrs. Harlan let a group of our girls go to see "Broadway Serenade." Their favorite movie star, Jeanette McDonald played with Lew Ayres this time and that was a disappointment to some because they say Jeanette just does not look natural without Nelson Eddy. Anyway everyone spent a pleasant evening.

Tuesday night the Oxford Orphanage gave a very interesting program in the Queen Street Methodist Church. Many of our girls were given a special invitation. Everybody enjoyed it very much.

Now everyone at Caswell is looking forward to the spring program which will be given May 10 and 11. We believe from what the girls tell of different things about the program that it is going to be a lovely entertainment.

Miss Smith
Miss Stroud
Mrs. Higgins
Matrons of Wooten Building

———o———

COTTAGE V

It is springtime and along with it comes all kinds of outdoor sports such as playing baseball, going on hikes and many other things. We look forward every afternoon to going out in the back yard to play ball. Oftentimes some of the other boys from different department like to visit us and play ball too.

They take great pride and joy in helping their matrons plant flowers and keep them watered. This is a busy place and each child seems to be very happy and wants to do the task assigned to him.

THINGS I LEARNED ABOUT CASWELL

In accordance with Dr. Register's wish that employees "Know Our School," various programs have been carried out to familiarize old and new members of the staff with the workings of our school. In addition to the regular business of the All Staff organization, which meets once each month, members have been submitting questions on any phase of the work here at Caswell, to be answered by anyone present who is familiar with that subject. Following are some of the things I learned about this school.

With the inspiration of and backed by the courage of Dr. Ira M. Hardy, Caswell Training School was established in 1911. His serving as the first superintendent guided it through the formative and constructive period. Lois Hunter on June 23, 1914 was the first child to be admitted. At present there are approximately 735 children listed with 104 employees on the monthly pay roll which totals about $5,000.00.

I learned that the school property is valued at nearly one and one-half million dollars and that $175,000.00 was used each year to carry on the work here.

It was surprising to learn that 911 acres of land is owned by the school with 600 acres under cultivation. In 1938 the approximate value of food produced was $54,000.00.

The farm work is done with the aid of 15 head of mules and two tractors. The dairy herd numbered 97 with 44 cows being milked at present. There are about 3,000 chickens and 320 hogs. Last year there was 66,000 pounds of pork prepared and consumed by the school, supplemented by 16,000 pounds of beef.

From the power engineer we learned that 2000 tons of coal were fed into the boilers last year, furnishing the steam for cooking, the laundry, heating system and for generating electricity. The water supply comes from two deep wells near the river which furnish about 126 thousand gallons per day.

The questions and answers are to be continued at the next meeting of the All Staff organization and we can all profit by being present.

Carl Higgins

We are very grateful in having Dr. Register back with us again as we missed him so much while he was ill. Thanks to Mrs. Register for the lovely shrubbery around our building. We shall render to her our service in helping keep it pretty. We are hoping to have some flowers in our back yard for the summer.

School will soon be out and then we will have to hustle off to the fields and pick beans. We have been picking strawberries and we do enjoy them so much when they are served on the tables.

The boys would like for everyone to know they had a grand time on their weiner roast during the Easter holidays. Mr. Higgins was their chaperone. Come to see us sometimes as we are just a happy family.

Misses Isabel Surels and
Irene Smith, Matrons

FOR JUVENILE ENJOYMENT

A PAGE OF HUMOR FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Jack: "Dad, what are ancestors?"

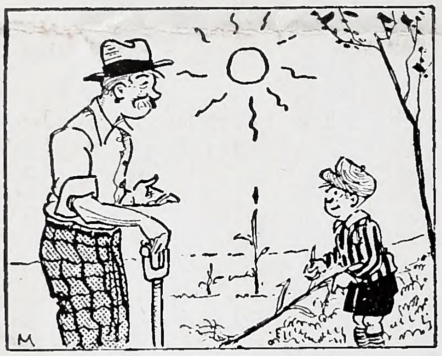
Dad: "Well, my boy, I'm one of your ancestors. Your grandfather is another."

"Then why do people brag about them?"

* * *

Visitor (to Johnnie, who has upset a bottle over new carpet): "Tut, tut, my boy; it's no use crying over spilt milk."

Johnnie: "Of course not. All you have to do is to call the cat to lick it up. But this happens to be ink, so mother'll do the licking."



Proud father to young son who has just pulled up a weed: "My, but you are strong!"

Son: "Yes; the whole world was hanging on to the other end, too."

* * *

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "give me the name of an animal."

"An average, teacher."

"An average? That's not an animal."

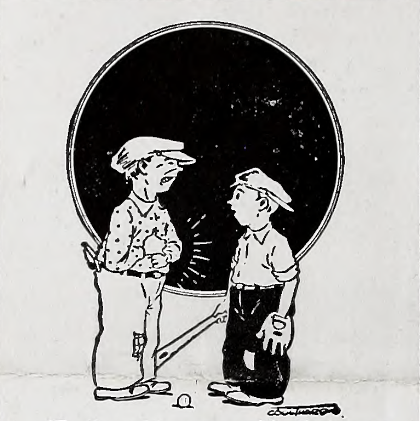
"Well, teacher, the other day I heard my sister say that her young man lived ten miles away, and rode over to see her three times a week on an average."

* * *

"Now, dear," said the visitor, "if your mother gave you a large apple and a small apple and told you to give one to your brother, which would you give him?"

"D'you mean my big brother or my small one?"

* * *



"I thought you said that you could catch flies."

"I did, but that one must have been a bee."

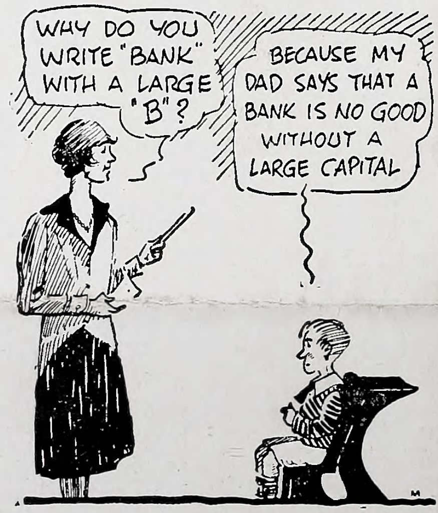
Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, what happened when the cow jumped over the moon?"

Jimmy: "Somebody got an idea for vanishing cream."

* * *

Employer (to new boy): "And has the foreman told you what to do?"

Apprentice: "Yes, sir. He told me to wake him up when I saw you coming."


WHY DO YOU WRITE "BANK" WITH A LARGE "B"?
BECAUSE MY DAD SAYS THAT A BANK IS NO GOOD WITHOUT A LARGE CAPITAL

"Papa, is this a camel's hair brush?"

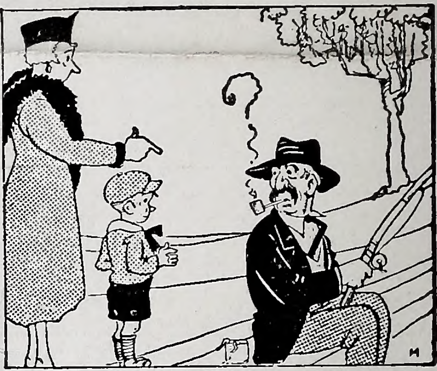
"Yes, my child, that's a camel's hair brush."

"Golly, papa, it must take him a terribly long time to brush himself."

* * *

Father: "Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this fellow for a brother?"

Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully): "Have you got to keep him, dad, or is he only a sample?"



An angler who had been trying to hook something for the last few hours was sitting gloomily at his task when a mother and her small son came along.

"Oh," cried the boy, "let me see you catch a fish!"

Addressing the angler, the mother said severely: "Now, don't catch a fish for him until he says 'Please!'"

* * *

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes. "Do you want the shoulders padded, my little man?" inquired the tailor.

"Naw," said the Willie, "pad the pants."—Pathfinder.

* * *

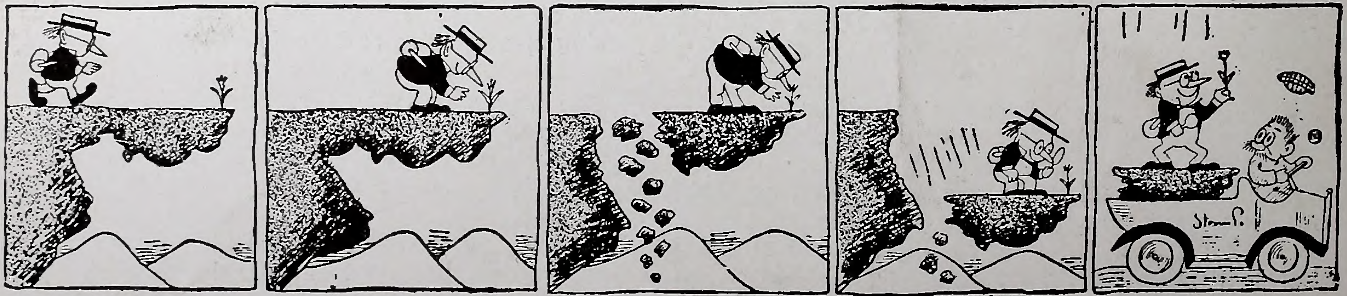
"How nice it must be to work beside so many cakes!" exclaimed the benevolent old gentleman to the little boy in the baker's shop. "But don't you ever feel you would like to eat some of them?"

"O, no, sir," was the reply. "That would be stealing—but I just gives 'em a lick now and then."

* * *

A Botanist's Adventures

Story Without Words.



The Caswell News

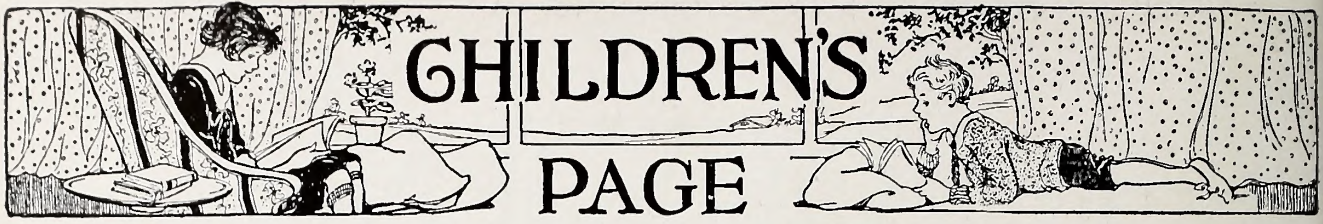
Volume
4

Number
5

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
  With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,
  Is subject to irritation!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE
American Poet

JULY, 1939



CHILDREN'S PAGE

LOUIS PASTEUR

"WELL, it is settled! You are to go to Paris." As Joseph Pasteur spoke the abrupt words he seated himself in a chair beside the table where his son, Louis, had just finished a crayon sketch. He gazed fondly at the boy. "At the Barbet school," he continued, "you will not be entirely alone, since your close companion, Jules Vercel, also is going. You and he will make the long journey together. That will be pleasant, eh?"

The boy nodded. He was about to speak when tears filled his eyes, and he realized that already he was homesick at the thought of leaving the little village in Franche Compte, in the east of France.

Joseph Pasteur failed to notice his son's anxiety. "Remember my fond hopes for you," he continued, "that you may one day become a learned professor. How proud we shall be of you then!"

Louis blinked his eyes hard and smiled up at his father, noting his dark military-looking coat with its broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Joseph Pasteur had won the decoration for bravery as a soldier in the armies of Napoleon. "If only I, too, might some day win the ribbon of the Legion!" said Louis to himself.

The father leaned towards the table and picked up a crayon sketch that his son had made.

"My son," he said abruptly, "you are wasting time with such drawings! I hope you will put it aside when you are at Barbet's It is not an artist I would have you become. Give all your time to study, so that you may rise to be a professor, useful and respected."

"I shall do my best," replied the boy. But his heart was heavy.

The day set for his journey was late in October. It dawned bleak and windy.

At last the horses and coach were ready. The two boys, Jules and Louis, embraced their families and climbed up behind the driver. He helped them to spread an old piece of canvas about their shoulders; then he cracked his whip and the horses sprang forward.

For a long time the two boys sat in silence.

Finally, with a great effort, Jules said: "We shall see all the wonders of Paris! We are both of us very lucky!"

"Yes, we are lucky," agreed Louis—but his thoughts were on his home.

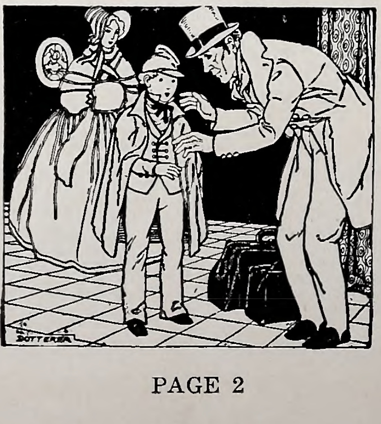
At the end of two days the boys reached Paris. For Jules, the great city was a source of never-ending delight, but Louis could not forget his longing for home. His work at school suffered; he began to fall behind in his classes. "Alas!" he thought, "I shall never bceome a professor—and that will break my father's heart!"

In despair he turned to his drawing for consolation, but he was unable even to draw or sketch. All his thoughts were for Arbois and his family.

The headmaster made attempts to cheer him. His kindly words were of no avail. No matter how hard the boy tried to conquer his homesickness, it was always there.

At the end of perhaps a month the headmaster wrote a letter to Joseph Pasteur telling him of his son's plight.

A few days later one of the boys came to Louis and said with an air of mystery: "They are waiting for you close by." And he pointed towards a small shop at the corner of the street.



With nervous steps Louis made his way to the shop. There at the back of the dimly lighted room he saw his father seated at a table, his face in his hands. He rose quickly as the boy ran to him.

"I have come to fetch you home," said the father.

During the weeks and months that followed Louis was happy once more. He roamed the fields and woods that he loved so much; he worked with his crayons. But before very long he realized that he was not really happy. Secretly he was ashamed of having failed to remain in Paris, ashamed of having disappointed his father.

One evening, in a voice that quivered with determination, he said to his father: "I want to try it again!"

"Ah, my son!" cried Joseph Pasteur. "How happy I am to hear it!"

And shortly after that Louis went away to school again—this time to the city of Besancon. Homesickness beset him once more, but he succeeded in conquering it. In the end he entered the great normal school, and a few years later he became a professor. He had reached the goal that his father had set for him!

But he went far, far beyond that goal! Medicine and science fascinated him. He studied and experimented; he wrought new cures for diseases that afflicted men and plants and animals, and his discoveries saved the lives of thousands upon thousands of his fellow creatures not only in France but throughout the world. Kings and emperors honored him. Tributes and decorations showered upon him—and among them was the coveted red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

The Pasteur treatment is given in all the large hospitals of this and other countries for the treatment of persons bitten by dogs which have become rabid.

The Caswell News

Vol. 4 - No. 5 KINSTON, N. C., JULY, 1939 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager Miss Mary L. Utley

The Advantage of a Work Shop for the Intermediate Boys

The work shop has proved advantageous in the special class as a means of more nearly meeting the individual needs, stimulating their thinking and increasing their interest. To this end more of this type of work is being introduced into our school each year.

The girls have been taught sewing and cooking in the intermediate class for some years, but little time has been given to crafts for the boys aside from the work taught in the special crafts department. Beginning next fall with new work benches and tools we are planning to devote several hours each week to this work-play schedule.

Having made a special study of birds this year, we shall take as our first project the construction of bird baths and feeding stations to be placed by the boys in their back yards where they can feed and care for the birds they have learned to observe.

The ability to construct fascinates most youngsters. We hope through this activity the boys' interest in school may be greatly increased.

Mrs. Mark Hill,
Teacher of Intermediate Class

RECREATION CENTER

Approximately one year ago an application was filed with the local Works Progress Administration for the purpose of erecting a one-story recreational building and clearing two and one-half acres of land to be used for a recreation center for the children of the Caswell Training School.

The application was approved and work was started on this project early in the year and, to date, we are pleased to announce that this work has been practically completed. The house is equipped with electric lights and water works, all windows and porches screened. The house is comfortably furnished for the ideal camper in that the regular standard army cots have been purchased along with chairs and other furniture.

The playground is enclosed by a nice wire fence and it is so fixed that the children can enjoy playing night or day, as flood lights have been installed that will furnish ample lighting for most games.

Programs will now be worked out for the different groups of boys and girls to spend as much of their time as possible in this new recreation center where we are sure they will enjoy the camp life.

S. H. Stroud, Bus. Mgr.

"The Birdry" C. T. S.
June 15, 1939

My dear Jenny Wren:

The other morning we were awakened by such a clatter all "us birds" poked our heads out to see what was the matter! Guess what. All Caswell was going bean picking! Everywhere over the campus, straw hats were bobbing! Word had come in "the canning beans are ready to pick," so all other work was pushed aside and everybody went to the bean field, and what a good time these humans have, eating, laughing, playing and working!

Seems they store food for the bleak, cold days of winter like we do, only they do it differently. From what I can overhear it must be something like the way our cousins, the woodpeckers, store their acorns.

The great aim of this school is to train boys and girls to live together happily, each sharing the joys and sorrows that come to all of God's creatures. Some can do certain things better than others, but bean picking and canning seem to be one of the things all the folks can share in, for while a large crowd is picking, another crowd is snapping, getting them ready for the canning house, while still another crowd is doing the actual canning and storing away.

Since you all know nothing of the amount of work these mortals do to house just the beans they will use for part of their eating in the winter, I will try and tell you how they do it.

In early spring the beans are planted. The ground is first cut up by a machine called a tractor, then laid off in rows in which fertilizer and the seed are sown. After the beans sprout and come up they have to be cultivated to make them grow as fast as possible. They are carefully watched from blooms to the showing of the first formation of the young beans, so they will know just the time to start picking. That was the signal that started all the marching and getting to the bean field.

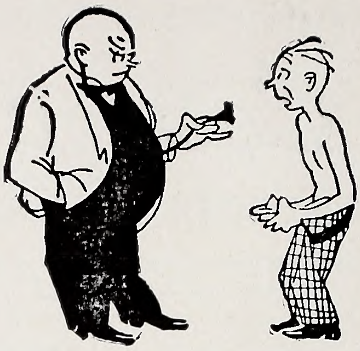
The children go in squads with a matron or attendant to guide them, each child has an empty gallon can to pick in and as they fill their can, a boy comes down the row with a bushel basket and the beans are dumped into the basket. When the basket is full, it is placed on the side of the road to be picked up by the truck and taken to the bean house. This bean house is a large, airy room where the

(Concluded on page 7)

Offsetting Failure

By FRANK THAYER

In *The Industrial Banker*



HAVE you had your blood pressure taken lately? If you haven't, the inroads of preventable disease and physical breakdown may be making an advance to weaken you, to destroy those greatest of all assets, health, wealth and happiness. These three are closely tied together.

Consider health. Health is like the sunshine; it isn't appreciated until it is gone. If you would live a full, strong life, it is necessary to preserve your vitality. You may be strong and you may not have had a sick day in years, but nevertheless the disintegration of a sufficiently large number of cells in your body may be taking place faster than your system can rebuild them. You may not be conscious of this difficulty and the dangers in which it encircles you. Loss of health and premature death would leave your family without a father and a husband.

Any man or woman should have a thorough medical examination at least once a year. If you do, you are taking insurance against loss of health and income. Years may be added to your life, if you know the status of your health today.

But in telling you these things, let me give you one precaution. Don't worry! And don't try to let some patent medicine cure your ills, if you are not feeling in normal condition. Don't depend on some quack or nostrum. Physicians are highly trained men. The best is none too good.

Some folks think that they have many physical ills. I remember once that when I was a small child I heard a friend of my mother tell about her illness and consequent appendicitis operation. A few days afterward I felt ill. I thought that I had a terrible pain in my side. But the trouble wasn't appendicitis; it was imaginary appendicitis.

It is never a good thing for a nervous person to read a medical book without having some background of medical knowledge. A little knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing, especially in medicine.

THROUGH one of my insurance companies I was privileged not long ago to have a thorough medical examination. The insurance company did not conduct the examination but rather a separate, nationally known organization. The information was of course confidential. I learned that I was not taking enough exercise and that I was not eating the right food. I was told that I should not drink coffee.

Well, I thought the report over and decided that inasmuch as death is a permanent thing it would be well to think of health. Understand I was not sickly, but I was not taking the proper care of myself. I realized that for my height I was somewhat underweight.

I gave up coffee and enrolled in a gymnasium. The first week I went to the "gym" four days for an hour's workout each day. This did not mean that I exercised for an hour each day; I think that the first day I did not exercise more than fifteen minutes. Then I had a wonderfully invigorating steam bath, a dashing cold shower, and a good massage. Well, I began to feel like a new fellow.

Now I am thoroughly convinced that I shall have a thorough medical examination every year. I realize that my health is the basis for any financial reserves that I may lay aside and that my happiness and the enjoyment of my friends, my family and myself depend in a very large measure upon my health. I am resolved to guard it.

ARE you aware that the health of the average person begins to break shortly after thirty years of age?

If you would realize some of these highly important facts, you would begin to think of your own health and the conservation of your own physical self. A man must be a good animal before anything else.

I am not a physician and therefore it is not within my province to tell ways and means of curing the physical ills of my friends. But I can tell you of the fun I am having in a well-equipped gymnasium right in the downtown loop district of Chicago. In going back to the land of play and exercise I believe that I am offsetting any failure of my health in the immediate future. I think that I am making a real investment that will pay in dividends of health, wealth and happiness.

Some simple rules of health may be obtained from any good doctor. But let me review some rules of health as recently outlined in a pamphlet by Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale University. Professor Fisher is interested in the conservation of our national health. Besides his work in Yale he is one of the officers of the Life Extension Institute. His simple, easily-followed rules of health are:

Air—Have fresh air where you live and work. Wear light, loose, porous clothes. Spend part of your time in the open air. Have lots of fresh air where you sleep. Breathe deeply.

Food—Avoid eating too much. Do not eat much meat or too many eggs. Eat various kinds of food. Eat slowly.

Habits—Have your bowels move at least once each day. Stand, sit and walk erectly. Avoid poisonous drugs. Keep clean and avoid catching diseases.

Activity—Work hard but play and rest too. **Be cheerful** and learn not to **worry.**

THERE is another idea that may not be a bad one. I was in a southern state the other day. I learned that during the war many of the men called in the selective draft from that state had broken and diseased teeth.

Our teeth are like the rollers in the great flour mills. They grind the food that goes into the system, that rebuilds the broken cells, that regulate the functions of the body, and that gives the necessary fuel value. If the teeth are not good they fail to perform their normal functions and moreover they become diseased, causing oftentimes a breakdown in health.

If you are to offset the failure of health, you cannot neglect your teeth. And if you want to have the members of your family retain their health, let them go to the dentist once a year, whether they have the toothache or not.

Medical science is making advances. And dentistry too is being found to have great influence on the general health. The only safe procedure is to go to the dentist occasionally. Have an X-ray examination of your teeth. A diseased gum may be revealed.

From my own experience in trying my best to preserve my health and conserve my strength during the last few months, I have had my eyes opened. To tell you of these experiences and to pass along some of the good things I have learned has been my object in this talk.

Unless you as a business man or woman protect your assets, you are not a good business manager. And without applying the principles of business to yourself, you cannot expect to win in the romantic battle for health, wealth and happiness.

Your good business judgment will tell you the truth of the thoughts I have given you. If you would take insurance against failure, if you would hedge against the forces that tend to break down those things that make for a better, richer, fuller life, you will be taking a step toward long life, assured income and the contentment that springs from useful living.

You take insurance against possible death. You pay your premiums every year. But why not observe the rules of health as an insurance against disease and early death?

Hedging against risks of ill health and financial difficulty is offsetting failure.

ALL-STAFF PICNIC

Parties and dances, weiner roasts and fish stews—we have had them all, but none were any more enjoyed than the picnic the employees of Caswell had on the last Monday of June, at the Emma Webb Park.

For several days preparations had been going on as different members of the All-Staff did their share of the preliminaries. Ham was steamed, eggs boiled and one encountered delightful and appetizing aromas here and there, which added to the general anticipation felt by all.

Bathing paraphernalia also was being put in order as the plans for the evening included swimming in the pool before supper.

Everyone was happily looking forward to a good time, except the night crew, who gloomily listened and enviously wished they did not have to work, so they could join in the fun. Imagine their surprise and delight Monday afternoon when Mrs. Harlan, Supervisor, made arrangements whereby nearly all the night folks could go, too. (I was one of them, so I know.)

For a while Monday afternoon it looked as though everyone would be disappointed after all, as a thunderstorm came up and it poured rain and got cool. However, nature must have sensed our chagrin because it soon cleared off into a perfect evening.

Shortly after six o'clock everything was ready and we all piled into cars and hastened off followed by the bus bringing those the cars could not accommodate. Arriving at the pool, the majority hurried to the pool, the rest either helping with the food or strolling about and later watching the swimmers.

The water was just right and we were having such fun swimming or trying to that it was supper time before we realized it. It did not take us long to dress though, and soon we were lining up at the picnic tables to receive plates piled full of tender fried chicken, luscious ham, potato salad, rolls, several kinds of sandwiches, pickles and deviled eggs, not to mention a tempting array of large sliced cakes and all the lemonade we could drink.

Could we help it if the swim had made us extra hungry? Of course not! It was good that everyone was enjoying everything so much that none thought to keep track of how much anybody ate. At least I hope they did not! M-m-m!

Why is it that jolly evenings are so much shorter than any other kind? All too soon the eating and laughing and talking was over and we were coming home bearing full plates to those few who had to work and could not go with us.

It was a very happy evening and we want to thank everyone who made it possible. Every one of our own group who did the work and made the arrangements and the officials of the park who made us welcome with such gracious hospitality.

Lelia Higgins, Matron

———o———

We ought to learn to stand alone; if we depend on others to prop us up they may leave us when we need them most.

———o———

The thoughtless discussion of a little fault may cause the wreck of a fair reputation.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

May 10 is a day long to be remembered by the group of boys in Cottage 5. It was Frank Chaplin's ninth birthday and he celebrated by giving the boys in the cottage a party. The sun-parlor was decorated with pink roses and verbena, carrying out the color scheme of pink and green. Places were arranged at a long table placed in the center of the floor for 30 small boys. A large cake decorated in pink and green and beaming with nine pink lighted candles was placed in the center and each boy given the chance of blowing out the candles.

The boys all joined together in singing Happy Birthday to Frank and then the cake was sliced and served with ice cream and lemonade to the happy little group of boys who had been looking forward for some time to the happy occasion. A little later on, dishes of mints and colored candies were passed out. After they had finished the courses, peg tops and balloons were given the boys and they immediately began playing and having much fun with them.

Other guests who helped enjoy the party were Mrs. Harlan, Supervisor; Miss Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist; Messrs. Carl Higgins and Ralph Powell, Attendants, and Misses Isabel Surles and Irene Smith, Matrons.

Irene Smith, Matron Cottage 5

———o———

LAUNDRY NOTES

We are trying very hard to have a little system concerning the delivery of laundry.

As you know, there is a certain day for the laundry to come in. We try to have all employees' clothes ready to go out Wednesday at 4:30 p. m. Sometimes a girl will bring in some garments on Monday saying that the owner wishes them back by noon or when we close at 5 o'clock. When we do not let them go out at that time the girl cannot understand why and seems to think we have a personal dislike for either the employee or the girl. If we do let her take the garments out, then five or six other girls want to know if they may take "Miss Some One" two or three garments.

Please help us by not asking the girls to break the rule.

Mrs. Idabelle Taylor

———o———

C-o-o-p-e-r-a-t-i-o-n

During the All-Staff meeting, June 5, the question, "What is Co-operation?" was asked. Someone answered, "The Golden Rule"—that is, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"—which, I think, answers the question pretty clearly. But to add to our knowledge I advise every member of the staff to read again the splendid article on co-operation written by Miss Utley in the April issue of "The Caswell News."

Mrs. Sally Fisher

———o———

A man is strong in proportion to his ability not only to resist temptation toward unworthy things, but also in his desire for worthiness. Our character is really nothing but a composite of our impulses, our ambitions and our tendencies in the direction of right or wrong.

Sure Thing—Something is sure to happen when the train of thought becomes derailed on a one-track mind.

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

Revised Definition—Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else have your way.

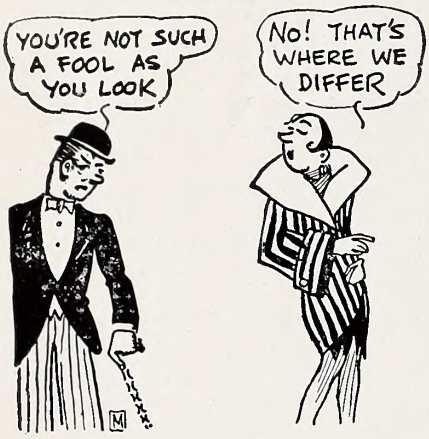
The Nerviest Guy of the Month was the hobo who inquired of the Traveler's Aid representative where he might find the freight yards.

* * *

Terpsichorean—If you wish to become proficient and graceful in the modern dancing steps it is very helpful if you've had experience as a pin-setter in a bowling alley.

* * *

"So There!"


YOU'RE NOT SUCH A FOOL AS YOU LOOK
NO! THAT'S WHERE WE DIFFER
M

* * *

Revised Definitions—Stenographer: A person who writes what she thinks the boss should have said.

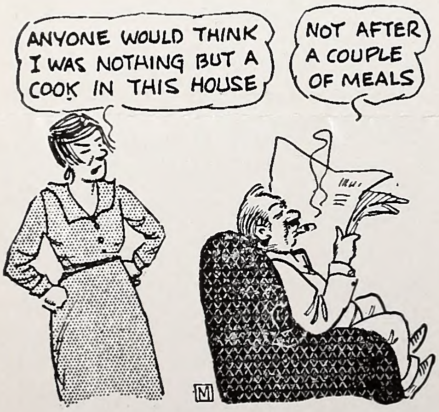
Fishing: A sport devised to improve the imagination.

Music: The least objectional of noises.

Parking space: The spot where the other fellow left his car.

* * *

What's Wrong Here?


ANYONE WOULD THINK I WAS NOTHING BUT A COOK IN THIS HOUSE
NOT AFTER A COUPLE OF MEALS
M

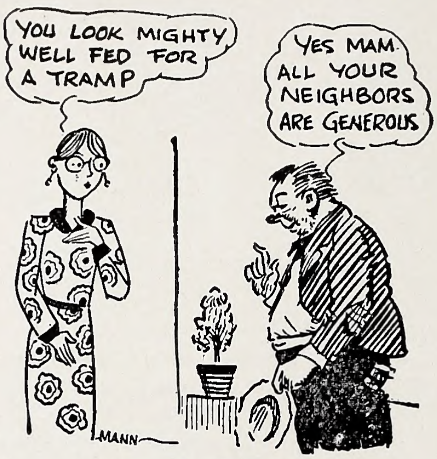
* * *

Fairy Story—Once upon a time there was a wife who believed that it was the parrot who taught her husband to swear.

* * *

This Business Era—The shop assistant in the act of proposing: "Remember, this is the last day of this astounding sale."

"Thank You, Mam!"


YOU LOOK MIGHTY WELL FED FOR A TRAMP
YES MAM ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS ARE GENEROUS
MANN

* * *

The Great Outdoors—"Have you ever been surrounded by wolves?" asked the enquiring reporter. "No," replied the old-timer, "but I know the sensation. I used to open the doors at a summer boarding house."

* * *

No, No, Maudie—Cereals are not the continued stories in the magazines. A man who makes an ashtray out of the parlor rug is not necessarily a magician.

* * *

It Does Take Time—Men live fifteen years longer than they did a generation ago in order to pay for their automobiles.

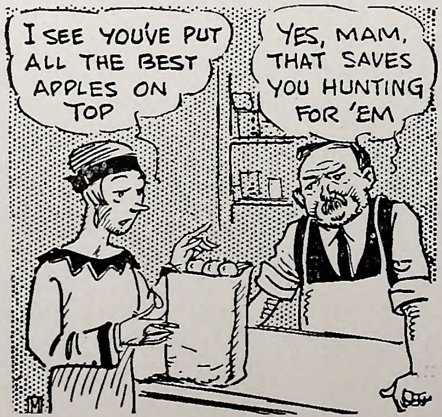
* * *

True Confessions—"Dearest Annabelle," wrote Oswald who was hopelessly in love. "I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream for a word from your lovely lips. As always, your Oswald.

P. S.—I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain.

* * *

"Very Thoughtful, Kind Sir"


I SEE YOU'VE PUT ALL THE BEST APPLES ON TOP
YES, MAM, THAT SAVES YOU HUNTING FOR 'EM
M

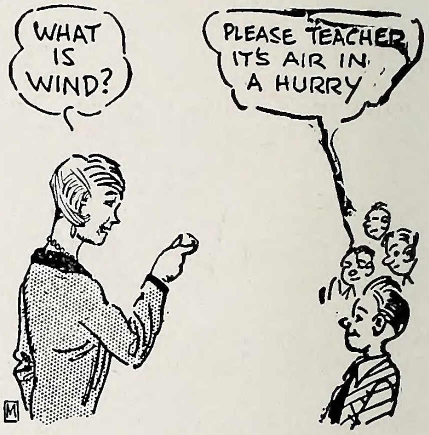
Sure Thing—The man who says there is no such thing as silence has never asked a bank manager for a loan.

* * *

Toonerville—"Is this train ever on time?" growled the passenger. "We never worry about it being on time," said the porter. "We're satisfied if it's on the track."

* * *

Educational


WHAT IS WIND?
PLEASE TEACHER IT'S AIR IN A HURRY
M

* * *

Confidential

"Is it possible to confide a secret in you, Jim?"

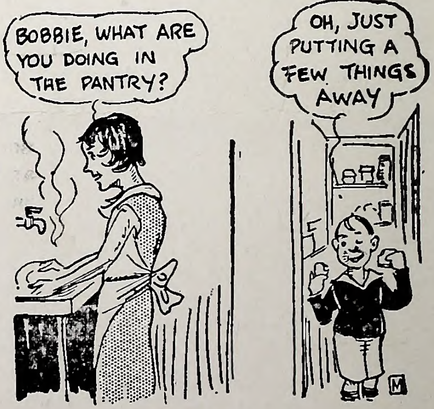
"Certainly, Bill. I will be as silent as the grave."

"Well, then, I have pressing needs for two bucks."

"Worry not, my friend. It is as if I had heard nothing."

* * *

Truthful Boy


BOBBIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE PANTRY?
OH, JUST PUTTING A FEW THINGS AWAY
M

* * *

Cicero the Cynic Says: "Marriage is the art of quarreling cheerfully. The trouble with love at first sight is second sight."

* * *

It's a Pretty Big Shop when it takes about two weeks for a good joke to get from the superintendent back to the superintendent.

Staff Picnic

On Monday evening, June 26, the All-Staff members were entertained at the Emma Webb playground at a picnic supper and swimming party.

The guests assembled at 6:30 p. m. and all who wished, went swimming, after which a delicious supper was served. A large crowd was present. Everyone seemed to have an enjoyable time. We are all indebted to Dr. Register and Mr. Stroud for making this entertainment possible.

Mrs. Cecil Daniels, Nurse

o

Austin B

We have in our building 56 girls. All except five of these girls work out. Some work in the laundry, sewing room, mending room, staff dining rooms, children's dining room, kitchen and hospital.

Minnie, Retha, Irma, Bertha and Betty are the five that stay with us all day. They are our helpers in the building. At the present we have 13 of the girls in Wooten A living with us while their building is being repaired. They are very sweet girls and we are happy to have them visit us. Our building is one of the largest and oldest at Caswell, so you see we have plenty of room and plenty of work. Three matrons work in our building. One at night and two in the day. They are Mrs. Blanche Smith, Miss Gladys Heath, and myself.

Mrs. Holloman, Matron

o

Return to Wooten B

The girls in Wooten B are very happy to be back in their old home again. Just as soon as the floors and paintings were finished a group of the girls with the matron took brooms and mops over to the Wooten building to clean the whole place thoroughly. It took all of one morning to get the building ready for the things to be moved in.

The following afternoon the girls started moving out from Cottage 3. Each girl was held responsible for her own clothes and bedding. With the help of about 12 boys from the Pollock building, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Sparrow, the beds and mattresses were brought from the cottage to the Wooten building and were carried upstairs on the elevator.

The remainder of the evening until bedtime was needed for placing and making beds, straightening lockers and putting things in general in order.

The sun parlor furniture, along with other things that were left in the Cottage were moved the next day. The girls made new curtains and sofa pillows last winter for the sun parlor. As soon as we can get enough paint we are going to paint all the benches and tables, then we will put up the new curtains and arrange the new sofa pillows. The sun parlor will be very lovely when it is finished.

The Wooten A girls have not moved back downstairs yet, but they are hoping to do so soon. Miss Heath will be transferred to our building to work in Wooten A. We will be very glad to have her with us.

When we get our building in order and get settled permanently again, we think it is going to be an attractive and pleasant place to call our home. We are thanking all those concerned who have helped us to make it so.

Miss Eunice Mae Smith, Matron Wooten A

Cottage 6

June 10, 1939, was a day of pleasure and enjoyment for the boys and matrons in Cottage 6. It was Everett King's birthday and he entertained the whole group by giving a long to be remembered birthday party. A large cake with pink candles was placed in the center of the table and the candles lighted. The children marched in singing Happy Birthday to Everett, and took their places. After the slicing of the cake, balloons and rubber balls were given each boy from Everett. Later on in the party they were served lemonade, cakes and suckers. We ended up with a walk down to the store to get ice cream.

The party closed at dark and each and every child wished Everett many more happy birthdays.

Miss Irene Gray, Matron

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Cottage II

I am working in Cottage II at the present time, while the Wooten building is being repaired. We hope to have some pretty flowers when we move back home. It is a pleasure to work with Miss Meadows and her group of girls. She has some sweet little tots down here. Little Mary Frances is in the hospital. We miss her very much and hope she will soon be back with us again. We never get tired of looking out our front windows at the beautiful pansy beds. We thank Miss Utley for the nice boxes of pansies she has picked and sent us. They are so pretty on our tables in the sun parlor.

Mrs. Mattie Gray, Matron

(Concluded from page 3)

snapping crew works. They sit around on chairs and benches and laugh and talk while they work. They snap off the two ends of the bean, then it is ready to be sent to the canning house. In the canning house they are washed, placed in white sacks and dropped into boiling water. After boiling for so many minutes, they are dumped on a large, white table and the canning girls pack them in large gallon cans. The matron adds the salt and water, then they are ready to be sealed. After being sealed, they are now ready for the cooking in the huge steamer, which is for (so many) hours. When cooked and cooled, they are ready for the store room and to be packed away for future use. All that for a supply of beans? Aren't we glad we are birds and we can take ours raw?

Well, so much for this attempt. My love to all. Will tell more next time.

Yours,

Gertie

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Nothing reveals the man so much as the kind of record he keeps in his mind of the experiences of life, no matter how life may have treated him.

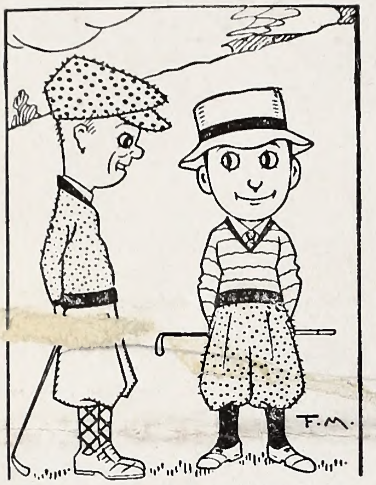
o

You cannot dream yourself into a character, you must forge yourself on.

o

There can be no helpful hand without a helpful heart.

EASY BERTH



"They say he's fallen into an easy berth."

"Yes; married the rich pullman conductor's daughter."

———o———

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t—to work," nobly responded Keith.

"Now use it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand it."

"In nice weather I would rather play tennis out of doors than ferment in the schoolhouse."

———o———

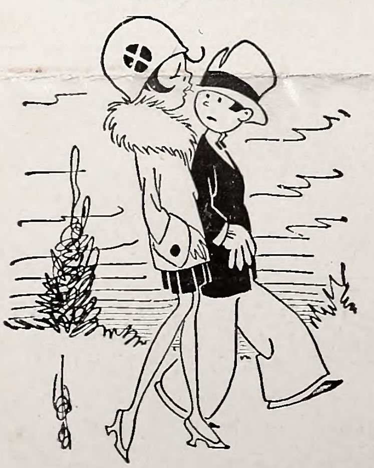
Boy: "I wish I could change the alphabet."

Girl: "What would you do if you could change the alphabet?"

Boy: "I'd put U and I closer together."

———o———

WHEN SHE WAS SAD

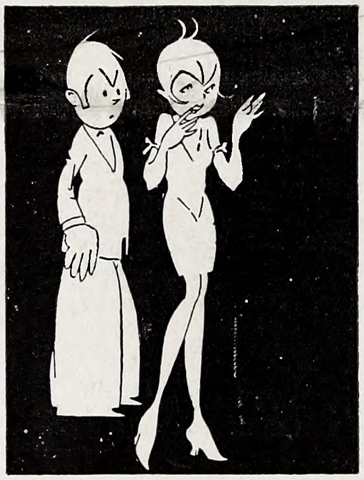


He: "Does the moon ever make you feel sad?"

She: "Only when I'm out with a dead one."

A Little Bit Humorous

GOOD TAKE OFF

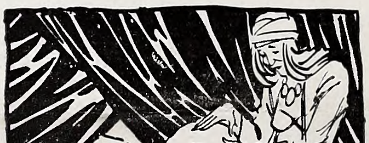


He: "You girls seem to be trying to imitate the chorus girls in dress."

She: "Yes. Good take off, eh?"

———o———

AFTER HE'S GONE

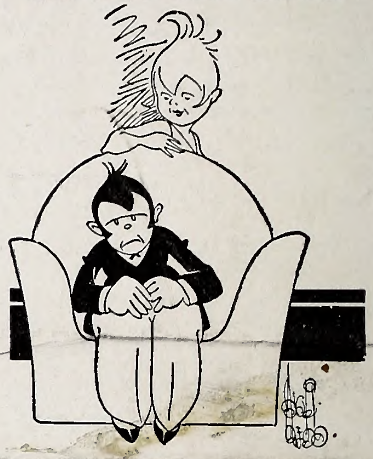


"I want to learn the whereabouts of my husband."

"Madam, at this very minute your husband is passing through the state of coma."

"I hope to heavens he gets a flat tire."

PAINFUL CAKE EATER



She: "What's the matter, Jack? Did that cake I gave you give you a pain in the stomach?"

He: "No. That cake-eater who just left gives me a pain in the neck."

———o———

Teacher: "Which is farther away, Africa or the moon?"

Small boy—"Africa."

"Africa? What makes you think that?"

"'Cause we can see the moon and we can't see Africa."

———o———

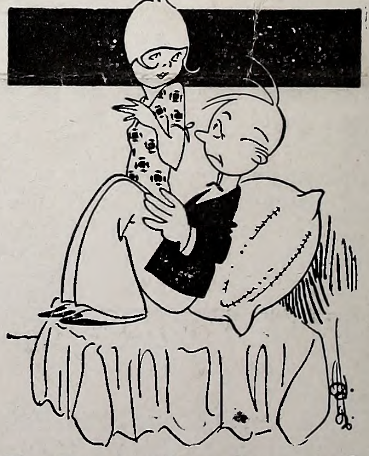
A teacher was giving his class a lecture on kindness.

"Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey, and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Willie (promptly): "Brotherly love."

———o———

GOOD STICKER



She: "And will you love me when I'm old and gray?"

He: "Good gosh, dearie! Are you going to stick to me **that** long?"

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The Caswell News

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But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is dead.

—*Burns*

BE STRONG!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong;
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on.
Tomorrow comes the song.

—*Babcock*

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.

—*Longfellow*

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.

—*Lowell*

What I kept, I lost.
What I spent, I had.
What I gave, I have.

—*Persian Proverb*

AUGUST, 1939

CHILDREN'S PAGE

KEEPING ACCOUNTS WITH MOTHER.

CHARLEY had spent the long summer in the country with Aunt Edith. When he returned home, he and mamma seemed a little like strangers to each other. But they did not remain strangers very long, and mamma was so glad to have her little boy with her once more that she wanted to hug and fondle him a great deal.

Charley felt as if he were almost too old for such petting, for he had just passed his seventh birthday. Then, too, he was afraid the other boys with whom he played might make fun of him for showing his affection toward his mother in that manner. Aunt Edith did not have much time to spend in petting little boys, and Charley had forgotten how many kisses mamma was in the habit of giving him. But he bore it all as well as his seven-year-old pride would allow; and mamma only laughed and fondled him the more when he held back from it. Many times while Charley was in the country mamma had wished for an opportunity to talk to him and put her loving arms around him.

Charley had not been home a day when mamma asked him to run over to Mrs. Brown's next door, to return a book. He quickly came back, and then lingered about mamma's chair as if he wished to say something.

"What are you waiting for?" mamma asked at last. "Why don't you go and play? The weather is so nice outside and I am sure the little romp and exercise will do you good."

"Aunt Edith always paid me when I went on errands for her," said Charley.

"Did she?" said mamma, looking a little surprised. "Well, I will pay you," and she gave him a kiss on each cheek.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said Charley. "Aunt Edith paid me money—five or ten cents."

A troubled look came into mamma's face. "I am sorry you could not do a favor for your auntie without being paid for it, when she was doing so much for you every day you were at her country home."

"Why, she didn't do much for me!" said Charles, "and I did lots for her. She said it was a good thing for boys to earn money and put it in the bank."

"So you have brought home a large sum to put in the bank, I suppose," said mamma, smiling.

"No," replied Charley. "I—I haven't any left. But I only spent a little for candy once in a while."

"And the allowance of fifty cents a month from papa—is that all gone?"

"Y-e-s, I guess it is."

"Well, dear," said mamma. "we will talk about spending money another time; but this idea of being paid for every favor you do for another—do you like it? I shouldn't. If Mrs. Gray should ask me to buy her a spool of silk down town, and then she offered me five cents for doing the errand, I would feel insulted. As if I could not show her a kindness without being paid for it!"

"Oh. that's different!"

Mamma shook her head. "We ought to consider it a pleasure to perform these little acts of kindness for others, and never to think of any reward. What if I should expect you to pay me for everything I do for you?"

"You don't do much," said Charley.

"Don't you think so?" said mamma.

"I don't see what. You don't do any errands."

"Suppose we keep an account for each other, and then we shall compare them at night."

"That will be splendid!" said Charley, "but I 'most know you'll have to pay me lots of money."

The next evening, during the hour before bedtime, Charley brought out his slate, and mamma brought out her notebook.

"I shall soon be rich, if we do this every day," said Charley. This is what he had written:

Getting drink of water for mamma.
Going to post office.
Errand.
Watering flowers.

Then mamma read her account, which was as follows:

Helping Charley dress.
Getting Charley's breakfast.
Sewing on buttons.
Mending jacket.
Charley's lunch.
Bathing hurt finger.
Making cake.
Putting on dry shoes and stockings.

Charley's face had grown sober during the reading, and he was silent a moment when it was over. Then he said: "Oh, mamma, you've done ever so much more'n I have. I can't pay you, 'cause I haven't any money."

"My dear boy," said mamma, "I don't want you to pay me. And don't you think it would be better to do all we can for each other and for everybody else, and not think about pay?"

"Yes, mamma, I think it would. It isn't nice to keep accounts, is it?"

"Not this kind of an account," replied mamma.

Anna Shriber-OC'3

PLAYING BLIND MAN'S BLUFF WITH GRANDMA

The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor..........F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor..........Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor..........Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor..........Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager..........Miss Mary L. Utley

NO JOBS

A cartoon came out a few days ago showing a class of college graduates of 1939 and just beyond them a sign saying, "No jobs, quota filled." We enjoy good cartoons, but this one made me sad as the cartoonist gave rather a wrong impression; namely, that their case was hopeless and that the four years they spent in college were wasted. There was never a time in the United States of America when worthwhile boys had a better chance, provided they were dependable, honest, sober and energetic. This is so because boys of this tpye are so few and business is looking for the dependable type of boy. I can take one hundred college boys and look them over carefully and tell you why a large percent are not landing good jobs.

Here comes a young man who wants a job. Before he has talked a minute, he has begun to strike matches to light his cigarette. If you ask him if he drinks, he will say, no, except when we have a cocktail party. Alcohol is like other habit-forming drugs. It grows on you. He also wants to know how much he is to do, how much money he is to get and how much time off he is to have. The eternal ego, what can I get, always me, me, never once, what can I do to help carry the load of those I am to work with. He tells you what a load he has been carrying in his former position, etc.

F. M. R.

C. T. S.
The Birdry
August 12, 1939

Dear Jenny Wrenn:

Once again Caswell is all "A twitter." Vacations! Watermelons! Cantaloupes and picnic dinners! On every campus one hears, "We are going to Morehead tomorrow, oh, goody, goody!" "See my sunburn? Don't touch it. We went to Morehead yesterday and had the best time. Oh, you should see the big ocean, all green and blue, with waves full of suds and foam that come welling in and chase you right on shore, and the big fish, the sailboats and water as far as you can see. It is just grand and you'll go tomorrow."

Yes, my dear girl, that is just the nice part of it; they will go tomorrow. Each and every child will have a chance to take a trip before all is finished. This is Dr. Register's way of seeing that all the little folks have an outing during the hot summer months. Makes no difference how many shower baths or hikes they take, nothing takes the place of the "sunburn" acquired while in the ocean at Morehead.

A trip to Morehead is really a big treat, for Morehead is a lovely little city down by the Atlantic ocean with beautiful homes and a splendid beach. The ride down is quite a thrill, eighty miles of paved road through the costal section of Eastern North Carolina with all the woods and towns along the way. New Bern is the largest city they pass through and to hear them tell of the sights and their experiences makes even us birds plan an excursion, a dip in the ocean, being shoved around by the foamy waves, a walk up the beach finding shells and treasures washed ashore, climbing the sand dunes to look far out at sea, finding sea oats to gather and bring home an armful to place in the vase on the corner table, as a gentle reminder during the rest of the year of the trip to Morehead.

The climax of the outing is the picnic lunch, sandwiches, pickles, hardboiled eggs and a big bottle of Pepsi-Cola for each person. Plenty of ice is taken along as the ocean is beautiful and grand to bathe in but one cannot drink it.

The trip back is a merry time for all the fun is lived over again in the telling and again in the relating of their adventures to the ones at home. No wonder the children dance with glee when their turn comes to go to Morehead.

A few of the little folks cannot stand the long ride to the seasore so they are taken to Seven Springs, a beautiful spot on the Neuse River about twenty mles from the school. Seven Springs bubbles up in a space about the size of a large room. Each spring has a different taste and contains a different mineral. There is a large hotel on the hill about the park surrounding the spring house, where guests come and stay to get the healing waters and splendid food. The children play in the park and have their picnic lunch under the moss-laden trees. To hear them talk we wonder which is the better trip.

When you come on that long-looked-for visit to me, these are some of the things I will show you. Till then remember me always as your devoted but "all hearing,"

Gertie (J. Byrd)

COTTAGE I

There are not many children in Cottage I for so many are on their vacation but will be coming back as it will soon be school time. The children that did not get to go home have enjoyed a nice summer, have watermelons, feasts and wiener roasts. They are now looking forward to a week-end camping trip at the summer camp.

Mrs. Gladys Happer, Matron

SALT AND PEPPER—*A Page of Variety and Interest*

RAILROADERS STRONG IN USE OF COLORFUL TERMS

A brakeman is telling a story of the rails:

"Before we leave I take a run up to the calliope to match watches with the hoghead and find a student tallow pot in the cab, taking orders from the bakehead and spadin' diamonds with his feet together."

Substitute locomotive for "calliope," engineer for "hoghead," apprentice fireman for "student tallow pot," fireman for "bakehead," coal for "diamonds" and it all becomes quite intelligible, says the Bookman. The railroad man has not one but several colorful terms for the men and things that enter into his day's work.

The locomotive is still "the hog," from the wood burning days when its gluttonous appetite kept a fireman constantly on his toes, but it is also the "calliope" and the "boiler." A switch engine, which butts cars about the yards, is the "goat." The engineer is "hoghead," "hogger" and "swell head."

A "snake" is a yard switchman and a "stinger" is a brakeman, while the yardmaster answers to "dinger."

———o———

DESERT CONDITIONS COMMON

Deserts, in the sense of great areas that are at all times hot, dry and nearly devoid of life, are comparatively rare. But desert conditions, in the sense of high temperatures and shortage of water arise at times on almost all land areas. Seasonal deserts, areas that for a part of the year have an abundant water supply accompanied by a luxuriant vegetable growth, and through the remainder of the year have no water supply and can show only dry masses of dead leaves and stems, are common.

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. Irving King

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS

No superstitution is more widespread than the belief in lucky and unlucky days. It dates back to the Romans, and while the empire of the Caesars has vanished the superstition survives. Most men, perhaps, have what they consider their unlucky days—days on which they would hesitate to embark on a new enterprise or days which they would choose for so doing. This arises from the fact that man is essentially egocentric, and in his experiences thinks he notices that a certain day seems propitious to his affairs, while a certain other day is unpropitious. "What's your lucky day?" is not unusual as a casual inquiry among Wall street men.

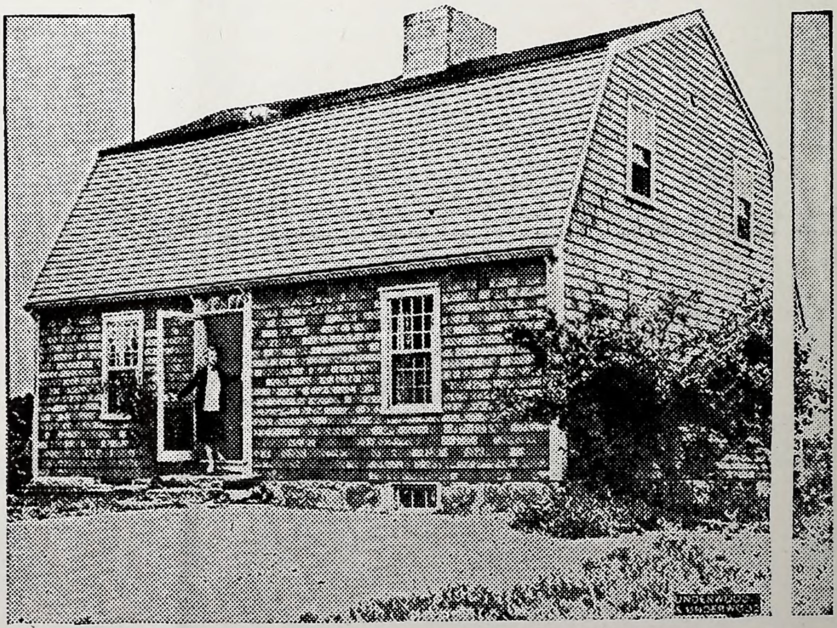
The almost universal idea that Friday is an unlucky day undoubtedly originated in the fact that Crucifixion took place on that day. This superstition regarding Friday was formerly very strong among sailors; and is today among those manning sailing vessels or rattletrap tramp steamers who have to wrestle with the great forces of nature for their lives. Masters of such vessels would not willingly choose Friday as a sailing day; or if they did, might have trouble with their crews.

———o———

FACTS ABOUT LIGHTNING

The Weather Bureau says that when lightning is about to occur between a cloud and the earth there is a great accumulation of electricity of one kind, usually the negative, at the surface of the earth and of the opposite kind in the lower portion of the cloud. This imposes an electric strain on the medium between the two. The break, or discharge, consisting essentially of a flow of negative electricity, or electrons, toward the positive charge, may begin at any point in midair along the path and progress (this break progress) in both directions at the same time, or it may begin at either end and from there progress toward the other.

Perry Homestead Will Be Museum



The Commodore Perry homestead at Wakefield, R. I., which will be a museum commemmorating the lives and deeds of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, hero of the battle of Lake Erie, and Commodore Matthew G. Perry, who opened Japan to American commerce. Mrs. Perry Tiffany, widow of Matthew's grandson, is standing in the doorway.

Personals

The readers of Caswell News will be very interested in a wedding to take place Saturday, August 19, 1939. Miss Clara Doby of Albemarle, a nurse in our hospital, is to wed Mr. Webster Humphrey of Kinston. Miss Doby has been a member of our hospital staff for nearly two years and will be greatly missed. We wish them the best of sailing on the sea of matrimony.

* * *

Miss Mary Lee Utley, Secretary to the Business Manager, has just returned from a two weeks tour of the World's Fair and Atlantic City. Miss Utley reports a marvelous trip and two weeks simply packed with glorious living.

* * *

Mrs. Texie Lehman, head nurse of the hospital, reports a most interesting trip through Western North Carolina. While away she visited relatives in Hickory and Charlotte.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Register, accompanied by Mrs. Medlin and Miss Snuggs, spent a week at Blowing Rock. While all of eastern Carolina was sweltering in heat, they report blankets at night and the need of fire to knock the chill off.

* * *

Miss Nancy Ozelle Whitfield, a nurse of the hospital staff, has returned from a two weeks vacation. While away she visited relatives in Winston-Salem, Greensboro and other points in Western Carolina.

* * *

Miss Agnes Byrd of Ronda, North Carolina, has arrived to become a member of Caswell Training School's matrons. She will have charge of one of the cottages and we wish her and her little charges many happy days of living and working together.

* * *

Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Harlan insist they had the best vacation of all. They remained at their respective homes, ate, slept, read and rested and did things they had been wanting to do all the year long.

* * *

Miss Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist of Caswell Training School, has returned from an extended visit in New York. While away she spent several days at the World's Fair. When asked what she thought of the Fair she said, "It's interest and beauty far surpass any imagination that one might have had and its broadening and educational effects are very great."

* * *

Mrs. Inez Stroud Fisher, one of the matrons from Cottage I, spent her vacation of two weeks keeping house with her husband in their little cottage not far from Kinston. She reports a most restful time visiting relatives and having them visit her.

* * *

One might put a sassy note of this kind in the midst of personals. This is a paper gotten up by the employees of Caswell Training School. Every employee has been invited and begged to contribute to the contents so if you do not like the items published or criticize the news printed, try writing some artciles yourself and make the paper what you want and like.

And by the way, that would also go for the All-Staff meetings. Come make the meeting the kind you would like to attend.

* * *

Mrs. Edith Reid is again with her little group after spending a two weeks vacation in Warrenton, N. C. and Eastern Virginia with friends and relatives.

* * *

New York and World's Fair

Among the many visitors listed in the United Press reports was Miss Edith Alma Phillips. Miss Phillips is a member of our hospital staff and reported a most wonderful visit both at the Fair and visiting in the big city.

* * *

On July 24, a wedding took place in Goldsboro of great interest to Caswell. Miss Josephine Wiggins became the bride of Mr. Wade Williams. Both Mr. and Mrs. Williams are members of the kitchen staff and greatly beloved by the children. All join in wishing them the best of success in their new life. After their wedding they spent two weeks visiting friends and relatives in Seven Springs, N. C., Smithfield, N. C., Danville, Virginia and points of historical interest in eastern Virginia returning to Caswell to resume their work on August 6.

* * *

Miss Mary Potter spent her vacation in Spartanburg, South Carolina visiting friends. She reports a splendid time and lovely trips throughout the state.

* * *

Mrs. Nettie Potter has returned from a two weeks vacation with her children who are in Oxford, N. C. While away they took many trips to points of interest in Eastern Carolina.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy of the Cartright staff spent a most delightful vacation, fishing and visiting relatives in and around the coast and Cherry Point.

* * *

Miss Catherine Thomas reports a most restful and enjoyable two weeks vacation at her home near Broadway, North Carolina. Family picnics and trips to nearby lakes and shores were part of their diversions.

* * *

Miss Irene Smith, a member of the Austin staff, had a most interesting sojourn in Roanoke, Virginia visiting friends. She comes back enthusiastic over the beauties of the Virginia Mountains and the lovely scenery around Roanoke.

* * *

Mrs. Emma Grady, matron of the McNairy staff, still tells us of the World's Fair in New York. Mrs. Grady was one among the first of our group to visit the great event in the big city. Two of her daughters are married and living on Long Island; consequently, she visited the fair many times and is quite familiar with the sights of New York City.

* * *

Miss Eunice Mae Smith has almost started a march on Lover's Leap in Stuart, Virginia. She has come back with such marvelous stories until the entire younger group are wanting to go try their luck.

(Concluded on page 7)

ORGANIZED OUTLAWRY

For thousands of years a comparatively small number of pirates controlled the seas, defied all governments, disregarded all law, enslaved the officers of vessels which they had captured, compelled the nations to pay tribute, and literally "ruled the waves."

The organized groups of outlaws in the shape of land pirates in the days of the Crusades grew rich by robbing pilgrims to the Holy Land and even by overcoming knights and bands of armed soldiers sent against them. The great armies of the Crusades did not put an end to their marauding.

The buccaneers in the West Indies preyed upon Spanish commerce and colonization for a century, while the great war vessels of Spain seemed powerless to deter them.

The terrorizing groups of freebooters operating in and from Sicily and other islands of the Mediterranean for hundreds of years, outmaneuvered governmental authority until Mussolini taught them the lesson that organized government, after all, is more powerful than organized outlawry.

For many years after the adoption of the American Constitution, the United States government, through the use of many millions of dollars attempted to secure protection for American shipping by paying tribute to the Barbary States, until at last the full strength of the American government, under the Thomas Jefferson policy, was brought to bear to break the power of these pirate groups.

The organized gangs of racketeers in New York, Chicago, Detroit, and other American cities, present nothing new in the way of organized defiance of government and law, which has characterized every civilization for thousands of years. The question is whether the American people will be content to continue to tolerate these gangsters, to pay them tribute, to act as their slaves, to permit them to dictate to judges and police officials, or whether the American people through their government will make use of their unquestioned power to assert and protect the rights of the American people and crush organized outlawry.

We may talk for the next hundred years about the difficulties connected with running down these American freebooters. We may speak loud and long about the impossibility of "making men good by law" and the necessity of confining our efforts to educational lines in order to transform the character of these modern land pirates. We may even discuss methods of having the United States government regulate the associations of gangsters in the same way that the great law-giver Solon provided for the regulation of the associations of pirates. The organized gangster and racketeer program, however, will continue in these great American cities until the people come to understand that temporizing with social evils and attempts to regulate antisocial institutions tend only to aggravate and increase the evils that inhere in such institutions, and until American statesmen come to recognize the significant fact established by the philosophy of history that when political expediency is used to compromise on fundamental standards with regard to right and wrong, the right is compromised and the wrong is established.

It May Interest You to Know That—

Washington died in the last year of the century, the last month of the year, the last day of the week, and the last hour of the day.

The lowest automobile taxes in the United States are in Washington, D. C. (average annual total, $29.46); the highest in Florida ($75.13).

In German railway dining cars, no one is served till all are seated for a particular setting. Then a waiter brings a huge bowl of soup down the car aisle and serves everyone. Later the meat course is served to all diners at the same time, and so on.

Singapore newspapers are sold, folded and sealed as evidence that the boy has not picked up the paper in some car seat or hotel lobby.

Thrifty citizens of Manila wait until a newspaper has been on the street a few hours and then buy it from the boy for less than the regular price.

At Cologne, Germany, the railway ticket office has bullet-proof windows. Under this window is a disc with cups in which money is placed and turned to the ticket seller. He places the change and ticket in the disc and turns it back. There is no opportunity to snatch change and run, or to hold up the office.

Ceylon, Germany, Belgium and other countries now sell railway transportation by the week or month (ride as much as you like) instead of by the mile.

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on the same day, July 4, 1826. Jefferson's last words were, "This is the Fourth of July." Adams' last words were, "Thomas Jefferson still lives."

Zachary Taylor never voted or held an office until elected president.

Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, director of the Committee for the Study of Suicide, said the suicidal impulse was universal in nature, an instinctive expression. Some kill themselves because they have a strong desire to live, he said, explaining that they do so after an outside force makes enjoyable life impossible. He gave figures showing that girl suicides outnumber boy suicides but that more men than women kill themselves.

The Sea of Galilee has strange characteristics. Though it lies 626 feet below sea level, the water is sweet. It is fed by the red and turbid Jordan, yet is clear as crystal. Into its waters go the products of many warm springs around it, yet the water of Galilee is always cool.

WIENER ROAST

A wiener roast was given by the all-staff entertainment committee last Monday night at the Recreational Camp. This was the first time the employees had derived any benefits from the camp. A picnic table has been built conveniently near the outdoor fireplace and shelter. Several floodlights placed in the yards give sufficient light for any outdoor entertainments after dark.

Someone had been down early Monday night to build a fire and by the time everyone had arrived the flames had dwindled down to a glowing bed of smouldering coals. Clothes racks had been straightened out to be used for roasting the wieners. Marshmallows were plentiful in case someone liked to roast them, too. Along with hot dogs and marshmallows, every person had the enjoyment of iced Coca-Cola served in bottles.

For a while everyone was busy getting his wieners roasted and making hot dogs with mustard and sauce seasoning. Some of the employees had to return early because of duty, but the free ones stayed on for a while to chat, to listen to the radio, or to dance. The wiener roast seemed to be enjoyed immensely by all those who attended.

The employees are invited to go to the camp for social gatherings at any time when it is not in use by the children or any other parties, as long as there is orderly conduct.

Eunice Mae Smith, Matron

o

GARDEN DEPARTMENT

In August we find ourselves as busy preparing for winter vegetables as we were in the early spring for the summer varieties. We do not always succeed with all the different kinds of vegetables so we plant a succession of all kinds of leafy and root crops that we may not fail on all at the same time.

At this time while the winter vegetables are growing we have plenty of egg plant, butter beans, okra, pumpkin, tomatoes and bell pepper to keep the dietitian and vegetable room girls busy.

Last spring I was asked to grow plenty of egg plant so that we could can some. Now we have the egg plant by the truck loads and we have canned some and hope to can much more when the cannery catches up with the tomatoes.

It really seems that we have a big canning program this year. I have enough pumpkins to fill two or three thousand gallon cans and have plenty to eat fresh.

J. H. Smith, Manager Garden Dept.

o

COTTAGE VI

I am a new matron in Cottage VI. We have a group of twenty-three boys listed for our building, although there are only sixteen of them at the cottage now. Claude, James, Roland, Earl, Roy and Charles are spending a short vacation at home with their parents. We hope they will soon join us again as we miss them.

Our group of boys had a nice time on their excursion to Morehead this year. They suffered no severe sunburn. Milton and Everette who were home at this time enjoyed a trip to Seven Springs where refreshments and lunch were served and games were played.

Now that the summer trips are ended, the fair is next in line.

Mrs. Sutton, Matron

With autumn almost here and vacation days nearly over, the children and employees of Caswell Training School wish to thank Dr. Register, Mrs. Harlan and Mr. Stroud for making possible the many enjoyable entertainments during the summer. We have had trips to the beach and many ice cream and lemonade treats.

We are glad to have Mrs. Sutton, the new matron, in our happy little group of boys and we hope she will enjoy working with us. I like my new home and my work with the boys since I was changed from Cottage II where I did work with the girls.

We all miss Miss Gray very much since she left. James and Milton say she will return when her vacation is over.

Miss Meadows, Matron

o

THE LAUNDRY NOTES

If you should come around the laundry now you would hear ever so much hammering and banging for we are getting five (5) new tumblers and one (1) washing machine installed.

We are all very grateful to Dr. Register, Mr. Stroud, and every one who has made it possible for us to have this modern equipment.

We are also hoping to get two (2) drains put in the mangle department floor soon. This will enable us to keep our washing department clean and benefit sanitation for the children and the employees while working.

Mrs. Sally Fisher
Head of Mangle Department

PERSONALS

(Concluded from page 5)

Miss Gladys Heath of the Wooten staff is with us again after being away a month on account of her mother's illness. We are delighted to say her mother is much better and on the road to recovery.

* * *

Mrs. Jones of the Dewey staff had a most enjoyable vacation at Minnesott Beach visiting with her son and his family in their cottage there.

* * *

Miss Edna Coats of the kitchen staff reports two weeks of glorious vacation. While away she visited in Raleigh and Smithfield, N. C.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Daniels have returned from their vacation. While away they visited many points of interest in Eastern Carolina. They also visited Mrs. Daniels' home in Greenville, N. C. and Mr. Daniels' home in Stonewall, N. C.

* * *

We are always sorry to accept resignations but always glad to welcome new members to the staff of Caswell. With a membership of over one hundred, there will always be "comings" and "goings" in our staff group. We wish them all well. May every change be for the best.

* * *

One would think this was a vacation issue of the Caswell News. Well, in reality it is and there will be another next month as all of our group cannot have a vacation at one time and we are interested in **all** vacations and the doings of **all** our people.

Mrs. Fannie Harlan,
Supervisor of Boys and Girls

"The radio will never take the place of newspapers."
"Why?"
"You can't start a fire with a radio set."

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

If you must carry a chip on your shoulder get a job in a lumber yard so it won't be so noticeable.

Avast!—"Go," said the landlady, "and don't darken my bath mat again."

* * *

Psychology Note—Why own an inferiority complex when we're all connected with the best families—by telephone?

* * *

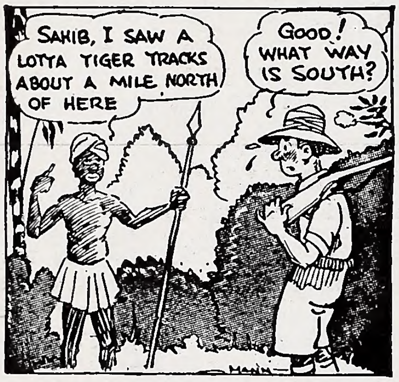
Tough Luck—A minister advertised that the poor were welcome to his church and after inspecting the collection, he knew they had come.

* * *

A Notable Crowd—Speaker: "And where, I ask you, is Julius Caesar? Where is Attila the Hun? Where are Moses, Oliver Cromwell, Charlemange, Hannibal?" Enthusiastic Usher: "Stand up, boys, so's the gentleman can see you."

* * *

Right-About Turn


SAHIB, I SAW A LOTTA TIGER TRACKS ABOUT A MILE NORTH OF HERE
GOOD! WHAT WAY IS SOUTH?
MANN

The Saddest Story of The Month was about the poor fellow who found a recipe for home brew but he didn't have a home.

* * *

Fairy Story—Once upon a time there was an absent-minded professor who invested in a new car because he couldn't remember where he parked the old one.

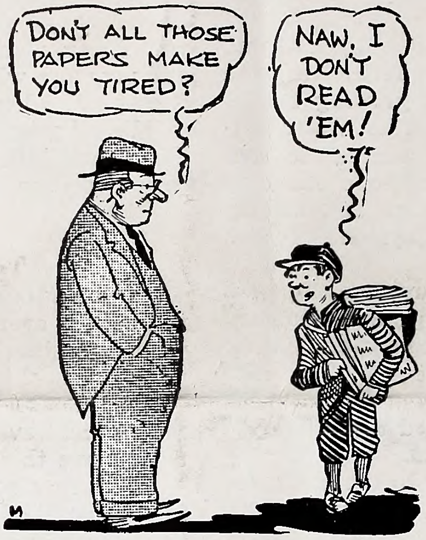
* * *

Short Story—An auto crashed into a telegraph post and the driver was picked up in an unconscious state entangled in the wires. Just as his rescuers feared the worst, a smile swept over his face and he was heard to murmur as he fingered the wires, "Thank Heaven, they've given me a harp!"

* * *

Via The Milk Route—A passenger on a jerk-water train became impatient at the slow pace. At one of its interminable stops he said to the conductor, "You know, I could get to Jonesville much quicker if I got off and walked." "Why don't you?" suggested the conductor. "I would," replied the passenger, "but my friends are not expecting me until train time."

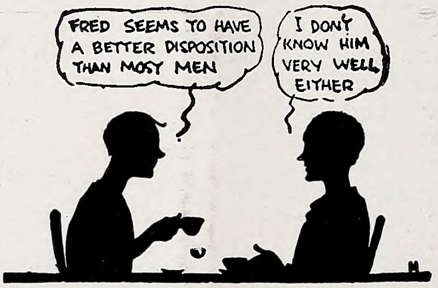
Explanation Enough


DON'T ALL THOSE PAPERS MAKE YOU TIRED?
NAW, I DON'T READ 'EM!
M

Definitions—Nothing is an air balloon without its cover. A popular song is one that becomes a howling success.

* * *

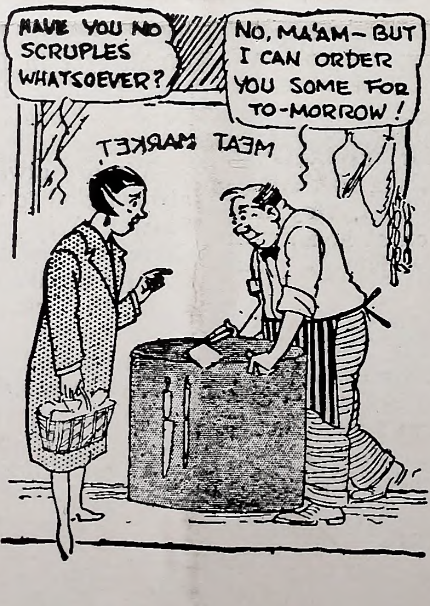
Among Us Girls


FRED SEEMS TO HAVE A BETTER DISPOSITION THAN MOST MEN
I DON'T KNOW HIM VERY WELL EITHER
M

Libel No. 1,964,328—The story about the Scotchman, who, after watching seven dog races, wanted to bet two dollars on the rabbit in the eighth race.

* * *

Obliging


HAVE YOU NO SCRUPLES WHATSOEVER?
NO, MA'AM—BUT I CAN ORDER YOU SOME FOR TO-MORROW!
MEAT MARKET

Domestic—Some women walk more than a mile preparing a meal. That's the worst of mislaying the can-opener.

* * *

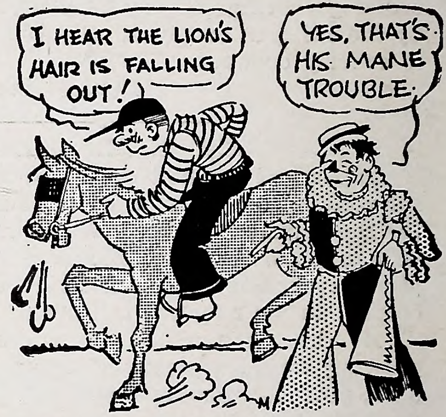
True Confessions—"And now, that I've told you I'm going to marry Agnes, there's one more thing I'd like to get off my chest." Father: "What's that?" "A tattooed heart with Maggie's name on it."

* * *

Like a Talkie Actress—The new stenographer looked like a million dollars. "Class" was written all over her. The office force in accord acclaimed her "Some dame." Then she opened her velvet lips and said to the office boy: "Say, Bozo, ain't there no carbon paper around this dump?"

* * *

Awful!


I HEAR THE LION'S HAIR IS FALLING OUT!
YES, THAT'S HIS MANE TROUBLE.
M

Sure Thing—When a married man finds there's a lot of things he cannot say with flowers, the honeymoon is over.

* * *

Aerial Work—He was proud to belong to the football team, as manager of the aerial division. He blew up the footballs.

* * *

Absolutely—A dentist calls his office a "dental parlor" because his patients would feel too bad if he called it a "drawing room."

* * *

Did you hear about the efficiency expert who could never enjoy an ocean voyage because he couldn't stand so much salt going to waste.

* * *

A Sales Tale—Sid the Salesman, attributes his extraordinary success to the use of five words, when a woman opens the door: "Miss, is your mother in?"

* * *

Developing a Copy Writer—A father purposely kept his son short of money at college because it caused him to write home more often and more charmingly.

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NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

The Caswell News

Volume 4

Number 7

Shabby Old Dad

His collar is frayed, and his trousers unpressed;
He's not a bit fussy the way he is dressed,
But he's always ready to help out the rest—
Shabby old dad!

His shirts have queer stripes, and they're old-fashioned quite;
His ties are in strings, and they're never tied right.
His last year's straw hat is a terrible sight—
Shabby old dad!

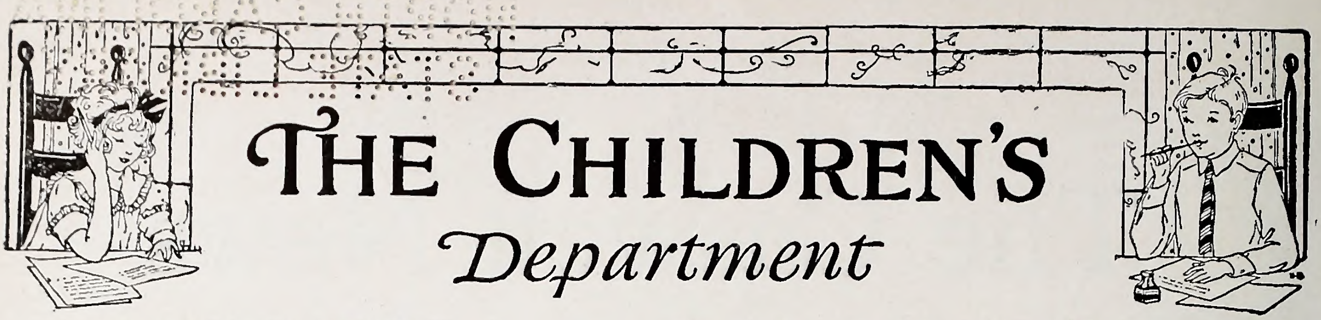
His shoes need a shine, and his cuff links are tin;
He does sometimes shave, but his top hair is thin;
You hardly would say he was neat as a pin—
Shabby old dad!

Shabby old dad, with his heart full of woes,
And so much to think of besides buying clothes;
With the kids needing food, and the money! God knows!—
Shabby old dad!

If there is a heaven where peace can unfold
A life lived for others, a heart that's pure gold,
He'll go there, and live there in glory untold—
Shabby old dad!

—*Anne Campbell*

SEPTEMBER, 1939



THE CHILDREN'S *Department*

MIMICKING MOLLY

MOLLY had just come back from the summer camp, and she was feeling very blue. "No fun here;" she complained to her mother. "No more plays! Nothing but minding the kids!"

"You should be glad instead of grumbling. You've been to camp, and now you come home and sit around and scowl. You'd better get a bite for yourself and the children. I've had my tea."

"But there was such fun there, Ma," persisted Molly. "We had two plays while I was there, and I acted in them both. You can't guess what they nick-named me."

"What?" asked her mother, a little interested.

"Mimicking Molly they called me. That was 'cause I could imitate so well."

"Well," said her mother, unfeelingly, "you'd better go imitate me, and get your tea. The children will be hungry. I have to do some washing."

Molly was quiet now. She had a thought that kept stirring other thoughts. She got up from her rickety chair. She watched her mother as she limped out of the tiny, bare kitchen, and down the back steps into the shed. She thought of the mothers she had seen at the neighborhood camp. They had been just like her mother when they had gone out there. But when they had come home, some of them on the train with her, their eyes were shining and their faces so much happier.

Molly watched her mother until she was out of sight. "Ma said I'd better imitate her and get the tea," thought Molly. "Mimicking Molly! Yes, I'll be Mimicking Molly, but it won't be Ma I'll imitate. I'll do some play-acting that will make Ma smile."

Molly got out the old broom and swept the floor. "That will do tonight. The next time it will have a scrubbing," she whispered to herself.

Molly went about the room on tip-toe so that her mother would not notice. First she washed the table till it shone. Then she went to the cupboard and brought out a sheet.

"That will do for a table-cloth, since we have no real one." Molly felt suddenly very happy. Why this was really play-acting. It was fun. I'm 'Mimicking Molly' all right. I'm mimicking the camp mother. Only, of course, she didn't have to use a sheet. I made that up myself," Molly chuckled to herself.

"My, what a lot there is to do in this play," Molly thought. She got out all the odd plates, which she found scattered about the room and cupboard, and all the cups and saucers. Molly rushed about from table to cupboard, from cupboard to stove, never with empty hands.

"Whatever are you doing, running about like that?" called her mother, who heard her finally.

"Just imitating, Ma," called Molly, laughing, and she kept right on.

"What's that smell?" called her mother suspiciously.

"Come to tea, Ma," Molly called back in reply. "Come to tea, children," she called at the back door.

"I've had my cup of tea," said her mother. "I don't give me any more. Give the children a bit of bread and syrup, and stop your play-acting."

"How tired poor Ma must be," thought Molly, as she hurried down the steps.

"Ma, there's a surprise in the kitchen. Please come and see."

Poor tired Ma wiped her hands on her skirt and said, "It's an awful waste of time when I've got so much to do. What play-acting are you up to now?"

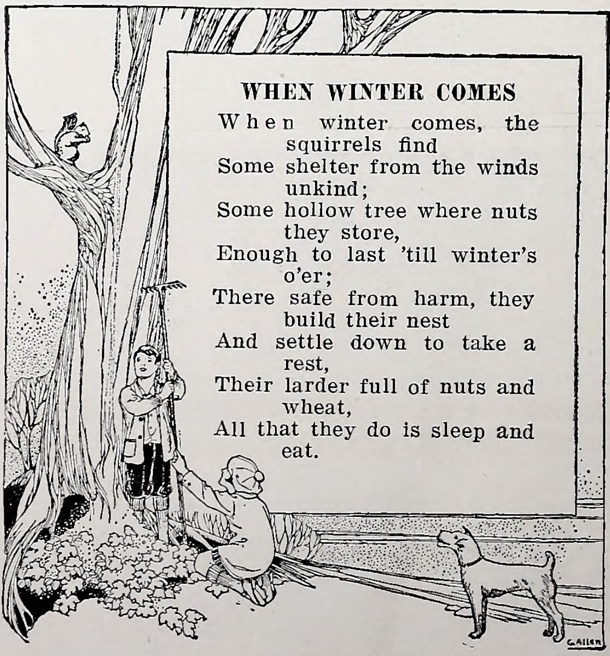
Molly's mother's face shone with happiness as she caught sight of the table set so neatly. As Molly brought on the herring, hot from the stove, the happy family sat down to the first real family meal that Molly could remember. Jim and Jennie picked up forks and had them almost in their mouths.

"Just a minute, said their mother. "It seems to me this is a meal to be thankful for. What do you think, Molly?"

Molly's eyes shone. "Ma, I was just longing to say the blessing that they did at camp," she said.

And after she had said the blessing, the light of peace in her mother's happy face, and the happy smiles on the children's made Molly say: "Ma, may I keep my nickname now?"

Her mother thought a moment, and then she understood. "Yes, you may, 'Mimicking Molly.' "



WHEN WINTER COMES

When winter comes, the squirrels find
Some shelter from the winds unkind;
Some hollow tree where nuts they store,
Enough to last 'till winter's o'er;
There safe from harm, they build their nest
And settle down to take a rest,
Their larder full of nuts and wheat,
All that they do is sleep and eat.

The Caswell News

Vol. 4 - No. 7 KINSTON, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 1939 50c Per Year

Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor........F. M. Register, M.D.
Associate Editor........Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor........Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor........Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager........Miss Mary L. Utley

A TRIBUTE

Mr. President and Members of the All-Staff:

I do not know whether this should be termed "new business" or not; but suppose we just coin a new phrase and call this a "beginning business." It would seem to me as we rush along in life, too busy with our own interests and seemingly in a mad rush for pleasure, and so intent on making a living that we fail to learn how to make a life, that it would be very fitting, very helpful, and also a check on our ego, to pause a moment and pay tribute to all that is fine and splendid in every day living. To me, one of the loveliest things connected with the years at Caswell, and one of the most inspiring, is the many little unconscious acts of kindness and helpfulness that we see about us daily. In a group as large as we have here at Caswell, no day passes but that we, if we just take time, may witness many such deeds. And we have with us tonight a person who knows and practices the fine art of living—a person who gives us daily examples of unselfishness and devoted service. The daily duties begin while most of us are sleeping snugly beneath our blankets and end hours after some of us have stopped the day's work. Yet not one word do we hear about long hours, hard work and low salaries. Work is done quietly and no opportunity of serving others is lost. It is "Service with a smile" in the truest sense of the word. I do not know how you folks feel about such things, but I would like to absorb some of this loveliness, this goodness, this fineness. Money cannot buy, nor can we appraise in mere words the beauty of such service. It is always an honor and a very great privilege to come in contact with those who have such a keen sense of honor, justice and dignity. Such lives are like "Streams in the Desert", gushing forth living waters of patience, courage and strength.

May I suggest that we give a rising vote of appreciation to one, who for 20 years has given her best to Caswell—may I present a very lovely lady—Miss Sessoms.

Prepared for All-Staff meeting, September 4, 1939.

M.L.U.

To My Friends at Caswell Training School

I wish to thank you all, both employees and students, for the kindness and friendship shown me during my short stay as an attendant in the Tapp building. I have taken over the store, "Children, Inc.", the profits of which, as you know, go to the Children's Fund. I feel I can best serve Caswell and the children in the capacity as store-keeper, so with your cooperation, let us work together to make this the most paying proposition Caswell has ever put over. I assure you of my best services in all possible ways.

Dan R. Jenkins

Opening of a New Cottage

A new cottage has been opened, Cottage 8. Miss Wilkins and Mrs. Philyaw are the matrons in it. We have a group of the loveliest boys at Caswell. We like them just fine and we sincerely hope they like us.

Everyone was as busy as a bee in cleaning up the cottage. Our boys are so small that we borrow several boys from Cottage 6 to help with the general housework. We certainly do thank Mr. and Mrs. Powell for their cooperation in letting them help.

School has begun and all of our boys like to go. Besides their academic studies, they have craft and music to appreciate. They seem very happy sitting around on the floor singing and knitting their rugs. "We are just a happy family." Come to see us.

Mrs. Ida Mae Philyaw and
Miss Amy Lee Wilkins,
Matrons

Staff Party

Caswell Training School had its regular monthly party on Monday, August 28 and what a party! There was some kind of amusement provided for everyone. The "Scavenger Hunt" provided much fun for those who sought to find the various articles hidden around the school grounds.

Mr. Cade was the lucky one, winning the $2.00 for finding the most articles. Bingo, Chinese checkers and Bridge were enjoyed by those who did not take part in the hunt. Then came the "eats" and such eats! An attractive plate with delicious chicken salad and its accessories and hot coffee and tea.

We were glad to have Dr. and Mrs. Register with us and they seemed to enjoy it as much as any one present. We give many thanks and much praise to those who planned this party. We are looking forward to the next one with great anticipation.

Mrs. Edith Reid, Matron

EDUCATIONAL NEWS and EVENTS

The state of Wyoming has passed a law to rid the state of wild horses, which have been running on some of the ranches and eating food which might much better support cattle.

* * *

Emil Hendrick, of Washington, Missouri, expects to attain fame and fortune by frog farming. In his own back yard he has already brought up a couple of hundred which he sells for prices ranging from $3.75 to $12 a dozen. His ambition is to raise eighteen thousand frogs to the acre.

* * *

The little country of Albania has never had a currency of its own, so money from every country is welcome and circulates freely, but the dollar is the favorite. Albanians have to be skilled in the value of the various kinds of foreign money, and they are, but for them money is money, and there are said to be some Confederate States of America notes still circulating among them.

* * *

The candlefish or eulachon is said to be as mysterious in its habits as the salmon. It appears in fresh water only once a year for about three weeks' time on the north Pacific coast. This fish is very rich in fat. In the spring the Indians of the British Columbia coast catch them by the millions, store them in bins for a few days, and then boil them in water in great vats, collecting the fat which they use for butter. During the month of March, they store away enough to supply them with butter for a year.

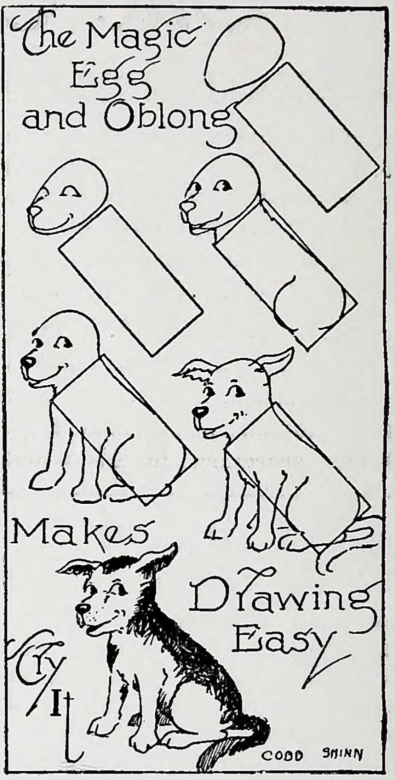
* * *

Over two hundred and fifty years ago, a South Carolina minister set out a few plants of the first of the species Azalea Indica brought to this country. He planted them at Charleston, South Carolina, to "see if they'd grow." The spot now known as "Magnolia Gardens" attracts hundreds of visitors daily during the spring from every section of the country.

These gardens comprise twenty-four acres of multi-colored azaleas, camelia, and wisteria, and ten acres of velvety green lawns bordered with giant water oaks. The oaks were planted in 1671 by the original owner of the estate. This estate belonged to Reverend John Grimke Drayton, and is still in the hands of his descendants, although many acres have been sold because they were found to possess valuable minerals.

The first azaleas were sent to Reverend Drayton from Pennsylvania following their importation from the Orient. The winters in Pennsylvania were found too severe, and he was asked to see if they would grow in South Carolina. They did grow. They were the beginning of the beautiful Charleston gardens with their almost endless variety of blossoms. Some are pink, others crimson, white, lilac, blue, purple, etc. More than one hundred people are kept busy the year around caring for the plants—The Pathfinder.

TRICKS AND STUNTS



THE BALANCED PENNY PUZZLE

A strip of paper is placed over the end of a lead pencil and on this is balanced a penny. The stunt is to remove the strip of paper without touching the pencil or disturbing the penny. How is it to be accomplished?

Answer.—Hold the pencil which supports the strip of paper and balanced coin in your left hand while the free end of the paper is held between your teeth. With your right-hand forefinger give the strip of paper a sharp downward blow. The paper will be jerked from underneath the coin which will remain balanced on the end of the pencil.

———o———

NEW COIN TRICK

Here is a simple trick which your boys and girls might have as much fun trying as we have had at our house. It looks not at all easy and quite as if the performer must be very skillful indeed. Take a silver coin, a quarter or a half dollar, and pick it up by placing the points of two pins, one on either side of the coin's edge. You may hold the coin securely in this position if you press firmly with both pins. Now blow smartly against the upper edge of the coin and it will fly around and around, revolving with great rapidity between the pins.

If you don't believe it, try it for yourself.

———o———

The temperature on the moon at its midday, astronomers have estimated, mounts as high as 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

———o———

Chicago is contemplating the erection of the world's highest tower, 1,320 feet high, as a tribute to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

A Day in the Superintendent's Office At Caswell

Since so many pigeons have made their home on the roof of the hospital building at Caswell Training School this summer, it would be doing our little peace birds an injustice to let Jenny-Wrenn tell too many of the happenings at Caswell; therefore, I am asking one of my little pigeon friends to tell you what happens in the superintendent's office on the same wing where the little pigeon spends so much of his time.

Says the pigeon—This morning I was awakened somewhat earlier than usual by an unusual stir. Someone in the room below where I roost got up at 5:45 rather than 7:30 o'clock as usual. This was all rather puzzling to me, but I fluttered my wings and threw my head high as I breathed the fresh morning air and decided to see what was really going to happen. For about 20 minutes there was a constant stirring commotion in the room below. Then a door shut. I flew to a higher perch and continued to watch. The secretary to the superintendent walked briskly across to breakfast. Earlier than usual, she went to the office. It was not long before the office had been cleaned and dusted, the reports from the kitchen department and hospital department had been brought in and Dr. F. M. Register, the superintendent, had been called to his office to speak with people from the western part of the State about getting a child admitted to Caswell Training School. Since each pending case is given careful consideration, the folder containing the child's application and other correspondence is taken from the files and Miss Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist, is called into the office. They carefully study the information given in the application and ask the visiting people many questions for Caswell Training School is very careful not to admit a child that will not adjust adequately. Together Dr. Register and Miss Wladkowski explain to these people that it is our aim to decide wisely for the child and for the School, and that it would be doing the child and the School a great injustice to accept it when it could not make a good adjustment. The child in question is found to be epileptic and the Epileptic Colony is recommended as the place for it. The people go away agreeing with the superintendent and psychologist. They also say they appreciate the frank explanations given to them and they really look as if they are highly pleased with what has been said and done.

Before these people leave the office, two persons are waiting to see Dr. Register about getting jobs. In his office Dr. Register explains to them that there are no vacancies at the present, but they may fill out applications and return them to be placed on file for consideration when a vacancy occurs.

In the meantime six of the girls at the school are waiting to see Dr. Register about some of their problems and two of the boys want his permission to go home for a vacation.

The mail has come and the secretary goes for it. The mail contains four applications from the welfare department requesting the admission of children. Very urgent are some of them. A letter comes with one of them from a congressman asking that everything possible be done to admit the child he is writing about, three applications for work also come in the mail, four inquiries as to the health of four children already here, two letters asking to know the procedure to follow in getting a child admitted, one letter asking for full information about Caswell, two letters asking for appointments for psychological examinations and a few other inquiries.

Now, a traveling man wants to sell some farm machinery and he is referred to Mr. S. H. Stroud, business manager. Miss Utley, secretary to the business manager, is wanted on the telephone, a few minutes later Mr. Stroud is wanted on the telephone. In fact, I hear the telephone ringing for someone every few minutes. Sometimes it rings so loudly and unexpectedly that I almost leave my perch. But no, what is this? Another couple of people with a child. They have brought him thinking he could be admitted without an appointment, psychological examination or any of our usual procedure. Miss Wladkowski explains to them that psychological examinations are made prior to admission to see if the child is eligible for placement in Caswell Training School and will be able to adjust himself. She tells the set-up of the institution and explains that many parents have the wrong conceptions as to what may be done for their child and that the child cannot be cured as people often believe. Before the people make their departure she has given them an appointment to examine the child and tells them that if, after examination she finds the child is not eligible for placement here, she will give them recommendations as to what may be done with the child. The people leave with a triumphant look on their faces.

The telephone is ringing again, it is getting late over in the afternoon and I am very tired and hungry. Although I have not told you everything that happened in the office, I hope I have given you some idea of the average day.

Now that my little pigeon has flown from his perch, I want to say a little something for the little pigeon and all of his little friends. Recently I have heard that some people are complaining about the many pigeons around Caswell being a nuisance. It is true that they make such moaning sounds during the night that I often think a ghost has me, and then again such scratching sounds that I get out of bed at 2:00 and 3:00 o'clock in the night to see if someone is breaking in, but like some human beings, their good characteristics outweigh by far the ones that make people threaten to destroy them. They are such beautiful birds and so innocent looking, how could anyone think of destroying one? They are so helpful to farmers and other planters, as they eat the insects that threaten to destroy the plants. When the sun is fading into its curtains of gold, take a walk to the corner of the hospital where at least 25 pigeons roost each night and as you look up at the beautiful, helpful birds that God has given us, see if you do not vow within your heart never to threaten with thoughts or actions one of these fine feathered friends again.

A Pigeon's Friend

———o———

We are so glad to have Miss Madie DeBose among our staff to do recreation work with the children in Caswell Training School. Miss DeBose has come to us to work through one of the WPA projects in this state.

THE BOOKS OF THE PROFESSOR

By Ad. Schuster.

BECAUSE he bore the appearance of wisdom and kept to himself and his books, they called him "The Professor" in Comptonville. He had lived there since the town was founded and no one had known him to do anything which, in the place's standards, was called work.

"Of course," they said, "he writes and sometimes he paints pictures, but as for real work that is useful in the world and brings in the bread and butter, it is something he knows nothing about."

He was so gentle and unassuming and his ventures into the Comptonville life were so few that he came to be regarded with a detached affection as a worthy and fragile institution. The Professor gave the town a certain distinction. On any evening he could be seen sitting in his library, bending over a book, while from cases on the walls stared the back of impressive volumes. No visitor in Comptonville ever escaped this evening walk, and the opportunity to see the Professor who stood for learning and culture even as much as would a college.

It occurred to no one to question the Professor's financial standing. He came into the town as though he had dropped out of the clouds. No one seemed to know whether he ever had a wife or who his relatives were. Rarely any one was ever seen in his library and it was nothing unusual for him to be seen through his window late at night. Long ago men had ceased to wonder how he could live by his pen when others had hard work making ends meet with their two hands and a shovel. The Professor was always neatly dressed, his white beard was ever combed to silky softness, and his step was confident.

Occasion for comment came when the Professor formed a new habit, that of monthly visits to the city. With two heavy suitcases he went to the station early in the morning. In the evening when he returned it was noticed the suitcases were lighter. Many had often wondered what the cases contained. Some thought perhaps he might be an agent, selling a line of goods which could be carried about.

Of his trips, of what he saw or why he went, the Professor never had a word, and there was none who dared ask him. In time the town's curiosity concerning the excursions died out and they were regarded as no more than incidents in a life that was ordered and simple.

The Professor sat in his library with the shades full up. When he heard steps on the sidewalk he smiled, knowing that he was being observed. Save to bend a little more intently over his book he gave them no notice, and yet this stood for his life, his place in Comptonville, and his most satisfying experiences.

"I won't let them know I am poor. I won't surrender. I will stick it out until the last. . . ." He looked around his library and at the cases, solid rows of books. He had spent many, many hours in reading the books which were written by some of the most famous writers. A great deal of money was spent in procuring this large selection. He kept posted on the new books that were being written by leading writers.

It did not help when the Professor had to hire a boy to carry the suitcases to the train. Men noticed that his step was slow, but his eyes still sparkled and his head was erect. In the daytime it was seen his shades were drawn and there were stories that he was ill and resting, but in the evening he sat with his books, with the light burning, and with the town to watch.

There came a day when the boy had but one suitcase to carry, and that evening when the Professor returned, his feet dragged and his head was bowed. In his room he spread a small amount of money before him.

"The last," said the Professor, carefully counting the few coins which were spread out before him on the table, "when this is gone I will have to apply for help." Then he picked up another book, went to his library, and seated himself in front of the window.

"If I go down," he said, with a quiver in his voice, "I'll go down fighting."

And the light burned all night. A milkman saw it in the early morning, and when the town awakened a disquieting rumor spread. To the Professor's house they went, but no one would respond to the bell. Again they pushed the bell button, but no one answered. Having determined to find out the reason for the light which was left burning all night they forced a window, opened the door and admitted a nervous, fearful volunteer committee of investigators.

There he was in his library, with a book in his lap. The Professor had stuck it out to the end, had died without admitting defeat. There was a hushed and awkward moment. Some one moved to return the book to a case. Then it was discovered that all of these volumes which stared to the world and gave to the Professor that setting which he loved, were painted on the glass of the cases. The book which was in his lap was his last. They remembered the suitcases and the trips to the city.

"He has been selling them off," some one spoke the feeling of the group. "Little by little he has been parting with them and it broke his heart to do it."

The few rooms in which the professor lived was almost void of furniture. In the corner of one room was a cot on which the bedding had been carefully folded back. Apparently he had intended to retire before he passed away. In the middle of another room was the stove on which the meals had been cooked. Pans that had been used but not yet cleaned were on a small table beside the stove in which there were still a few embers smoldering which would indicate that the Professor had not been dead more than eight or ten hours. A small cupboard in the same room contained dishes and other small things.

The coroner of the town was notified and the dead man was given a burial. Efforts to ascertain the whereabouts of his relatives were in vain. His identity was made much more difficult because of the fact that the only name he had gone by was "Professor."

Now when they speak of the Professor they picture him copying on the glass of his bookcases the backs and titles of those volumes which he was forced to give up, and say, "He was a queer man, the Professor, but spunky."

Culinary Department

We are thankful and a happy group to have new windows and screens in the Culinary Department. They are beautiful. We wish to express to Dr. Register and Mr. Stroud our appreciation for them and all other improvements and additional equipment.

Our objective is to give everyone wholesome, attractive and well-cooked food. Are we thankful for the food and do we pause to think how quickly God could take everything from us? Are you helping your Institution? "A cheerful look makes a dish a feast." Have you forgotten that children are close observers and imitators?

We are delighted to have the teachers return. They are very helpful in every way.

We have a wonderful opportunity at Caswell Training School to know Dr. and Mrs. Register, Mr. Stroud and Dr. Lee. Are we trying to improve and do our work thoroughly each day in order to help them? May each of us say, "From compromise and things half-done, keep me with stern and stubborn pride; and when at last the fight is won, God, keep me still unsatisfied."

Zelda Wood, Dietician

PERSONALITY

Does she have personality? This question, although often asked, is based upon a mistaken idea of personality. People talk as though personality were a kind of cosmetic, bought in a box and put on one's face to make one's self attractive or as they seem to think in Hollywood, an "It" that comes from the design of the gowns or the comb of the hair.

But personality is not something one has—it is rather, something one is. It is that center of a man or woman that makes him a person. It is the core of an individual, from which springs his happiness, his courage, his talents and ability to create, his capacity for love. When the core of the fruit is healthy and right, the skin will also be; and when the personality of the individual is healthy and adjusted, he will be socially attractive without having to worry about it.

Personality is in some ways like a radio set; it is intricate in mechanism and works only if it is tuned. Like the radio, personality depends for its functioning upon the tuning of forces which are invisible, courage deep within a person, one's interest in other people, creative ideals that lead one on and so forth.

What all of us wish, especially during high school and college is to develop into strong, effective personalities who can live with happiness and given creatively to others and the world. We want to use our talents to live fully and abundantly and so doing to help others to live abundantly.

For healthy personality we need adjustment, but it is an adjustment that begins within, arising out of the unique abilities of each different person and an adjustment that is dynamic, ever changing, ever growing. This adjustment must include our world, for the world furnishes the pivot points for each of us, pivot points in the form of friends, business associates and one's jobs.

And finally for personality, health, an individual must find his goal. Toward what am I growing is a question of basic importance. Ideals, purposes, possibilities and the other aspects of religion come in here. As the acorn grows into the oak, so every personality moves through life going somewhere and the process is much more wonderful with persons than with oak trees, for each individual, in the adjustment within himself has some freedom, some margin of choice as to whether he will grow and toward what goal.

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Laundry

During the week of July 10, the girls rushed their work so we could be finished by Friday, which was our day to go to Morehead.

While ironing we were planning the lunch. Although Miss Woods sends a delicious lunch, the girls decided they each wanted to give five or ten cents and have a different lunch. So we added some sandwiches, "hot dogs" and cakes, and oh, we all enjoyed it so much!

Even though we had blistered backs we wish we could make the trip more often.

Mrs. Idabell Taylor, Laundry Matron

Pollock B

We are happy to be settled again after much changing while our building was being repaired. Both the boys and myself appreciate all that has been done towards improving our building.

The boys enjoyed the trips to Morehead and Seven Springs this year more than ever, I believe. We thank Dr. Register, Mr. Stroud and all that helped to make these trips possible.

Several of the boys are gone home on vacations which thrills both them and me for them to have this opportunity.

Mrs. Potter, Matron

Pollock A

Vacation time is over. The boys from Pollock A have been coming back in groups of three and four for the past two or three weeks. They are just running over with news of the wonderful times they had while home. They never tire of telling what they saw or where they went.

The few that did not have the privilege to go home try to get even by saying, "We had a good time going to Morehead or we went to Goldsboro and Seven Springs." Henry says, let all go home that want to. We have a good time at Caswell.

We are glad to welcome everyone back and we are proud to know everyone had a pleasant and enjoyable summer.

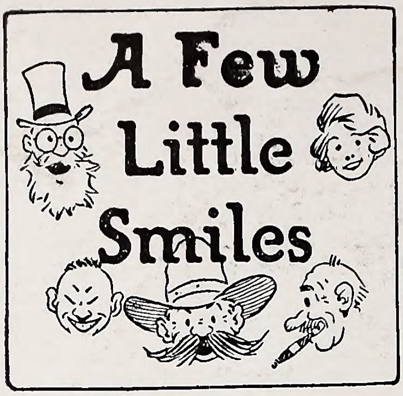
Mrs. Hill, Matron in Pollock A

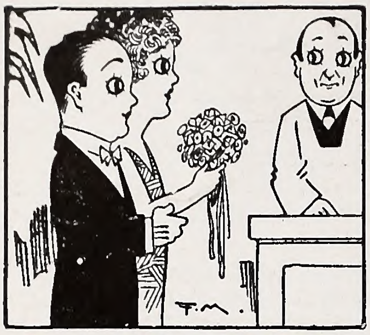
Cottage II

We have 30 children in our cottage. We are very proud of them all. During the two months we have been working with them, they have participated in the work willingly as well as the recreation that has been given them. We have been to Morehead and Camp Register this summer. The children enjoyed the outing very much.

Now that school has begun, our children are especially interested in the craft work. We are very proud of this, for we see where much improvement can be made in the cottage as well as the children. As life is not a station, we are expecting to progress.

Miss Collins, Miss Brown,—Matrons





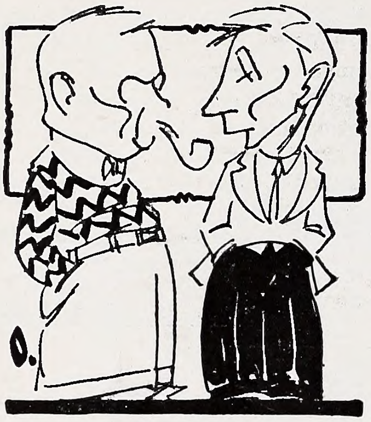
A CHEAP WIFE.

Bridegroom: "How much?"

Officiating Clergyman: "Whatever she is worth to you."

Bridegroom: "Can you cash a check for $2 and give me the change?"

* * *

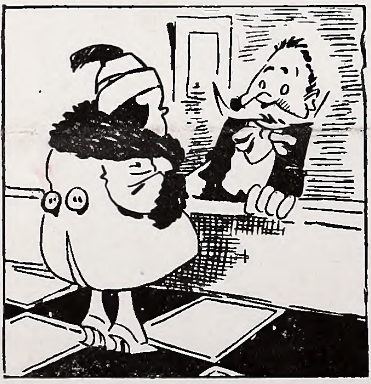


LOUD.

"What do you think of my suit?"

"I can't say that it listens well."

* * *



ALL SHADES, OF COURSE

Customer: "Are your curtains of more than one color?"

Clerk: "Our curtains are all shades, madam,of course."

* * *

AND LOT'S OF 'EM.

"Have you read 'Freckles'?"

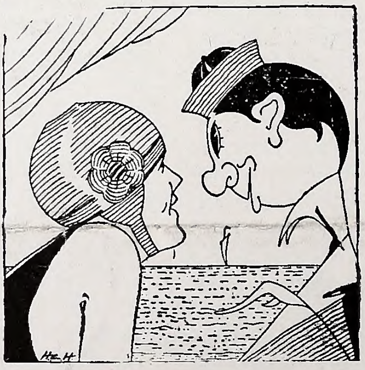
"No, thank goodness; mine are light brown."

FIGURE THIS OUT.

"How do you think a man picks a wife in Turkey when he can't see her face till after they are married?"

"Why, the same as they pick them over here."

* * *



SCRAPS WITH HIS WIFE.

She—Do you have many scraps with your wife?

He—Almost every night at supper—whatever is left over from dinner, you know.

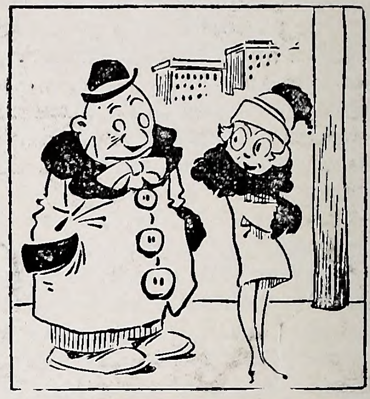
* * *

HIT IT FIRST TIME.

Little Boy: "Please may I have my arrow?"

Lady: "Certainly, where is it?"

Little Boy: "I think it is sticking in your cat."



SHOES NOT COUNTED.

She: "Few women wear less than a pound of clothes."

He: "Oh, come now! You should not include the shoes."

* * *

THAT PUPPY SMITH.

"Why are you so angry because you saw her kissing a dog?"

"It wasn't a dog—it was that puppy Smith!"

* * *

BIG JOB FOR A WEAK MAN.

He—Goodby I think I'll take this street home.

She—Better think again; that's a big job for a weak man.

* * *

Him: "I love you as no one ever loved before."

Her: "I can't see much difference."

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COMMITMENT HYMN

Now the labourer's task is o'er
Now the battle day is past
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the penitents that turn
To the cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well
He who died for their release
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind we wait in trust
For the Resurrection Day
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

—John Ellerton, 1870

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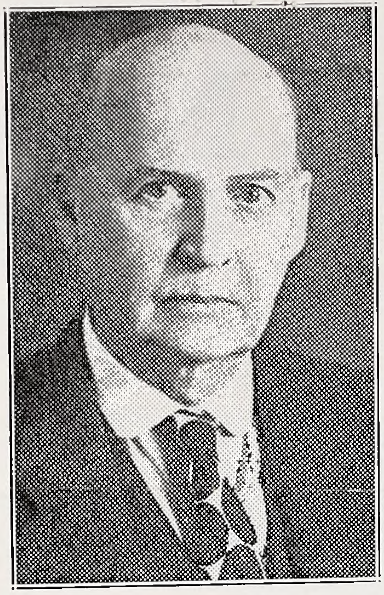

RESOLUTION OF THE CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL ALL-STAFF ORGANIZATION

Resolved by the All-Staff members of Caswell Training School, Kinston, N. C., that the following tribute gives expression to the sentiments of members of the employees toward our beloved, deceased superintendent, Dr. Frank M. Register.

Dr. Register has ever lived and practiced the principles of the Golden Rule. His life will be a shining example for all those who knew him. His love and devotion as a husband, a father and a friend cannot be surpassed. His every thought was for the betterment and joy of the children at Caswell. There was no problem so small he would not take time to unravel and settle to the satisfaction of all concerned. Employees and children alike carried their burdens to his office and home, and everyone was received with a smile of welcome. He was never too busy or too weary to listen and understand.

"An understanding heart," a true friend and a Christian gentleman, are just a few of the attributes of Dr. Register.

To his beloved wife, Mrs. Register, whom all Caswell loves and reveres for her unceasing work side by side with Dr. Register, we especially extend our heart-felt love and sympathy. In a small way we can feel her deep loss and loneliness.

To his son and two sisters we also wish to extend our deepest sympathy.

To all we send these testimonials of love and admiration and friendship.

Signed:

Members of the All-Staff
Organization of Caswell Training School

TRIBUTES TO DR. F. M. REGISTE

Things come in life that we have to face, b let us remember that the grave is not life's goa Death is only a phase in life through which we ha to pass. Without it our life cycle would be incon plete.

We do not even have to stop to realize what w have lost. We know instantly that we have lost true friend, a great man and a great helper. L us see the footprints he has left and take hea again, striving onward to carry on the work h wished to be done.

Mrs. J. F. Everett, J

* * *

The school department of Caswell wishes to e press its appreciation of Dr. Register. It was lil sunshine to a gray day when he came into the schoo rooms. When you looked into his calm, compa sionate eyes you felt: "God's in His heaven, all right with the world."

The music teacher felt he took particular inte est in the children's music because it brought the so much happiness and satisfaction. He loved hear them sing and was proud of their program The Arts and Crafts teacher said she never kne anyone so sympathetic with the children's work a so pleased with their accomplishments, wheth great or small. The rest of us felt all this, too: h interest, his unselfishness, his encouragement, h forgiving spirit and his happiness because we we trying to carry out his benevolent plans.

We miss his sweet presence, teachers and ch dren, and we are sad because one so near and de has left us, but we feel that in his heavenly hor his life is full of joy and complete.

One of his greatest traits was his love for h manity; big or little, rich or poor, ugly, sick, a flicted or unlovely in body or spirit. Another w his great compassion and helpfulness.

He was truly like "A tree planted by the rive of waters," and the fruit of his spirit was "lo joy, peace, long suffering, goodness, gentlene faith."

Kate P. Daws

* * *

On behalf of the boys with whom I work, a myself, I would like to express our regret at t passing of our dearly loved superintendent, D Register.

We thought very highly of Dr. Register, and personally regarded him as the best all arou leader that Caswell has had since I have been member of the Staff. He was always very though ful and considerate of each and everyone of us a never seemed to be too busy to listen to all o troubles, whether they be large or small.

It is rather difficult to try to express our though regarding our deceased superintendent, but I si cerely thought him to be an honest, upright a Christian gentleman.

We shall miss a friend like he has been each day n every way. For not oft do we find, this day and ime, one like this friend of yours and mine, Dr. Register.

J. T. Braxton, Dairyman

* * *

Throughout the years God's children find that ife holds for them joys, sorrows and sacrifices of lifferent natures, but one of the most difficult of all acrifices is to say good-bye forever to a very dear riend, one whom we love dearly, or a life of unelfish service.

A life of unselfish service was that of Dr. F. M. Register, the late superintendent of Caswell Training School. Now that we have stood at the parting of ways, let us take a survey of his years of nselfish service at Caswell Training School.

He came here six years ago as superintendent of he school. Since that time his heart had been vholly in his work. His chief aim was to make Caswell Training School not an institution but a ome. He had a personal interest in each child, ach employee and every activity. Through his atherly attitude toward each individual child, he ecame known to all as "Daddy Register." He was ever too occupied or too tired to listen to our roblems and he always gave helpful, if not solving, uggestions. He was patient, sympathetic and I oubt if anyone possesses a better understanding of uman nature. Proof of these traits was daily porrayed in his dealings with each individual person. Personally, I say that he never spoke an unkind or eprimanding word to me during the two years that t was my pleasure and privilege to be his stenograher.

The curtains have folded on his earthly existence ut his deeds of unselfish service to mankind will ive on through the years. Never can we forget is influence, his interest, his example and his guidnce. We feel the deepest gratitude for all he has one.

As we looked at life's curtain quietly sway toether fold on fold, the way became misty; but as e hear the echo of his last words, "Carry On," the nist fades into a beautiful sunrise.

Marguerite Thomas

* * *

Our beloved superintendent, Dr. F. M. Register, assed away on September 28. It is with a sense of eep loss and grief that we try to pen a fitting ibute to this kindly personality who for six years ad gone about doing things to make Caswell a appier place in which to live and work. He walks o more on his beloved campus, but his spirit will bide with us and bless us in the thoughts and reams he had for the growth and development of is school.

His every thought was for the comfort and hapiness of those who called Caswell home and for ose whose duty it is to create that comfort and appiness. He was ever ready with words of encouragement and cheer and always eager to lend a helping hand to those in need.

We of the sewing room and laundry department extend to the bereaved relatives our sincere sympathy and send this expression of our friendship and appreciation of one who will indeed be sorely missed.

Mrs. Florence Leonard
Mrs. A. T. Taylor
Mrs. Sallie Fisher
Mrs. M. L. Parrish
Mrs. B. H. Stokes

* * *

We, as members of the office force, have been closely associated with our beloved superintendent, Dr. Register, and appreciate this opportunity of voicing a tribute to a man so outstandingly kind in all dealings with his fellow co-workers. He met the end of life as he met the problems of life—cleareyed, fearlessly, with a spirit still valiant though his body had been sorely weakened by pain and suffering.

We grieve at his passing, but we are grateful to have known him and worked with him in making a happier and more beautiful Caswell. To those of us who knew him best, his life was both an inspiration and a benediction. His gentleness, his kindly sympathy and understanding endeared him to all. We feel that we have lost a friend, the school has lost a beloved leader, the state a useful citizen, the family a devoted husband and father. To all we extend our sincerest sympathy.

S. H. Stroud
Mary Lee Utley

* * *

The spirit of friendliness and of humility that gained for Dr. F. M. Register the respect and admiration of thousands quickly enveloped me. His manner toward his fellowmen was friendly, considerate, humble, and one always felt the power of his personality. He was a man whose sense of humor and common sense would not let him be disturbed over the small things that disturb many people.

The ethical code of the medical profession is high, but Dr. Register went far beyond these in his conception and practice of the medical profession. Throughout his career there is to be noticed a sincere purpose of helping others in every way possible for him. Because he loved his work and loved to help those unable to help themselves he went far beyond that which was expected of him.

I deeply regret the loss of a friend, but in this regret there is a measure of comfort in that he lived a good life, always holding for himself and his workers the highest ideals of personal purity and morality. There is a cause to rejoice in that for him there was no sting in death, no victory for the grave. We can only hope that his life will be an inspiration to those who are striving to attain the standard which Dr. Register set.

R. M. Barefoot

STATE SUFFERS GREAT LOSS IN DEATH OF DR. REGISTER

Many people throughout the state are saddened by the passing of Dr. F. M. Register. And among those who will feel his loss are the inmates of the Caswell Training School where he was superintendent for the past six years.

Dr. Register had a trying task—a task that would be unpleasant to most people in caring for mentally defective children.

But Dr. Register gloried in his duties. He put his whole heart into the job of making life pleasant for the state's pitiful children placed in his care, and he was rewarded by the devotion of these children who looked on him as the center of their universe.

A void which will be hard to fill is created by the loss of Dr. Register. The state loses an able and painstaking doctor, his family and acquaintances lose a lovable and trusted friend, and his former charges at the Caswell Training School suffer the loss of a friend whose chief concern has been making their world a better place in which to live.—Editorial taken from the Raleigh Times.

* * *

DR. REGISTER

For six years Dr. F. M. Register, former Wayne county health officer, who died Thursday night in Kinston, was superintendent of the Caswell Training School at Kinston. This work crowned a long career as physician and worker in public health.

At Caswell the state provides for its children of subnormal mental development. The enrollment includes many pitiful cases. You know how they tug at your heart-strings if ever you have visited the institution.

Dr. Register loved the Caswell children. He bent the whole energies and efforts of the institution's staff to provide as near as possible an atmosphere of a home for the children. His work at Caswell was great and good because he loved it.—This editorial was taken from the Goldsboro Argus.

* * *

FROM THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

In paying homage to our beloved superintendent, we would not fail to mention his faithful and devoted wife, who has given so freely of her time and talents toward beautifying our school. Her only reward was the satisfaction of knowing she was making others happy. We doubt if she herself could mention in detail the spots she has made anew. We shall attempt to mention only a few of the most outstanding. One would have to look back some five or six years to fully appreciate what her work has meant to us. First, the grounds of the superintendent's home were renovated. Then gradually weed-grown spots were transformed into flower gardens that are a joy to passersby and a greater joy to us who see them daily. Many people drive out especially to see the circle which is considered one of the prettiest flower plots in or near Kinston.

When the new cottages and auditorium were completed, it was she who planned and superintended the landscaping which is indeed beautiful. Then as one improvement calls for another, huge myrtles and other woods shrubs around the hospital were replaced by more choice evergreens, the woods shrubs being used as backgrounds for the cottages.

At present the reception room of the Central building is the center of her interest. The floor is being refinished and lovely new drapery and furniture are ready for installation.

To Mrs. Register we extend our deepest sympathy.

* * *

Among those who sent telegrams expressing sympathy were the following: Dr. and Mrs. Edward Bizzell, Eric G. Flannagan, Dr. and Mrs. Donnell Cobb, Paul and Grace Park, Bureau of Vital Statistics, Pearle Brashear, Elizabeth P. Arthur, Nettie Hatcher Hoge, Elizabeth Full, Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Fonvielle, Mary Cross, Luella and Z. P. Metcalf, Mary Colvin Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Kelly, Mrs. J. E. Hood, Marie Farley, Jennie and Wilkins Lewis, Elizabeth and Jim Chace, Nellie Davis Gardner, Estelle T. Smith, Edith P. Hutt, Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Stedman, May Oettinger, Dr. and Mrs. O. F. Smith, Maude and Herbert Weatherspoon, S. N. Clark, Charles U. Harris, G. V. Cowper, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Broughton, Clarence Poe, Mrs. W. T. Bost, Robert L. Thompson, W. C. Ezell, Harry W. Crane and Mabel E. Goudge, Janie and Jean Blue, Louise White Connor, Lizzie McDuffie Williams, Lucille Jeffreys Pilley, Gertrude Jones, R. D. Bynum, Kathleen Bernard.

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Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

GREETINGS

I have only been here a few days. I have very little to say except that my survey so far indicates a perfectly good institution, an excellent corps and if I do not make good, I have not a leg upon which to stand. My predecessors have wrought well, some of them pioneers in this line of work, and I think not a single one of them has been a mediocre man.

I have much to measure up to, but I do hope the end result of my work here will leave Caswell Training School like an oasis in the desert, a perpetual blessing to mankind.

W. T. Parrott, M.D., Superintendent

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RESOLUTIONS BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

On the 28th day of September, 1939, the Infinite Promoter of Human Welfare called from the field of service, Dr. F. M. Register, and challenged the State of North Carolina to a great task of filling his place.

Quiet and unassuming, and with a gentleness which only love for humanity could engender, he has, during a long life of usefulness, rendered public service of the highest order and efficiency. Whether his task was in restricted areas, or in the broader field of State Public Health Service, or the supervision of the care of those who constantly live in mental twilight or deeper darkness, there was a certainty that in his approach to every problem he weighed them both in the scales of his mind and his heart.

There are those who look upon office as a public trust, demanding performance of duty to the maximum of ability. Certainly Dr. Register qualified for that group of public officials. But he went beyond the scope of duty in the discharge of his official obligations. The heart and the man moved together, to give to official duty those kindly impulses and sympathies that were calculated to build men and women instead of simply making repairs.

As superintendent of Caswell Training School, he was efficient in administration, courteous and understanding with the public and with those in his employment, and tender and considerate in his dealings with the unfortunate ones committed to his care.

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that in the death of Dr. F. M. Register the State has lost a great public servant, whose conception of public duty should be a guide to those who make endeavor to improve the mind and body of man.

BE IT RESOLVED FURTHER that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, a copy furnished to the family of Dr. Register and copies furnished to the press of the State.

o

DEMONSTRATION CLINIC FOR STUDENTS OF CHAPEL HILL

That our most intellectual groups learn through "seeing" as well as "hearing" was proven by Dr. Sanders and Mr. Lawrence, Professors of the University of North Carolina, in bringing a large group of their Social Welfare and Sociology students to Caswell Training School for a demonstration clinic held by our psychologist, Miss Edith Wladkowski, on November 1, 1939 in the school auditorium.

To say we are proud of "Miss Edith" and her clinic is putting it mildly, for as true as the saying, "It pays to advertise" we realize the great benefit and aid to a real working knowledge with the state's mental defectives gained by these demonstration clinics. All the book learning is worth very little if we do not actually know how to reach the person himself. So while Miss Edith is demonstrating to students the type of children, she is also showing the students how to handle the types!

To have the privilege of attending one of her clinics is well worth the trip to Caswell, and it is most gratifying to see how eager the students are to acquire all the knowledge possible. They ask most leading questions pertaining to the different types shown them during the clinic and some of a more general nature after the demonstration.

That the students are very appreciative is shown by the letters Miss Wladkowski receives after each clinic. A most cordial invitation is extended to all who would profit by attending, Caswell welcomes folks seeking knowledge!

Mrs. M. V. Harlan, Supervisor

o

COTTAGE I

In Cottage I there has been some changes. Mrs. Fisher left us to keep house. We miss her very much, but we wish her much happiness. We have Mrs. Sugg to take her place. We are glad to have her with us and hope she is going to like it.

We also miss Mary and Katie as they left us to go to the Mills Home at Thomasville. They have written us how nice they are getting along and are making their grades. We wish them much success.

Gladys F. Happer, Matron

Cover missing when received

THE IMPORTANCE OF ART

IT IS seldom necessary today to designate the importance of drawing, design and craftwork. These subjects play an important part in the development of the intellect and character of a scholar. Regardless of the fact that the greater number of educational authorities recognize the value of art, some critics would give us to believe that this type of work is meant merely to gratify effeminate tastes. By setting forth its cultural properties it is very easy to undermine the stand of these captious objectors.

In the first place, application to art work cultivates certain abilities which other subjects entirely omit.

The aesthetic sense is developed in a marked degree, and how useful this is in life can be measured only by those who have visited comfortable homes; who have noticed tidy, well-ordered offices; who have given their attention to artistically arranged shop windows, booths, banquet halls, party assembly halls, churches, etc.

The faculty of observation is sharpened and this is useful in most walks of life. The memory is cultivated by the effort required to retain correct images.

The habit of accuracy is formed by the necessity of making perfect geometric figures, by the definiteness of outline needed to paint a true representation of a scene and so on.

Again the habit of attention to details is contracted, because the whole artistic value of a masterpiece often depends on this, and to a reflective experienced mind it is not hard to demonstrate how much in life is attached to this quality, and how much harm is often caused by the lack of it.

Drawing is a means of expression more ancient and more natural than writing, for ancient hieroglyphics were but pictures in their origin. The prehistoric man and the savage, who were ignorant of writing, drew crude representations of animals, implements and people to express their thoughts. Before a child knows how to write, he will try to express his thoughts by simple pictures. It is interesting to notice the gradual improvement of these efforts. The first works are practically unintelligible, then the things to which the child is closest begin to take form, people and houses, to these more details are later added. With this improvement comes an increase of ideas, such as attempts at animals, boats, scenery, heedless of such things as color, proportion and perspective.

Creative faculties are brought into play as well as the love of making things by this type of education: A sense of neatness, precision and skill in handling tools is brought forth. These result in a harmony of brain and muscle, otherwise almost unattainable. Art furthermore encourages a love and appreciation of the beautiful which reveals a source of enjoyment and pleasure, entirely unknown to those who ignore art.

These facts and many more which could be presented go far to prove the cultural value of art and to show that it is far from being a barren and idle subject; and if we went into the domain of commerce and industry an immense field of argument presents itself to vindicate the rights of art among the pursuits to which man may apply himself.

If we only ask the simple questions, "How would architects, landscape gardeners, advertisers, cartoonists, etc., get on without art?" Surely the answers to these and other such questions ought to be enough to convince the most unthinking censors of art of the fallacy of their proposition.

TEN WORDS MOST MISSPELLED

MISS HAKE, who has examined papers prepared by a great many students in training for secretarial jobs, says that the ten words most frequently misspelled are:

Procedure
Lose
Benefited
Accommodate
Adviser
Occurrence
Supersede
All right
Principle
Effect

The commonest errors incorporated in these words make them

Proceedure
Loose
Benefitted
Accomodate
Advisor
Occurrance
Supercede
Alright
Principal
Affect

In the United States government printing office the endings "cede," "ceed," and "sede" have a paragraph to themselves; "supersede" bears the distinction of being the only word in the English language with the ending "sede." "Ceed" is terminal of only three—exceed, proceed and succeed. "Cede" has the majority. The "sede" of supersede means to sit; "ceed" and "cede" mean to go. The confusion caused by "sede", "ceed" and "cede" shows itself in the alien "e" of "proceedure." The doubling of 't" in "benefitted" is typical of the trouble terminal consonants cause; the current single "p" in kidnaper irritates many readers. "Alright" is an ancient imitator of already. The mixing up of principal and principle, the errant "a" of "occurance," the dropping of an "m" for accommodate, the "or" of advisor where "er" belongs are easily understood, though not to be condoned. The common writing of "loose" for lose and "affect" for effect are less easy of explanation. The pronunciations of the maltreated words do not account for the abuse to which they are subjected.

It is contended by Miss Hake that improvement in spelling "comes most quickly where there is great necessity—powerful stimuli—a heavy penalty, such as possible loss of employment."

REORGANIZATIONAL WORK AT CASWELL

Shall Our Children Get Vacations?

In many instances there could be nothing against having children from this institution go home for vacations. In some cases we feel that periods of absences may be of great benefit to the children. In other cases, on the other hand, such leaves may have harmful effects on them. Consequently, all this comes down to the necessity of considering each child individually before a leave could be granted. For this reason we are now requiring that at least one-week notification be given to Caswell by parents or others who wish to take a child out for any period of time..

Also we feel that since children are admitted to this institution through departments of public welfare, the latter should have the privilege of deciding, from the home and community standpoint, whether a child should be permitted such leave. For this reason we are also requiring a written permission from the respective departments of public welfare before a vacation could be granted in any given case.

In some instances children on their own accord request that they be permitted to go home. In such cases it of course stands to reason that the consent of the parents and departments of public welfare will be necessary before the staff of Caswell Training School can consider the matter.

We are in hopes that such precautions, namely, consideration of each case in Caswell and permission from the parents and welfare departments will protect all concerned. As long as a child is in Caswell, this institution is responsible for him. When he is out, he still needs protection and guidance and the logical parties for taking this responsibility are of course the parents and welfare departments.

Turnover in Caswell Making Room for More Admissions

Until now the turnover in Caswell has been almost nil. Since so few children were discharged, there was little room available for new admissions. This has of course been conducive toward the creation of a general discouraging attitude, both in the institution and among welfare people outside, despite the fact that applications have continued to pour in with urgent requests for the admission of new patients.

A very recent survey has shown that over seventy individuals have been away from Caswell, ranging for periods of a few months to a few years. They have never been officially discharged from Caswell Training School because they merely left on vacations and were so listed here. In an attempt to make room for urgent cases, welfare departments have been asked to check on these individuals in their counties and to advise us what adjustment these people have made and whether they could be discharged. Already we have received some very favorable replies, resulting in officially discharging quite a number of individuals, thus making room for others.

What Type Children Will Caswell Have Room For

As it has been stated in previous issues of this magazine, before a child could be admitted we must first consider whether there is room for him in the building to which he belongs, chronologically, mentally and emotionally. Placing an individual in any building without such consideration may result in a failure of the individual to adjust here and may also result in a general disharmony in the building in which he is placed. In other words, before we admit a new child we must not only consider his welfare but also the wellbeing of those who are already there. It therefore follows that most of our admissions in the future will have to be of the same type as those who are being discharged. In most instances high grade mental defectives are being released, thus making room for other high grade mental defectives who are in need of training. It is hoped that such system will in time lead to a large turnover in Caswell Training School, permitting this school to be of greater benefit to the state than it has been until now.—Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

Editor's Note—I do not like to appear in this issue again, but I wish frankly to state that I consider Miss Edith Wladkowski responsible for the release of these children and the help she is rendering to Caswell in dispelling the fatalistic atmosphere is grand.—W. T. Parrott.

———o———

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

November has been a most exciting month in just the short time it has been here. Many things have happened to make all of us happy.

The first nice thing was the arrival of our new superintendent, Dr. Tom Parrott. Already the children are feeling they know "Dr. Tom" as he goes about his duties at Caswell.

The fair is now past history, but it is still a pleasant memory to the children. All who were able to go were taken to the fair and given a ride on the hobby horses, the ferris wheel, swing and many other rides. Then they were taken to the grandstand where the management presented their regular grandstand acts. There were many beaming faces. Everyone was excited and having a grand time.

The school had a most representative booth of articles made by the Kindergarten, Primary. Intermediate and Advanced children as well as things made in the Craftroom. There were lovely displays of burnt wood, woodwork, including bird houses, bird feeding stations, magazine stands, etc. There were rugs of all kinds, hooked, crocheted and woven. Much embroidery and several hand-painted pictures —everything having been made by the children.

Best of all were the many first and second prizes won by the children in the competitive booth for fancy work, twenty prizes being won in all. This shows what excellent work the children are capable of doing.

Wednesday night, November 8, at 7:30, the Glee Club went to Wheat Swamp School and presented a program at the monthly meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association. A large crowd of mothers, fathers, teachers and children greeted us. It was said to be the largest crowd they had ever had. The program included the songs used on our radio program broadcast October 26 over Station WFTC with additional songs and the Girl's Military Tap Dance. Every number was most enthusiastically received, and we were urged to return at an early date. After the program each child was given a bag of fruit, which was enjoyed on the return trip.

These are just a few of the nice things that are always happening to us, and we are looking forward to November 30 when we will celebrate a truly great and happy Thanksgiving.—Mrs. Ramon H. Askew, Music Teacher.

Effect of Outside Work on School Success

THE most successful boys in school are those who are compelled to work to support themselves. The least successful are those who work merely for spending-money. Non-workers fall between these two classes. The mere act of work does not appear to influence success, whereas the motive does so. These results appear from a study reported in The Vocational Guidance Magazine (Cambridge, Mass.) by Francis T. McCabe of Harvard University. It was conducted at the Rindge Technical School in Cambridge, Mass., having an enrollment of one thousand boys of from thirteen to twenty years. We read:

"The study was conducted with a group of 758 boys, without previous knowledge of the boys' characteristics or capacities. The only selection made was an attempt to obtain by sampling a true cross-section of the entire student body. Each boy was asked to answer questions concerning his employment after school hours. From the data accumulated, the workers, those who work after school for pay, and the non-workers, those who do not work after school, were separated into two main grups.

"For the measure of the school success of the individuals in both groups the office records for each student were consulted. The average mark for all subjects taken during the year was computed. These marks were classified and compared. As a further indication of probable school success a comparison of failure marks and honor marks was made.

"In order to determine the relative abilities of the individuals of the two groups, and consequently the relative abilities of the two groups, it was decided to administer a group intelligence test for at least one-half the entire number of cases being studied.

"Finally, the worker group was subdivided into two groups: (1) those who work for the pleasure afforded by the extra money, and (2) those who are compelled to work. These two new groups were compared with each other and with all the workers in school marks, failure marks, honor marks, and intelligence quotients.

"Of the 758 boys 361 were classified as workers and 397 as non-workers. Of the 361 workers, 107 were compelled to work to remain in school and 254 worked for the pleasures afforded by the extra money.

"The greatest number, 64, have paper routes; 57 are clerks in chain stores and tailor shops; seven work in local libraries; three are laboratory assistants; and three give music lessons. Many of the others work at miscellaneous jobs such as janitors' assistants, mowing lawns, and shoveling snow.

"We consider as workers only those boys who work before or after school. It would seem that Saturday work has little or no effect on school success since it does not take time that is likely to be devoted to study.

"The greatest number of workers, 158, or 43.8 per cent, work about three hours per school day. Seventy per cent work less than four hours. Of the seventeen boys who work more than seven hours per day, sixteen are over seventeen years of age. One boy who worked eight hours a day six days a week was an honor pupil for two years, and entered college last fall.

"The mark range for both groups is about the same. There is not enough difference between the median school marks of the workers and the non-workers to justify a differentiation on the basis of school success. The percentile distribution of the marks for the workers and for the non-workers are about the same, and either compares favorably with the distribution of the groups combined. While the non-worker group has a greater percentage of its marks below 60 per cent, it also has a greater percentage of its marks above 75 per cent. Considering the unreliability of teachers' marks, it is evident that no significant difference exists between the workers and the non-workers, as judged from school marks.

"The second part of this study is a comparison of the boys who are obliged to work in order to remain in school because they must be partly or wholly self-supporting, with the boys who work so that they may have extra money to spend on pleasures and luxuries. The stimuli which prompt these two groups to work are vastly different, and for that reason we are investigating the reaction in the school success of the two groups.

"The distribution of the two worker groups according to school marks seems to indicate that those who are compelled to work take the school work more seriously and try harder, because they surpass the other group by about 3½ per cent, having average school marks above 75 per cent, and they have no more native ability.

"The group which is obliged to work has fewer failures—only 26 per cent; while the workers for extra money have 70 per cent of the total failures for both groups. Such a large difference seems to be significant.

"Comparing the groups in natural ability, as indicated by group intelligence tests, it would seem that neither group has a natural endowment which would explain the differences in school success.

"When those obliged to work, the workers for extra money and the non-workers are compared in school marks, those obliged to work have the greatest percentage of marks above 75 per cent and the least percentage of marks below 60 per cent. Those working for the extra money make the poorest showing, while the non-workers hold second place."

The following summary of results is given at the end of the article:

"No outstanding differences exist between the workers and the non-workers in school marks.

"Judged by failure marks, the workers are a little more successful in school.

"Judged by honor marks the non-workers are a little more successful in school.

"The group intelligence tests show no distinction between the groups in general mental ability as shown by the tests.

"Of the two groups of workers, those obliged to work show greater success in average school marks.

"The group obliged to work has fewer failure marks per pupil than the workers for extra money.

"Those obliged to work have more honor marks per pupil than the workers for extra money.

"The two groups of workers are not distinguishable in general mental ability.

"Those obliged to work are more successful in average school marks than either the non-workers or the workers for extra money."

A LETTER RECEIVED AFTER A BROADCAST OVER THE KINSTON RADIO STATION BY THE CHILDREN FROM CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL

Thursday

Dear Boys and Girls:

I listened to your singing over the radio, and am hurrying to write you a note of thanks for bringing to Kinston and the surrounding community a lovely program of song. I really and truly enjoyed your Glee Club very, very much and hope that when you boys and girls broadcast again I'll know about the time so I will be sure to tune in WFTC and hear your singing.

May I suggest that you ask your teacher, Mrs. Askew, to put a notice in the Free Press so that we may all be sure to know.

I'd like to add a word of thanks to Mrs. Askew for her ability as an instructress in being able to bring out the talent you have, and a special word of thanks for the boys' chorus, and also the lovely duet rendered by Madge and Emily. It was just all so sweet and lovely, I'll just say "thank you and bless your hearts" every one of you.

Sincerely,

Glenn M. Bizzell

* * *

ALICE AND JERRY

The Alice and Jerry books are a most welcome series to our reading classes. They are so colorful, attractive and interesting that each child is eager to read.

Each year in the school department the various academic classes try to select a new set of books which will follow up the preceding class; for example, the Intermediate to succeed the Pre-primary and Primary and the Advance to succeed the Intermediate.

The lovely pictures and bright colors help to create in these children a keen desire to read. Many of those in the Primary Class are good readers and are able to interpret the meaning from the printed page. Several of the children in this group read aloud with much expression.

"Rides and Slides" presented such an interesting journey through the Land of Fun that the children greatly enjoyed reading this book and often remarked about the pretty pictures.

"Day In and Day Out" has proven to be most entertaining and informative for the Primary group. It affords much freedom in the expression of their own experiences and thereby enlarges their vocabulary and background of information.—Rowena Tull, Teacher.

* * *

A DAY IN CASWELL'S GARDEN

About 5:45 a. m. I awake and the first thing I think of is will I get to breakfast at the school on time. I live exactly two and one-tenth miles away.

With breakfast over, my next move is to go in to see Miss Wood, our dietitian, about the vegetable order. We will say this is Wednesday a. m., October 4. Today I have turnips, tendergreens, okra and snap beans ready to come in.

By the time Miss Wood and I decide on the quantity for today, my helper is coming around the mattress factory toward the kitchen with the mules and wagon. Today Miss Wood wants a load, about forty crates, of turnips as quick as possible, in order to have enough for everybody.

It is now about time for the boys to come out of the dining room. The nine garden boys come over to see which way we are going this morning. By 7:05 we are on our way to get that early load. When the first load is ready to come in, about half of the boys remain in the garden to cut the tendergreens while the wagon is gone. Now it is about 8:45 in the morning. It takes quite a while to cut the greens, so we hitch the mules to the plows and are ready to plow a little when I look and see the bean pickers coming with the matrons. I must turn over the plowing to my hired man and the best plow boy. I then go around showing the matrons which rows of beans are ready to pick. I stay around for a few minutes helping the children, trying to teach them to pick the large beans and leave the small ones.

Just as all seems to be settled for a big day's work, I look at my watch and it is nearly 10 o'clock, so Paul must hurry to school. In 30 minutes Sam must also go to school. The balance of the day is similar to the first half. There are other details which call for patience, skill and real hard work to keep things going as they should.

It has been said that it takes the average farmer four months to plant and harvest his crops. It takes a gardener from the time he takes the job until the day his usefulness is over without an interruption to successfully make a paying job of his work.

After all, there is a strange fascination to this business of sowing little seeds and watching them grow into something useful that contain essential vitamins so important to the development of healthy bodies.—J. H. Smith, Gardener.

* * *

HOSPITAL

I have been a member of the nursing staff at Caswell Training School for two years, and those two years of working with the unfortunate children have meant a great deal to me.

After spending six months in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Register, I became very much attached to them, and feel that I as well as the children have lost a wonderful companion and superintendent in the passing of Dr. Register. We all regret very much that Mrs. Register will be leaving us because she has done lots to help make Caswell what it is. With all her time devoted to the beautification of the grounds, and the interest she has shown in the work that is being carried on here. We hope she will come back to see us and will see that what she has done is appreciated and will be carried on.

There is one man you and I will never live long enough to forget. He was Dr. Register. He has come to all who worked for him, put his hand on their shoulder and said with a smile, "You are getting along fine. Take it easy, don't get worried, and if you need any help, just call on me."

As Emerson once said, "Go forth into the busy world and love it, interest yourself in its life, mingle with its joys and sorrows, try what you can do for others rather than what you can make them do for you, and you will know what it is to have friends.—Miss Snuggs, Nurse.

Ahoy!—I'll guess we'll make port said the sailor as he threw in another handful of raisins.

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

An Exception—One time you should not start at the bottom to attain success is when you try to sweep a stairway.

Words of Wisdom—You may be a fine, upstanding, respectable citizen, but a banana skin doesn't care.

* * *

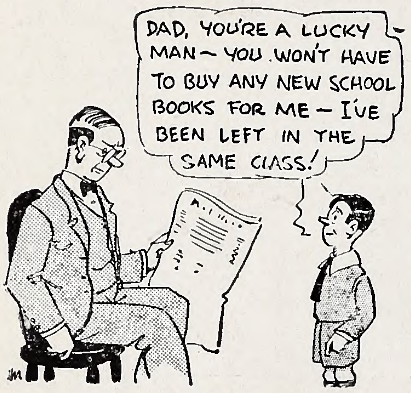
No, No, Maudie—John Bunyan was not a specialist on foot troubles. People in Iceland are not called Equinoxes. The Hunchback of Notre Dame was not a football player.

* * *

Cicero the Cynic Says: "There is always a lull before the storm; it is sometimes called a honeymoon. The victrola needle is the only kind some wives know.

* * *

Lucky Dad!


DAD, YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN — YOU WON'T HAVE TO BUY ANY NEW SCHOOL BOOKS FOR ME — I'VE BEEN LEFT IN THE SAME CLASS!

* * *

You're Wrong, Horace!—A house of correction is not where proof readers work. Dogma is not a mama dog.

* * *

New Definition—An optimist is a man who buys a car on time to go looking for a job.

* * *

Business Note—A real executive is one who can return a letter three times to a red-headed stenographer.

* * *

A Libelous Story—A saxophone serenader down East was shot one night in mistake for a cat. It is explained that he didn't sound exactly like a normal cat, but the shooter thought the cat might be sick.

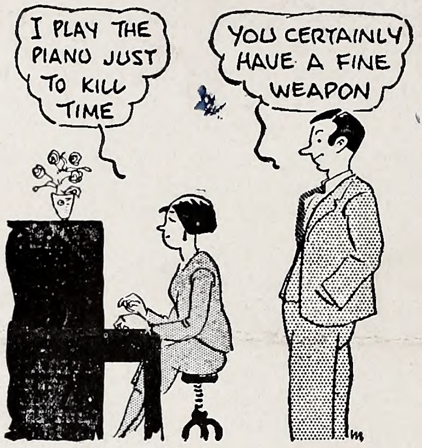
* * *

News Item—Constable Green has refused to do any more policing of Stony Creek Beach for the purpose of watching for violation of the bathing suit restrictions, on the grounds that a majority of the bathers he has seen there are more to be pitied than censored.

* * *

Saddest Story of the Month—A man's wife had been away for a month. He wrote her every week telling her how he was spending the evenings at home. When the wife came back the light bill came in—for fifty cents.

Deadly!

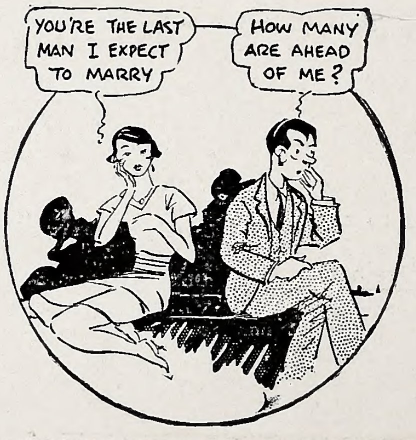

I PLAY THE PIANO JUST TO KILL TIME
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A FINE WEAPON

* * *

A Good Illustration of an anti-climax is an employee of the mint drawing his salary.

* * *

How To Die Young

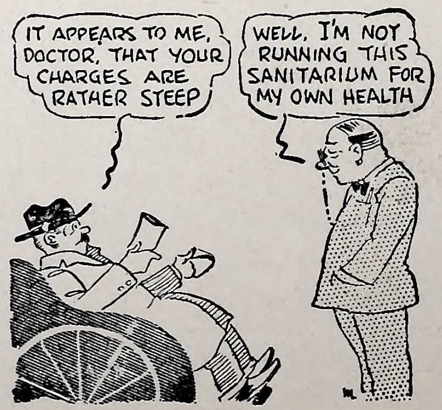

YOU'RE THE LAST MAN I EXPECT TO MARRY
HOW MANY ARE AHEAD OF ME?

* * *

New Proverb—Early to bed and early to rise takes the neighbors by surprise.

* * *

Sure Thing


IT APPEARS TO ME, DOCTOR, THAT YOUR CHARGES ARE RATHER STEEP
WELL, I'M NOT RUNNING THIS SANITARIUM FOR MY OWN HEALTH

Educational—Teacher: "Give the principal parts of the verb 'swim'."

Johnny: "Swim, Swam, Swam."

Teacher: "Good. Now give the principal parts of the verb 'dim'."

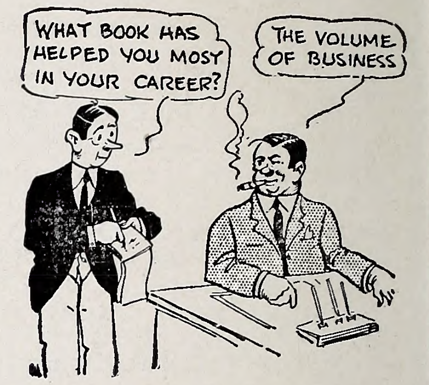
Johnny: "Dim, da—. Ah, quit yer kidding."

* * *

Among the Rookies—It was their first target practice. The officer had worn his army patience thin over these guardsmen. They just would not fire volleys. In disgust he finally bellowed, "Fire at random." A rookie from Duck Hill yelled: "Which one is he?"

* * *

Literary


WHAT BOOK HAS HELPED YOU MOST IN YOUR CAREER?
THE VOLUME OF BUSINESS

* * *

Short Story—A girl from a telephone exchange fell asleep while at church. The preacher announcing the hymn, said "Number 426." At that moment the girl awoke, and murmured: "I'll ring them again."

* * *

It Pays—"Go and sin no more," said the editor of the confessions magazine to the young author from whom he had just bought a story.

* * *

Very Probably—It is called a finishing school on account of its effect upon papa's pocketbook.

* * *

Did You Hear About the Kentucky undertaker's daughter who was sent to a fashionable boarding school? One of the girls asked her what business her father was in and she carelessly answered: "Oh, my father's a Southern planter."

* * *

Court News—The Judge yelled: "Answer the question yes or no." **And** the prisoner said: "Yeah."

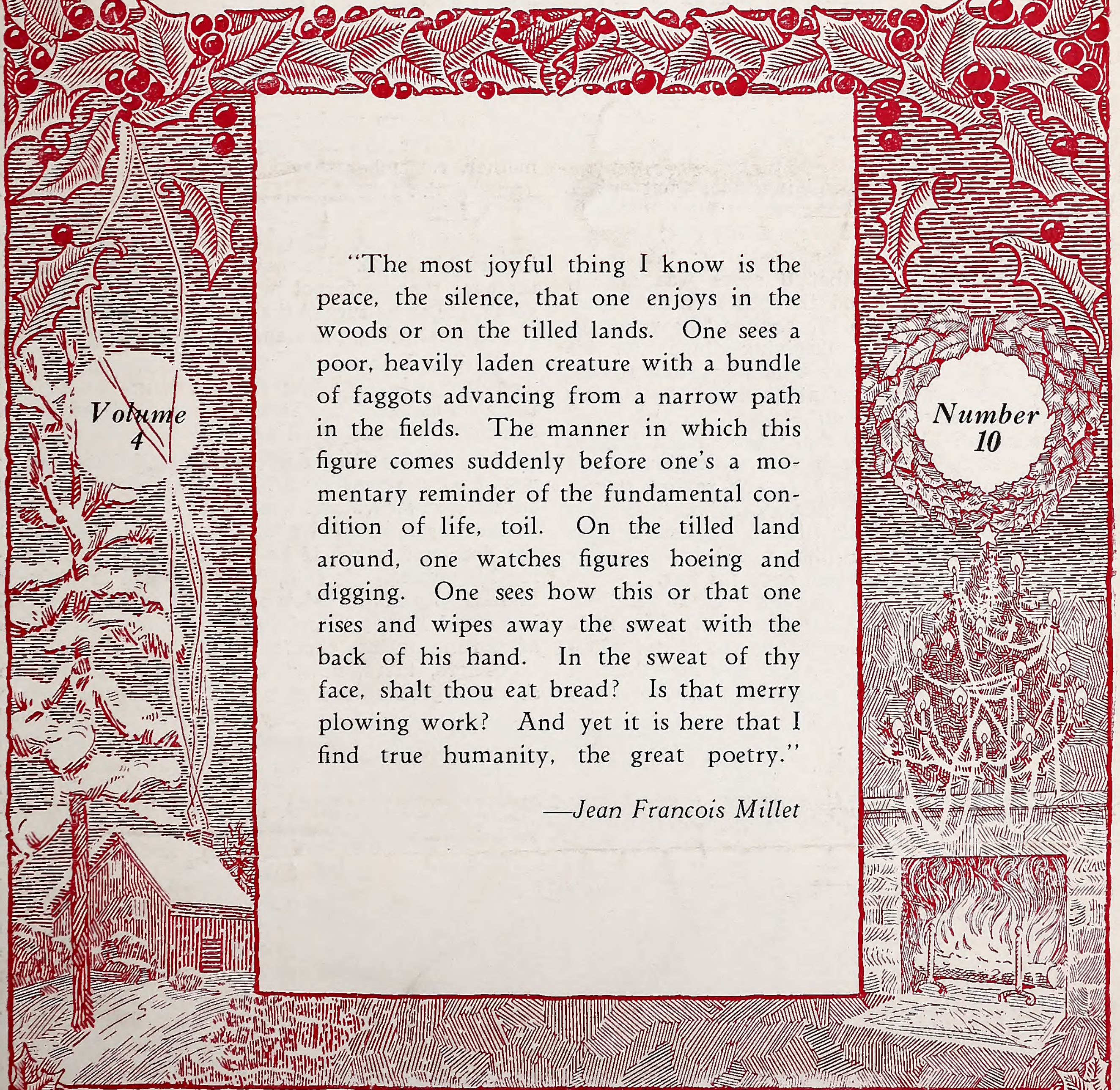
* * *

Golf Widow's Consoler.—"My husband is away much of the time **and I** want a parrot for company. **Does this** one use rough language?"

"Lady, with this bird in the house you'd never miss your husband."

NORTH CAROLINA

The Caswell News



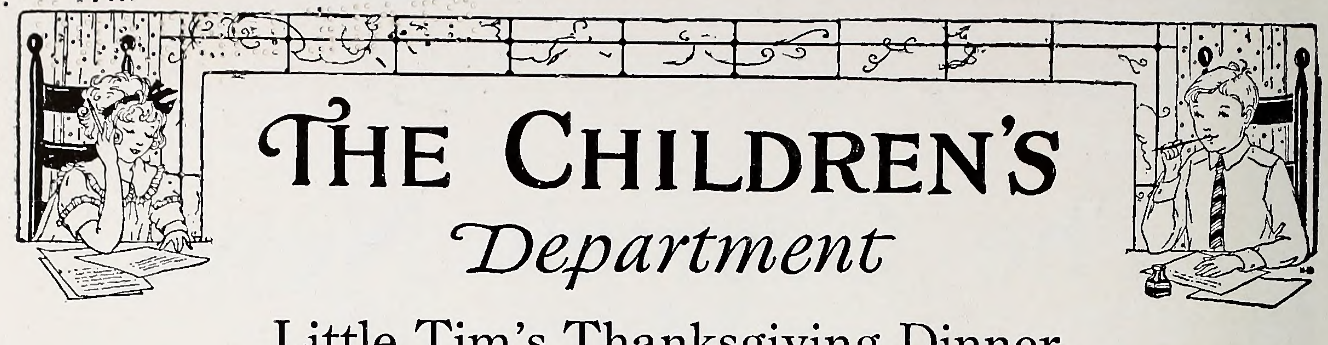
Volume 4

Number 10

"The most joyful thing I know is the peace, the silence, that one enjoys in the woods or on the tilled lands. One sees a poor, heavily laden creature with a bundle of faggots advancing from a narrow path in the fields. The manner in which this figure comes suddenly before one's a momentary reminder of the fundamental condition of life, toil. On the tilled land around, one watches figures hoeing and digging. One sees how this or that one rises and wipes away the sweat with the back of his hand. In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread? Is that merry plowing work? And yet it is here that I find true humanity, the great poetry."

—*Jean Francois Millet*

DECEMBER, 1939



THE CHILDREN'S Department

Little Tim's Thanksgiving Dinner

DID you ever hear about Tim's Thanksgiving? Tim was a newsboy, a very little boy whose mother loved him and wished he did not have to sell papers; but they were very poor, Tim had no daddy to help, he did all he could.

The day before Thanksgiving, Tim went out as usual to sell papers and was soon calling, "Paiper, paiper, Sir?" A fine man came along and, taking a paper, handed Tim 10 cents, saying: "Keep the change." This meant that 8 cents was all for Tim. He was happy and thought if a few more people would say, "Keep the change," he would be able to buy a real Thanksgiving dinner for his mother. No one else gave Tim any extra money, so he began to wonder what he could get for his mother with only 8 cents! Eggs! He had heard the doctor tell his mother she should eat eggs if she expected to be strong enough to continue doing washings for other people, but she replied it was impossible for her to buy eggs. That was just what he would get her, and his little heart beat fast as he thought how happy mother would be when her tiny boy brought home some eggs for her.

Tim was looking with shining eyes at the dime when a lady with a small girl passed. The little girl said, "Mother, see how happy that little newsboy looks! But he must be cold. See how thin his clothes are." The lady bought a paper, and the little girl asked, "What makes you look so happy?"

"It's the eggs," said Tim.

"The eggs? What eggs?"

"Oh," answered Tim, "the eggs that I am going to buy my mother for her Thanksgiving dinner." And he told them about the 8 cents. The lady asked Tim his name and where he lived, and said she would some day go and see his mother.

As soon as all the papers were disposed of, Tim ran away to the grocery. He asked the clerk how many eggs he could buy for 8 cents. He said he wanted fresh eggs so they would make his mother well and strong. The clerk told the boy fresh eggs were high and he could get only three eggs, but he could also get a piece of candy for himself. Tim answered, "I don't want candy. I want eggs for mom. I thought I could get four, maybe."

A jolly man working near said, "Bob, when the eggs are for the Thanksgiving dinner of a boy's mother, remember they are four for 8 cents." So Tim got the four eggs, and oh, how happy he was as he said, "Oh, thank you, Sir!"

He hurried out of the store and up the street toward his home. He was thinking so much about the eggs that he forgot to be careful where he was going, for as he turned the corner into his street, he ran against a big, fat man.

"Better look where you're going, sonny," the man laughed. But Tim did not laugh as he saw the eggs smashed on the pavement. Instead he sat down and cried as hard as he could.

As it was getting dark, Tim thought his mother would be worrying over him, so he wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve and went slowly home.

He was later than usual, so mother met him at the door and asked if he had had trouble in selling his papers. He said, "N-o-o-o," and then threw himself into his mother's arms and cried as he told her about the eggs and how they had been broken after running into the fat man.

"There, there, now," said mother, "it does me as much good as the eggs would to know I have a boy who loves me so much."

They had supper soon and as they finished eating someone knocked on their door. A man in a chauffer's uniform handed a big heavy basket to them, saying it was a Thanksgiving present for Tim.

A letter tied to the handle of the basket proved to be from the little girl whom Tim had told about the eggs; and she had sent Tim a suit of clothes and his mother and him a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner, and said she and her mother would come to see them the next day.

So Tim, by unselfishly spending the little money he had for someone besides himself, gained much more for both himself and his dear mother.

The Caswell News

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Editor ....Dr. W. T. Parrott
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

EDUCATION

The word is derived from the Latin word Educatus but it has such a broad application that no comprehensive definition is possible. The village blacksmith is a good example of physical education. His muscular system has been drawn out or educated and we note this first in his highly developed bisceps. The engineer is a good example of mental education and the results of his technique is seen at every hand. Education is perhaps the strongest ally of environment in offsetting the handicaps of heredity.

At Caswell Training School it is remarkable what has been accomplished in what appeared to be hopeless cases. One notes the number of boys toiling in the fields, the dairy and on the farm, the girls in the sewing room and other useful work merely educating or drawing out their abilities. Too, the arts and crafts furnish evidence of education here and I really wonder if the teachers at Caswell are not giving as much or more evidence of educational skill than we find in our schools and colleges.

Away in the classic halls of Edinburg and Oxford, we note the same, but no more effort to bring out of human beings those elements that counteract the baser and to give environment a better chance against heredity. Probably 90 per cent of the physician's work is along the same lines and even the former must educate his work animal in the process of "breaking in" before the animal is useful.

I have always felt that this problem has been approached too much from an empiric standpoint. The abilities that can be educated and those that cannot be educated must first be determined and the purpose for which the individual is designed. Doubtless further study will reveal our present day tests for mental abilities and aptitudes quite crude.

By trial and balance, Patrick Henry was not a worthless youth and when the shock came, he proved himself a very able lawyer. Some critics pronounced Edgar Allen Poe an incorrigible dipsomaniac. Yet, he wrote, "The Raven." Mental deficiency is a relative term and based on certain other standards, it is mental efficiency. Two of the best business men I know could not get through grammar school. Yet, they are valuable men to society and known as leaders in their communities. There is a use and a great use for what we know as certain groups of mental deficients. Doubtless we must improve ourselves before we can find this use for our weaker sisters and brothers.

W. T. Parrott, M.D., Superintendent

WELCOME, DR. PARROTT

We have been very fortunate in having Dr. Parrott as our new superintendent. He comes to us with a wonderful and outstanding record. We hope he will like our little world and will stay with us a long long time. What do you say folks? Let us give him our hearty support and let us do our best to make his stay with us bright and cheerful, help him in all he undertakes and give him our sincere cooperation in every way.

Mrs. Sally Fisher, Laundry Matron

HOSPITAL

After having been a member of the nursing staff at the Caswell Training School for three months, my survey indicates a worthy institution and excellent cooperation among the employees.

I am proud of the privilege of being able to render my small part of helping children of this school regain healthy bodies, moral strength and mental equilibrium.

Margaret A. Bolton, Nurse

THE GARDEN DEPARTMENT

As December draws near, I think it is a good time for all to look back over the past year's work.

First, we should reflect back and see if we have put our best into this year's work. We surely have all made mistakes by which we may reap a great benefit by correction in the future. If we can work in the future in accord with our fellowmen, we surely can accomplish more ourselves, thereby making it easier for everyone and most important of all to earn our salary and keep.

Now about my particular work. It is indeed gratifying to hear what the general public thinks of the garden this year. As everyone knows, the average private garden has been almost a failure as a continued proposition all summer. This was caused principally by the millions of insects which attacked our gardens. I have noticed that the cotton boll wevil has found that he can survive on okra. I have found thousands of them in the garden this year. I guess this is true because okra and cotton are very much alike in their growth and fruit.

At this time we have a greater variety of vegetables than at any time before. We now have a big supply of collards, cabbage, turnips and several varieties of greens. We also have tried a new kind of cabbage; namely, the Chinese variety which is very pretty and delicious when served.

J. H. Smith, Gardener

NEGRO IS MAKING RAPID PROGRESS

The Race has made valuable contributions to Art, Science and Medicine

◆

THE NEGRO population of the United States comprises nearly 12,000,000, or about one-tenth of the total population. Nearly four-fifths live in the southern states and about one-fifth in the north and west. Nearly 5,000,000 of these people are ordinarily gainfully employed. About 2,000,000 are on farms, 232,000 being farm owners; about 1,500,000 not employed on farms are in industrial employment, mainly in unskilled labor; about 1,500,000 are in domestic and personal service and about 420,000, or 16.8 per cent, are engaged in business, the professions, skilled or semi-skilled trades.

Large numbers of Negroes have migrated from the rural districts to urban centers, north and south, and from the south to northern and western cities during the past twenty years. Between 1920 and 1930 more than 1,000,000 moved from southern rural districts, about 650,000 going to Southern cities and about 500,000 to northern cities.

In education, the Negro has made remarkable progress since 1866, illiteracy being reduced from about 90 per cent to less than 16 per cent. There are over 2,200,000 children in public schools; over 20,000 young people in colleges and normal schools; there are about 56,000 teachers, professors and school officials; about 2,000 are graduated every year from institutions above high school.

Negro family life has shown continued improvement, measured by the best American standards in spite of the ordeals of slavery, Civil War, poverty, ignorance and other vicissitudes of American life. Home ownership has increased since Emancipation, and in 1930 numbered about 750,000 homes. The Negro church has a center of worship, a place of social education, and as a means of social control and direction, has played an outstanding part in the development of the people. It is the one institution which they control and which has their largest loyalty and support. The census estimated that there were 42,585 churches with a membership of 5,200,000; 36,000 Sunday schools with 2,150,000 pupils.

Other evidences of progress among Negroes are illustrated by the following: United States patent office records more than 1,500 patent rights issued to Negroes. One of these inventions was a machine for attaching the last to shoes. It laid the foundation for mass production in the shoe industry. Elijah McCoy, a Negro, invented a device for lubricating revolving machinery that has been used all over the world. A Negro is credited with the invention of ice cream, and Eli Whitney is said to have obtained his idea of the cotton gin from a Negro slave. George W. Carver of Tuskegee has produced hundreds of by-products from peanuts and sweet potatoes. In music, Negro spirituals and Negro jazz creations have been sung and played in almost every land. The spirituals have been called the only original American music. Marian Anderson, contralto, of Philadelphia, toured Scandinavia in 1933. For the first time the National Symphony Orchestra at Washington appeared with a Negro soloist when Roy Tibbs, director of Howard University School of Music, played the Schumann Concerto. The Westminster Choir School has some Negro members. Harry T. Burleigh, composer and preserver of Negro themes, completed forty years as baritone soloist at St. George's Church, New York City. Caterina Yarboro was the first Negro woman to be presented in grand opera in America. Radio performers include the Southernaires, Negro male quartette; Otis Holley, Etta Moten, sopranos, on regular commercial hours; Thomas Waller, organist and pianist for the National Broadcasting Company. Among the most popular jazz bands over the radio are those of Duke Ellington and Noble Sissle. Increasingly, Negro talent in the dramatic field is being recognized as seen in such plays as "They Shall Not Die," and "Stevedore," which comprised inter-racial casts. The Broadway hit, "As Thousands Cheer," stars Ethel Waters, Negro actress. "Green Pastures" completed more than 1,492 performances. Outstanding among the newer art group are Elmer Campbell, cartoonist, who illustrates for "The New Yorker" and "Esquire;" also Richard Barthe, sculptor, and Mabel Brooks, artist. In literature the short stories of Langston Hughes are appearing in "The American Mercury" and other widely-read magazines. Among new-day poets and fiction writers are Wilhelmina Hamlin, Sterling Brown and Zora Neale Hurston. Eddie Tolan and Ralph Metcalf established new world records in Olympic games. Negro colleges have produced all-American football stars, and Negros have distinguished themselves in athletics in such universities as Michigan, Pittsburgh, California, Columbia, Cincinnati and Indiana.

TREES, THEIR IMPORTANCE TO US

In most all people there is a deep in-born love of trees. Through all the ages they have meant so much to man. Their beauty and restfulness, the cool comforting shade they provide us in summer are things we could hardly do without. Try for a moment to imagine a world without trees, no leafy bowers for birds to live in, no deep protecting forests for our wild life.

Of course, shrubs, flowers and green grasses would help out the picture, but how long would we have these if it were not for the trees which help check the burning winds of summer and cold gales of winter? Trees protect us from the floods of rain and melting snow which would soon wash away the fertile top soil upon which our very life depends. We might live without trees, but certainly not so happily.

While men have always appreciated trees, more or less, and have gotten from them food, shelter, fuel and arms, they have not properly appreciated them especially in this country of America where not so many years ago such vast forests covered our lands. The way trees have been needlessly destroyed, in places, seems little short of a tragedy. To some extent this needless destruction is still going on in spite of the fact that the government is now taking a hand in protecting and resetting our forests.

The school department of Caswell is this year taking up the study of trees. Our plan is to teach the children to know and appreciate the trees, to know something of their value and to know the value of wood and other products of the trees.

With the high grade children especially, the nature study group, the crafts teacher is emphasizing this study of trees. A half hour each morning is given to this. Occasionally the class is taken on a hike to the woods to see trees close up, to gather leaves, winter buds, flowers, burs and reeds. This is usually a happy occasion for the children love out-of-doors. Mrs. Sharlotte Hilton Green's book, "Trees of the South" is being used as a text.

In the crafts department the quality and texture of various kinds of wood is being studied and many articles are constructed of wood. Objects made of wood such as nut and fruit bowls, backs for kodak and recipe books, book-ends, etc., are being decorated. This is fascinating work. The children like it. Many of the articles are attractive and saleable.

Mrs. Ethel Hughes, Crafts Teacher

AMERICAN CHRISTMAS

Most of us think of the celebration of Christmas as going back without a break to the Year One. True, it does go back a long way in many lands. But when the Christmas spirit first came to America it received a severe set-back.

The Puritans who came to America hated and feared Christmas. In England, the rich nobles gave Christmas parties which lasted for weeks. A "Lord of Misrule" ran them. He threw all regular behavior into reverse for the holidays. Servants bossed their masters and children their parents. Much of this gaiety was innocent but the Puritans thought it dissipated. They renounced the religious part of Christmas because it was in the calendar of the Established Church which they had fled.

The Plymouth Pilgrims were made to work as hard on Christmas as on any other day. Boston Puritans fired people for closing their shops on Christmas. In 1659, a law was enacted against the observance of Christmas. But in the South Christmas had from the start a warmer welcome. Captain John Smith celebrated it with the Indians.

Gradually, the hearts of the Christmas haters were softened. The gift spirit touched them first and we find even stern New England churches beginning to recognize the festival by giving to the poor. Then the children began to ask for Christmas. In 1822, Clement Moore's famous poem "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" swept the country making Santa Claus real to millions of children. Soon after, it swept England. The English admit that America introduced Santa Claus to them.

The St. Nicholas of Moore's poem made Santa easy to understand. In it he was elf size so that he could slip down a chimney without much trouble. The full-sized Santa of the Salvation Army and the department store is more puzzling, especially to young children in city apartments. America has made up for her slowness about Christmas. Nowhere in the world today is the celebration happier or more abundant. We have taken the Christmasses of the world and united them. Carols from all nations burst from over radios.

This year the school department is presenting a program of Christmas carols in the form of a vesper service. We are using familiar and loved carols such as "Silent Night," "O Come All Ye Faithful" and "Joy to the World" as well as new ones that are equally as pretty. The first carol, "O Come Emmanuel" was written in Latin eight hundred years ago and translated in 1851 by James M. Neale.

The program for the children will be Saturday evening, December 16, in the auditorium at 6:30 and Sunday evening, December 17, at 6:30 for the public.

Mrs. B. S. Barnes

WOOTEN B

At present the Wooten building is enjoying that pleasant period between Thanksgiving and Christmas when the former is a delightful memory and the latter a joyous anticipation.

Our Thanksgiving was an especially fine one this year, marred only by the fact that Mrs. Harlan was sick and could not enjoy it with us. Nature generously gave us a beautiful warm day to be thankful for, and in the middle of it we all had a delicious dinner of barbecue with all the "fixings."

In the afternoon we went for a walk down our tree-lined highway which was so full of others out to enjoy the sunshine that it looked like a summer resort. While most of us wandered under the trees gathering pecans and gossiping, a few who own or could borrow roller skates were amusing themselves and the others out on the road. We were having so much fun that we stayed as long as we possibly could and as we came back, we were further blessed by an exquisite sunset which made a fitting benediction to end a lovely day.

Now we are busy getting ready for Christmas. Fancy work is being hurried up, both at school and in the building, so that no gifts will be un-

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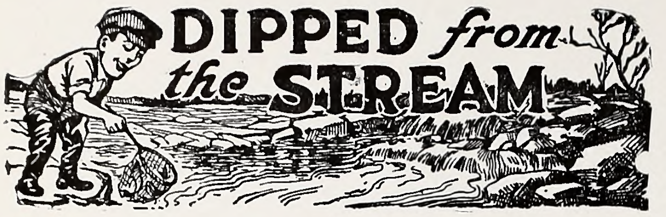

DIPPED from the STREAM

Bob: "My wife doesn't know what she wants."
Arthur: "You're lucky. Mine does."

* * *

"Here comes a friend of mine. He's a human dynamo."

"Yes, everything he has on is charged."

* * *

"What's come over you, Bill? You don't look as well as you used to."

"That's funny; they're the same clothes."

* * *

Carpenter: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue pot boiled over?"

Assistant: "I did. It was a quarter past ten."

* * *

Auto Prospect: "You have shown me that your new car will go seventy miles an hour. But will such a car last?"

Agent: "My dear friend, don't let that worry you. Anyone who drives seventy miles an hour will not need any car long."

* * *

"Charles," said the teacher, "what are the effects of heat and cold?"

"Heat expands and cold contracts," answered Charles promptly.

"Now give me examples."

"In summer the days are long, and in winter they are very short."

* * *

"Now, Mr. Madeall," said the reporter, producing a huge notebook and pencil, "I should like you to tell me of your early struggles."

The great man leaned back in his chair and contemplatively puffed at his cigar.

"Well, young man," he said quietly, "my mother says that they were simply terrible—especially when she wanted to wash my neck."

* * *

The young mother was frantic. Her two-year-old daughter howled and howled and howled.

"Whatever is the matter with the child?" asked the father in despair.

His wife sank in a chair and began to weep, while the baby went on crying.

"I d-d-d-on't know!" sobbed the distracted mother. It's either because she's eaten too many strawberries, or she wants more!"

* * *

Little Kathryn, who was driving through the country with her uncle, clamored to be taken back to the city. For her there was nothing to see in the country. "Why," said her uncle, trying to distract her attention, "see all the pretty cows over in the pasture; and they can't hurt you because there is a fence around them."

Kathryn was silent a moment, and then expressed her skepticism. "Huh," she said. "A cow jumped over the moon once."

Good Health

In an age having but one criterion of excellence—cost, it is not surprising that walking as a recreation has not the attractiveness and popularity it deserves. The very fact that the poor man can enjoy its benefits as readily as his more prosperous neighbor makes it distasteful to both.

Golf has been described as merely an excuse for walking. Yet no excuse is needed. If one takes a tramp through the woods and fields on a brisk autumn afternoon there is no doubt that he will return more a man, and will be tempted to repeat his experiment frequently.

The open spaces, and there are many even near our big cities, have a broadening influence. There the handiwork of God is not covered and defiled by the noise and dirt or gaudy tinsel of the man-made city. The clear, fresh, bracing air, the turning leaves, the twitter of migrating birds tend to impart a mental and physical freshness that can be obtained in no other way.

Medical writers are unanimous in declaring walking to be one of the best forms of exercise and one of the best means of keeping healthy. Long hikes are among the means used in army training camps to put the candidates in condition. If the valetudinarian could be persuaded to walk a few miles each day, he would be athrob with life in a very short time. If Americans could be induced to walk, they would soon lose the unenviable distinction of being a nation of dyspeptics. The present days sedentary life is the greatest enemy we have.

The spiritual value of walking, though indirect, cannot be overlooked. While walking, one cannot be insensible to the beauties and wonders of Nature, and it does not require the soul of a poet to realize that "only God can make a tree." Evidences of God are all about us, and if we but take note our lives will be the happier.

Those desiring to make advancement in health and holiness will find no small aid in the ancient and honorable act of walking.

———o———

Occasionally we meet persons who do not eat enough, but nearly every one in America is "digging his grave with his teeth." Overeating has come to be a national sin. It is at the bottom of the many digestive ills with which Americans are afflicted. We urge our appetite on with too great a variety of foods and with foods too elaborately cooked. We whet it with condiments, we coax it with sweets, we tickle it with novelties. We talk learnedly about "balanced rations," but we do not practice what we preach. When we get out into the wilderness and cook our own meals, the compulsory simplicity of our diet does as much for us as all the rest of our experience put together.

———o———

To cure a cold in the early stages, drink plenty of water—a glass every hour—in which has been dissolved a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda.

WOOTEN B

(Concluded from Page 5)

finished when the happy day comes. Little packages are being mysteriously secreted in lockers and suit cases lest they be prematurely discovered. Already we have been talking over possible new ways of decorating the building and checking over our supply of trimmings left over from former years. We know we are going to have a happy Christmas and we all join here in heartily wishing you and every one the very merriest Christmas you have ever had and hoping that the New Year will bring all of us health and happiness greater than we have ever known.

Girls of Wooten B
L. Higgins

o

WORK DONE IN THE SEWING ROOM DURING ONE MONTH

During October we made in the sewing room 91 pairs of rompers, 120 princess slips, 266 gowns, 10 boys' suits, and 121 pairs of drawers. We also made 109 sheets, 11 curtains, 11 mattress ticks, 31 kitchen aprons and 266 pillow cases. We also produced 55 brassiers, 16 shirts, 61 under bodies, 1 pair of pajamas and 25 dresses. The total number of garments was 1,298. The total number of buttons sewed on was 902. We also made 902 button-holes. The total number of garments cut out was 1,401. In addition to this we also made 50 miscellaneous repairs and pieced one quilt. We have twenty girls working in the sewing room and seventeen machines upon which to work.

Mrs. Stokes, Sewing Room Matron

o

COTTAGE 5

We have nineteen boys in our cottage and they are always happy and enjoy good health. We are very proud of them.

Certainly we hope that Miss Wilkins will enjoy working with us since Miss Scott was put to work with the girls. We just know she is happy with them.

We just know that all of us shall have a very nice Thanksgiving. Now, we have Christmas to look forward to. We can hardly wait as dear old Santa Claus, I am sure, will give us a big treat. We are hoping that he will not miss any one. Just in a few days, we will decorate our cottage and we want all to visit us.

We are very happy to have Dr. Parrott as our superintendent. We also hope that Mrs. Harland will soon be back with us as we miss her so very much.

Miss Surles and Miss Wilkins, Matrons

o

DEWEY BUILDING

Christmas being just around the corner means everything has to be astir; cleaning, decorating and getting ready for Santa Claus. The girls in the Dewey Building are thrilled and busy helping their matrons to get things in order for the happy occasion. We like to talk with them about what they expect Santa to bring them and see their faces light up. Christmas time is a happy time at Caswell.

Mrs. Smith and Miss Smith, Matrons

AUSTIN A BUILDING

All in the Austin A wish to thank Dr. Parrott and Mr. Stroud for the nice Thanksgiving dinner. We enjoyed it very much and it was all the talk for quite a while in our building. With Christmas so near it is a busy time around Caswell, especially in the Austin A where we have eighty-four girls. This means that a lot of writing has got to be done in order to get all the Christmas letters ready for Santa Claus. Christmas and Santa Claus is about all our girls talk about. They want to know when we are going to have some pretty red lights on our tree and is Santa Claus coming in the dining room like he did last Christmas.

We wish every one a Merry Christmas.

Mrs. Mattie Gray, Matron

o

COTTAGE 8

The boys of Cottage 8 are looking forward to a grand Christmas and especially to a trip to town to see Santa Claus. They are writing Christmas letters in school to Santa and to their parents asking for the things they need and would like to have. Some of them are rather long, but maybe old Santa will be very generous this year and bring all the things they ask for.

It will soon be time to begin decorating. We hope we can get lots of pretty decorations for our building so it will be the most attractive at Caswell.

One of our boys, Frank, spent a recent week-end in Raleigh with his father. He reported a nice time with hopes to have an even better one when he goes home to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Philyaw, Matrons

o

For a long time I had been preaching the doctrine "That we get out of life just what we put into it." A neighbor of mine heard me make this statement several times, and one day took me to task as follows: "Say, Cox, tell me how you are ever going to collect from these little sparrows and robins and wild canaries I see you feeding every morning?" "Well," I replied, "I don't know how or where or when, but you can rest assured I will be paid in full all right." He just laughed and went on, but a few mornings later he stopped and was admiring the roses in our garden, when all of a sudden he discovered there were no bugs on our bushes and right away he wanted to know what kind of spray we used, declaring the bugs were destroying every plant he had. I told him we had never used a spray, and explained it to him after this fashion: "You see, we have a hundred or more birds breakfast with us every morning, and they sing a song or two, but they do not seem to feel that their songs are pay enough for what we do for them, and in wanting to do more they have undertaken the job of freeing our plants of insects, that they may not destroy them as they have yours. It always works that way. We get out of life just what we put into it." With a smile he said, "Cox you win."—Coleman Cox.

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Nature goes on her way, and all that to us seems an exception is really according to order.—Goethe.

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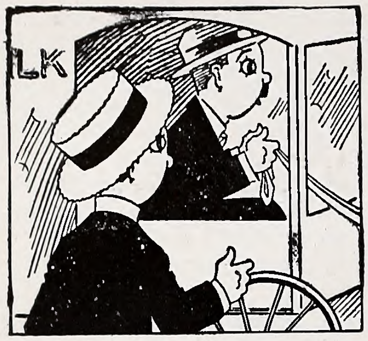
Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.



CHANCE TO RISE.

"Why'd yer take a milk-wagon job? There ain't any chance to rise?"

"Believe me there is—at five o'clock every mornin'!"

WHEN DO WE EAT?

Thomas A. Edison is not much given to humor—he is far too busy for that—but he has one pet yarn that he is never tired of repeating.

A man from the country one day came to town and put up at a first-class hotel. He went to the office and asked the clerk what were the times of the meals.

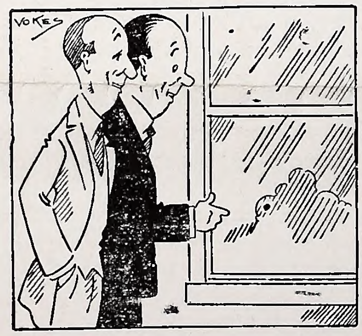
"Breakfast, 7 to 11," answered the clerk; "lunch, 11 to 3; tea, 3 to 6; dinner, 6 to 8; supper, 8 to 12."

"What!" shouted the astonished visitor. "When am I going to get time to see the town?"

H-2-O.

Author (unhappily): "I ought to have been a chemist."

Wife: "Everything I write becomes a drug on the market."



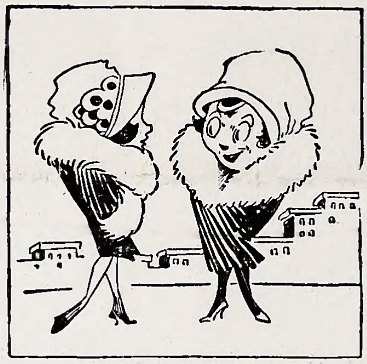
THEY'LL SLEEP EASY.

"This rain's a great comfort to the gardeners."

"But it's coming down in sheets."

"No matter, it will certainly improve the appearance of their bed."

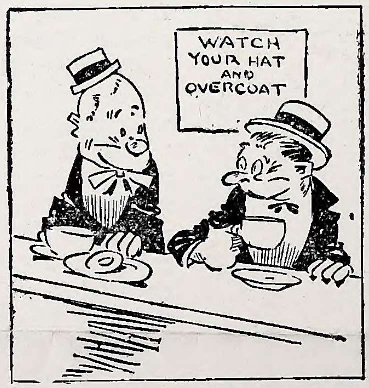
On the Funny Side



JOLTS AND JARS.

Eva: "Her strength was gained through a vibratory system—jolts, you know."

May: "And her beauty by means of jars."


WATCH YOUR HAT AND OVERCOAT

NOT AS A HOLE.

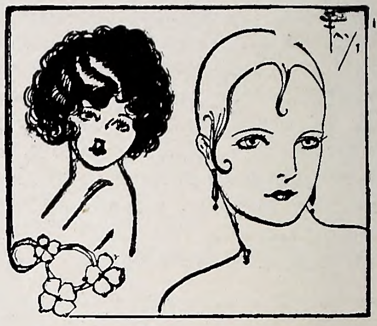
"Don't you think a doughnut makes a pretty good lunch, taken as a whole?"

"Taken as a hole, I think not."

A REAL ALPHONSO.

Polite Stranger (coming to rescue of man pinned beneath upturned car): "Could I assist you? Er—my name is Jones."

Man Below (extending hand): "Thanks, my name is Brown; pardon me for not getting up."



GROWING WONDER.

Kittie: "Isn't it wonderful he said I was charming after seeing me once?"

Kat: "It will be still more wonderful, dear, if he repeats the remark after his next visit."

WAITER, COME QUICK.

In a restaurant a hat fell off a peg and dropped right on top of a piece of pie that was covered with whipped cream.

The owner of the hat called a waiter.

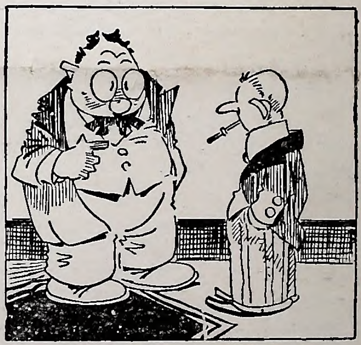
"Well, said the waiter, "what do you want, a new hat or another piece of pie?"

APPLE OR CHERRY?

Tommy: "Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner some place, should I eat a pie with a fork?"

Grandma: "Yes, indeed, Tommy."

Tommy: "You haven't got a pie around the house that I could practice on, have you, grandma?"



DOUBTING HIS JUDGMENT.

Sire: "Remember, my son, in all your dealings honesty is the best policy."

Son: "But, dad, have you tried it enough to be sure?"

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The Caswell News

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"We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or vice leaves its never-so little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time.' Well, he may not count it and a kind heaven may not count it: but it is being counted nevertheless. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes."—*William James.*

JANUARY, 1940

CHILDREN'S PAGE

WHAT HAPPENED TO SALLY

EVERY one was busy that morning. Daddy was tinkering with his new car, mother was baking cookies, and Nancy Ellen was dressing her dollies. Early that morning daddy had said, "Let's go and visit grandmother today." Nancy Ellen had clapped her hands joyfully. There would be a long ride in the car, and then a happy time at the dear old farm. Nancy Ellen glanced at her two dolls lovingly. "I will take both of my children," she said softly. "The dears will enjoy the ride, I am sure."

Mother had thought one doll enough to hold on so long a trip, but Nancy Ellen would not listen to such a thing.

"Patricia is my new dolly, and I could not leave Sally at home; she would be broken-hearted, mother."

Patricia was ready for the trip. How beautiful she looked in her blue satin gown! It just matched her pretty blue eyes. Nancy Ellen was proud of her. Turning to Sally, she said, "Now it is time to dress you, my dear."

Sally was just a little, plain doll. She was a rag baby, with shoe-button eyes and yarn hair. But Nancy Ellen loved her dearly. From babyhood days Sally had been her little pal. As Nancy Ellen dressed her in a crisp pink gingham apron, she said, "You aren't very pretty, dear, but I do love you."

At an early hour daddy, mother, Nancy Ellen, and the dollies were on their way to the farm. The back seat was filled with things for grandmother and grandfather. So Nancy Ellen and her children sat on the front seat with daddy and mother.

It was such a lovely ride that morning. Nancy Ellen chattered happily as the big car flew over the roads. Then daddy was obliged to turn off the main road. He drove slowly over the rough country road leading to grandmother's.

My, my, but the road was rough! Nancy Ellen clutched at the side of the car with one hand; in the other she held on tight to her children. She was glad when mother suggested, "Suppose you place Sally on the back seat, my dear; it will be so much easier for you." So Sally was placed in the back seat on the bundles.

Bumpity, bump, bumpity bump, went the car. Nancy Ellen squealed. She was certain the car would tip over. She held her breath as daddy guided it over one bad place.

Grandmother's house was finally reached. And how glad the grandparents were to see their visitors! Nancy Ellen climbed out of the car and turned to the back seat in order to get Sally.

But Sally was gone. The little rag baby had vanished. Nancy Ellen remembered the bad place in the road. Tears began to roll down her cheeks. "Oh, mother," she cried, "Sally must have fallen out of the car!"

Mother tried to comfort her. She was certain they would find Sally on the way home; for, as grandmother said, that bit of road was not often traveled over.

Nancy Ellen dried her tears and tried to be cheerful, but the day was spoiled for the little girl. She was glad when daddy said in the afternoon, "We must be returning home now."

Nancy Ellen and mother looked here and there for the lost dolly, as daddy drove along slowly. But Sally was not to be found. Nancy Ellen was sad at heart.

"If it had only been Patricia," she said. "If any little girl was to find so beautiful a doll, she would be happy, and take good care of her; but Sally is not a bit pretty, and I am afraid she will be treated badly."

Just then Nancy Ellen sat up straight in the seat. She stared at something ahead of them. It was a little little girl driving a flock of fat geese down the road.

"Stop, daddy, please," cried Nancy Ellen; "I must talk to that little girl."

Mother smiled at the child, and said kindly, "What nice geese you have!"

"Yes, ma'am," came the low answer.

Nancy Ellen glanced at Sally. She longed to snatch the doll from the little girl's arms. But of course that would not do. Holding Patricia up, she said, "Do you not think my dolly is pretty?"

How the little girl's eyes shone as she gazed on the beautiful Patricia!

The exchange was made and then Nancy asked, "Would you like to trade dollies with me?"

"Trade my homely dolly for this beautiful doll?" cried the little country girl in astonishment. "Do you really and truly mean it?"

"Yes, indeed!" Nancy Ellen held plain little Sally closer. "I love rag dollies."

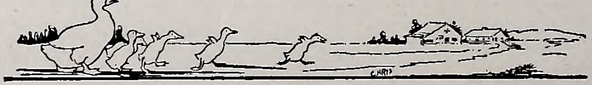
After the transaction had been completed, daddy started the big car again. As it rolled down the road, Nancy Ellen leaned back in the seat. Happily she said, "Patricia will be taken care of, I know; and oh, how I do love Sally!"

Whenever Nancy went for a ride with her parents she saw to it that her Sally was not thrown out.

SUNSET

Peggy Hardman
Belleville N.J

I sat on my porch at sunset
And watched the colors glow.
And I thought of our heavenly Father
Who made those colors so:
The green and the pink and the orange,
The lavender and the blue,
And then as hid by a curtain
All colors were gone from view.



The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor .... Dr. W. T. Parrott
Associate Editor .... Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor .... Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor .... Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager .... Miss Mary L. Utley

THE CAUSE OF MENTAL DEFICIENCY

What are the causes of mental deficiency? Through untold ages this question has been asked. An examination of medical literature reveals this question as far back as we can go and in 1940 it is still being asked, but with the experience of the ages we have gotten somewhere with an answer and we are not so much puzzled as was Hippocrates and Galen. The ancients thought it was a special visitation of Providence and this belief is still entertained in wild tribes. Before we can answer as to the cause of mental deficiency, we must first ask what is mental deficiency? The definition of the American Association of Mental Deficiency is possibly the best. It is as follows: "The term feebleminded (and this is far more accurate than mental deficiency) is used generically to include all degrees of mental deficiency due to arrested or imperfect mental development as a result of which the person so afflicted is incapable of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows or managing himself or his affairs with ordinary prudence". While it is agreed that heredity plays possibly the major part as a cause, still heredity is not to be considered a simple recessive in John Mendels law. If there is a mendelian inheritance it is so multifactorial that the results of sterilization cannot be predicted.

In a broad general sense, three well defined causes are noted. First and the predominating causes are the ones operative before the individual is born. Second—Those causes brought on during birth, that is, during labor. Third—Those causes of mental deficiency arising after birth. The first or prenatal causes are estimated by some as high as 90%, an estimate I have always thought too high. The second group, or those arising during labor, are due largely to hemorrhages of the menningel vessels. Early Caesarian section even has not completely eradicated the dangers of hemorrhages. In that group occuring after birth, syphilis was at one time thought to be the greatest contributing cause. In very recent years, however, I have not seen a higher estimate than that of Woodall and he estimated 6.5 in 1,314 cases which he studied. From my personal observation the syphilitic organism or germ readily attacks nervous tissue, but far too much stress has been placed on this disease as there can be little doubt that any disease or injury to the biological substratum after birth and before intellectual maturity are as numerous and serious. I think there can be no doubt (if you survey the entire field) that modern medicine and our world-trained physicians and surgeons are preventing more mental deficiency than any other single agency. May their tribe increase!

W. T. Parrott, M. D., Superintendent

A Tea

The All-Staff gave a tea for Dr. and Mrs. Tom Parrott at the December meeting. It was the first event held in the redecorated reception hall of the Central Building. Everyone admired the tinted walls, the modernistic furniture with red seats and the colorful draperies. Dr. and Mrs. Parrott were most gracious and everyone had a good time.

Russian tea, cream cheese sandwiches, cakes and candies were served. Mrs. Mark Hill, Mrs. Will Hill, Mrs. Hudson and Mr. and Mrs. Holloman composed the entertainment committee.

January 1, the All-Staff gave a New Year's dance in the school auditorium. Evergreens and potted plants made the room look festive. There was a three-piece orchestra. Tables for cards and Chinese checkers were placed in the music room. The New Year was ushered in with a happy time for all present. Tea, cheese, waffles and cakes were served. Mr. Hughes, Mrs. Hill, Miss Jackson, Mr. Holloman and Mr. Jenkins made up the committee.

Mrs. B. S. Barnes

The Christmas Program

On December 17 at 3:30 p. m., the Glee Club, of which Mrs. Ramon Askew is director, broadcasted their Christmas program over W.F.T.C. at 6:30. The same program was rendered in the school auditorium. The Christmas story was impressively carried out in Scripture reading by Mary E. Nichols and in songs by the Glee Club. The visitors were impressed by the sincerity and understanding conveyed in the children's voices, also by the marked improvement in expression and tone quality. So well was this program rendered that on the following Sunday they were asked to give it at the Christian Church.

Mrs. Mark Hill, Teacher

Cottage 4

Christmas in Cottage 4 was a very happy time. For a week before Christmas everyone was busy with all the decorations that go with Christmas. And then at last the day and night when Santa Claus really visits the children came. Everyone was excited. You should have seen the faces beam on Christmas morning when the gifts that Santa

(Continued on page 5)

WORK IS PLAY IF---

By John Edwin Price.

You no doubt recall a song which used to be sung in your school days, a part of which ran:

> *"Work is play if you only take*
> *Your work with a little song.*
> *Oh, Johnny McCree, oh what cares he,*
> *As he whistles along his way,*
> *For care will go, as I told you so,*
> *Says Johnny McCree today."*

Swami Yogananda, who has been taking the country by storm through his practical teachings, gives us an illustration of the power of will by drawing our attention to the fact that work which we do willingly does not deplete our energies, but that if we think how unpleasant a task is even for a few minutes before entering upon it, we find ourselves, within a short space of time, experiencing the inertia of spring fever.

By the power of will a person can make himself believe that a given piece of work is going to be very irksome or that he is going to "get away with it" easily. The latter attitude not only stimulates the life forces, as the Swami points out, and offsets the inertia previously referred to, but also makes for efficient workmanship, and a day pleasantly spent. There is a wholesome philosophy in the song of our childhood days, "Work is play if you only take your work with a little song."

The next best thing to having ideal conditions is to have a mind strong enough to live above, or learn to like the things you have to do. One method of attaining this self mastery is through taking one's work in the singing spirit:

> *"We may drive the clouds away,*
> *Cheer and bless the darkest day,*
> *If we keep the heart singing all the while."*

In one of the Swift meat-packing rooms, the schedule of hogs to be killed was 6,000 a day. The proprietor came in and heard the negroes singing in a ringing chorus "Down in Mobile." He had to raise his voice to gain attention, and ordered the foreman to "stop that singing," telling him that it interfered with discipline. The foreman reminded him that their stint was 6,000 hogs a day, and that the negroes did much better and faster work if they were permitted to sing.

"Never mind," directed his employer. "I think we can kill the hogs without any musical accompaniment. Yes, sir, we turn out a lot of pork at Chicago without singing.

"You have conveyor chains, rolling tables, and all the other facilities at Chicago for speeding up the work. If you need to turn out a little more than the usual production, you speed up the conveyors a little and the men speed up to keep pace.

"I think we don't need the singing. It's bad for discipline," was the final word on the subject.

However, the day's work, after the singing had ceased, showed a production of only 400 hogs an hour instead of 600. When this report came to the attention of the proprietor, he had the good sense to say:

"Hm! I guess maybe there's a little something in what you say. Maybe you might let those boys sing when they've got an extra lot of work to do. But" —regretfully—"singing is mighty hard on discipline."

It is very possible that most people are working under conditions where it would not be advisable to sing or whistle aloud.

One boy had just given another a beating up, for calling him names. The little fellow rose, and began blubbering, whereupon the larger boy said, threateningly, "Don't you say it!" Taking to his heels, the little fellow shouted back, "You know what I'm thinking!"

There is no power on earth which can stop you from thinking. Your happiness, your efficiency, and yes, your ultimate prosperity depends on what is going on inside as you tackle the problems of the day.

Work is play if you keep the heart singing all the while.

LONG-LIVED HOUSES.

Homes, like wearing apparel and its accessories, have been going through a process of evolution from the cave of primitive man to the residences of today in which a citizen is better housed than many a king of old. As to durability the average modern well built and cared for frame house of today may last 50 years is the estimate of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association.

Our pioneers in several instances built homes to last for successive generations. Jonathan Fairbanks, for example, came from England to Massachusetts soon after the Pilgrim fathers landed and shortly thereafter built him a house at Dedham. Solid oak and white pine were his preference and he constructed his dwelling so well that much of the original remains. Approximating this home in point of age if the Pierce place at Dorchester, Mass. The builder took no chances on a long, cold winter so he stuffed the spaces between with studs with eel grass as insulation.

Quite a number of sturdily built frame dwellings, which have survived more than a century, may be found way down east, and New London, Conn., takes pride in its town mill, which was doing business more than a century before the Revolutionary war. Frame cottages at Yorktown, not to mention more pretentious dwellings, were standing when George Washington and Lord Cornwallis debated with artillery.

Throughout the middle west frame houses may be found which were new a century or more ago.

Irascible, choleric or unreverent teachers or parents may set in motion forces which have no apparent effect at once, but produce unhealthy men and women in later life; young people, too weak or too unformed to have firm standards of their own, become so affected by their environment that they lose their ideals or their balance and give way to despair. The apparent crime is theirs, but the responsibility belongs to all who helped to create the environment. If a child has contempt for authority of its parents, the fault may be in the parents but the poison works nevertheless in the character of the child. Mentally, contempt is poison and reverence is inspiration and aspiration.

The Week Before Christmas

We have all heard the poem, "The Night Before Christmas", but at Caswell it is the week, yes, two or three weeks before Christmas that we get the real Christmas spirit in our bones.

The mail is always late and when it does come, it is loaded down with cards, letters and packages. Then the week before Christmas truck loads of packages come in.

The hospital staff and patients wish to thank Dr. Mike Lee for the beautiful tree and decorations he gave for the hospital. It was a real treat and pleasure to see the little faces brighten up at the sight of the brightly-lighted tree.

Dr. Lee also gave the patients in the hospital nice gifts and treats. Just to show their appreciation, most of the children have their gifts that Dr. Lee has given them from year to year and treasure them very much.

Now that the New Year of 1940 is here, we are going to endeavor to make it a much better year than ever at Caswell.

Miss Nancy Whitfield, Nurse

o

THE KITCHEN DEPARTMENT

The month of December has passed, leaving in its trail various feelings and impressions. Among the more definite things for which we have to be thankful is the receipt of a complete new set of dishes, and we want to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Stroud for getting them for us.

Another event which stands out in our minds is Christmas and all the events preparatory to it. The enormous amounts of food cooked for Christmas dinner caused many aching feet, but resulted in a comfortable feeling of a job well done. Judging from the favorable comments, we think the dinner a huge success, and we appreciate very much the many compliments on it. We must congratulate Miss Wood for her careful preparation of the menu and the efficient way in which she directed the many diverse jobs which culminated in such a fine dinner.

The New Year finds us in an appropriate season of work, the killing of hogs and all the work entailed in the storing of meat for the future. Already much meat and lard have been stored and we are anticipating much more. In this season we are enjoying many new dishes made possible by the addition of fresh meat.

The New Year also finds among us two new members of the staff, Mr. Abram Swain and Mrs. John Cappetto. We wish to extend to these a hearty welcome and to express our sincerest wishes that they may find their work satisfactory and be happy in it.

In closing, I wish to express for the department our best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year for all the staff.

R. M. Barefoot

o

Wooten B

All the girls in Wooten B had a very nice Christmas. Santa Claus was very liberal. Each of them got what she asked for. The building was decorated very beautifully. The Christmas tree was lovely also. Christmas morning, when the girls went in the sun parlor to see their presents, they found them covered with snow. They were happy when they unwrapped their gifts. It made me very happy to see so many beaming faces.

We all missed Mrs. Harlan very much through the holidays and we are glad she is back with us again. Many of the girls mentioned during the day how nice it would be if Mrs. Harlan could be with us.

We are very glad to welcome to our group a new girl, Gloria. She has only been with us but a few days, but seems contented. Everyone is doing everything possible to make her happy in her new home.

We all hope to make this year of 1940 one of the most successful years that we have ever spent here at Caswell. We realize that all it will take is effort and I feel that everyone will cooperate with each other and will make it so. Our New Year's resolution is to "Make the better best."

We are very proud, indeed, of our girls who have accomplished so much in the craft room, with the help of their teachers. They made many attractive and useful fruit bowls which had lovely designs of autumn leaves and fruit. Many were bought for gifts.

Nina Sue Stroud, Matron

o

Resolution

New Year eve I asked little Alma if she had made any New Year resolutions. She asked, "What is that?" I told her it meant to promise herself to do larger and better things the coming year. "Oh, well", she said, "I promise to be a good girl and do everything you ask me to do the whole year through."

Now, that set me back a bit because I, myself, had not promised 1940 much improvement. If a little child like Alma has that much respect and confidence in me, I will resolve to make every effort to be the right kind of leader and instructor, promising 1940 that I will do my part in making Caswell Training School a home of love and a better place to live.

Mrs. Sally Fisher, Laundry Department

o

Austin B

Christmas was an unusually happy occasion in our building. The girls received many beautiful and useful gifts. Our living room was very attractive with a pretty cedar tree filled with blinking lights. We also had the fireplace from the school department, and we thank Mrs. Barnes so much. Stockings were hung in a row and a red bulb was placed under the wood to make a fire. I, being on night duty at that time, enjoyed the beauty of it all more than any one else, I am sure.

The only thing that saddened our holidays was the fact that Mrs. Harlan was sick and could not come around and visit us. We are happy to say she is with us again.

With Christmas all over and a New Year ahead, we are back at our regular work and we wish everyone at Caswell the best of luck in 1940.

Mrs. Holloman, Matron

COTTAGE 4

(Concluded from page 3)

had left were being given out. I think everyone must have had a good time at Christmas!

We are all glad that Mrs. Harlan is back with us.

Mrs. Grady - Miss Wagstaff, Matrons

FROM THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK

Two Presidents Arrested During Terms of Office

Franklin Pierce and Ulysses S. Grant were arrested during their terms in the White House. One night in 1853 President Pierce was returning on horseback from the home of William Morgan in the southeast section of Washington. He accidentally ran down an aged woman, the wife of Nathan Lewis. A constable named Stanley Edelin placed Pierce under arrest not knowing he was the president. "I am Mr. Pierce," explained the victim, whereupon the constable immediately released him. President Grant was once arrested in Washington for fast driving. The president was driving west on M street between 11th and 12th streets in the northwest section of the capital. William H. West, a negro policeman, who was talking with some boys on the corner of 12th and M streets, rushed out from the sidewalk and was dragged half a block before he brought the horse and buggy to a stop. When West recognized the president of the United States he was profuse in apologies. The president stepped down from the buggy, saying, "Officer, do your duty." Many errors have arisen in connection with this arrest due to the fact that Grant was arrested at least twice in Washington before he became president.

* * *

Your Secret

"Let thy discontents be thy secrets." It was the advice of Benjamin Franklin, and it is good, sage advice—the thoughtful utterance of a wise man. Keep to yourself the things that do not suit you. Put a soft pedal on your grouches and grudges. Do not wear your heart on your sleeve where everybody can see when it runs blood with hurt, or turns green with envy, or grows black with anger. Many discontents held in leash of silence grow less acute, and vanish; talked about, spread out in the air and the sunlight of publicity, they multiply in number and increase in force. Let your discontents be your own secrets.—Watchman-Examiner.

* * *

Age 19, Crime Greatest

Boys of 19 years comprise the largest single group of criminals by age in the United States, according to a recent survey. It is too late to correct a boy at that age, however, for the lad 6 or 12 years—yes, or even 2 years—is the one who needs the training for what he will be at 19.

To the Quitter

The world won't care if you quit
And the world won't whine if you fail;
The busy world won't notice it,
No matter how loudly you wail.
Nobody will worry that you
Have relinquished the fight and gone down,
For it's only the things that you do
That are worth while and get you renown.

The quitters are quickly forgot;
On them the world spends little time;
And a few e'er care that you've not
The courage or patience to climb.
So give up and quit in despair,
And take your place back on the shelf;
But don't think the world's going to care;
You are injuring only yourself.

—Detroit Free Press

Count the Cost

The cost of the World War of all belligerents was $186,000,000,000. The last depression was just a big shell hole. The World War cost the lives of 7,449,087 men in the field, including those who died of wounds and disease behind the lines. Russia was the greatest loser, with 2,762,064; Germany was next, with 2,050,466; France, 1,427,000; Austria-Hungary, 1,200,000; Britain, 1,098,919; Italy, 507,160; the United States, 107,284. There is no decrease in the number of British dead still being found on the battlefields of France; last year 1,246 more skeletons were found. The number of wounded is estimated at 20,000,000; war widows at 9,000,000; war orphans, 5,000,000. France alone had 740,000 war cripples. A Swedish investigator credits the war with 40,000,000 victims altogether. Yet the world is now spending on armament $5,000,000,000 annually. Today there are nearly 5,500,000 men actively under arms and 20,000,000 more in reserves. —Los Angeles Times.

* * *

Courage

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold danger, but we must jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances . . . a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years old, and that he has lost so much time in consulting relatives that he has had no time to follow their advice. — Sidney Smith.

* * *

Pluck

Very often we hear people say of a successful man: "He is a genius," or "He is lucky." The fact, is, as someone has aptly said, genius is only a capacity for hard work. Luck should be P-L-U-C-K. It will get one farther. There are, of course, extraordinary giants; but though giants are few, they are still human beings. So with genius. What we usually call genius is nothing more than common horsesense and a willingness to work, backed up by energy and determination.—J. E. Penney.

Christmas Holidays at Cottage 6

Christmas is one time of the year to which children as well as grown-ups look forward. This year, I think, everyone had the gayest and merriest time there has been in a long, long while.

We all got up Christmas morning and hurried to get through with breakfast and cleaned up the building so the children could open their packages which Santa Claus had brought them. At 9 o'clock we were all through, so we began opening the packages. What fun the children did have blowing harps, pulling mickey mouse carts, blowing horns and so many other nice things. They were all thrilled with their gifts.

Oh, the dinner was so nice. I think everyone enjoyed it. There were numerous dishes, turkey, dressing, cake, cranberry sauce, pickles, and so many other things.

They were all very sorry that Mrs. Harlan was ill and could not be with us Christmas, but we are glad she is now with us again.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Matron and Attendant

o

Cottage 8

Well, Christmas is over, but oh what fun we had while it lasted! Santa brought several of the boys skates and practically all the others cowboy suits. Several afternoons each week and especially Saturday afternoons we were all lined up down the highway skating, while the others were playing cowboy. I think Santa was very, very good to everyone at Caswell.

We had lots of company during Christmas. The first to arrive Christmas morning was Mr. Henry. He had traveled a long distance to be able to see his son on Christmas day. The next, an aunt of James, came in to see him a few minutes. Several days later, Mrs. Blackburn came to see her son and spent the day. While here she took him over to Kinston and bought him lots of things. Best of all, Frank came back Saturday afternoon, December 30, with a large trunk filled with wagons, footballs, boxing gloves and numerous other toys for all the boys to play with. Each and every boy extended their heartiest thanks to Frank's mother and father for all the beautiful toys and they have enjoyed them very much.

We have four new boys with us now, Ray, Toy, Frank and Arie. We are very sorry that Richard is in the hospital and we hope that he will be able to return to the building soon.

Mrs. Jones and Philyaw, Matrons

o

Cottage 3

Cottage 3 has been opened about three months, though the children are taken to Cottage 2 for meals. We are hoping in the near future that our own Cottage will be furnished so that we, too, can serve meals.

Christmas has come and gone and our 16 girls were very happy for Santa was very generous. He brought them useful gifts as well as toys and I really do not believe any children could have been any happier than Cottage 3 girls were on that glorious morning. It was very interesting to look at them when we were opening their packages. Each girls face was brightened with joy.

The girls were very glad to see the time come when they could go back to school. In school they are learning many types of work, some of which some day will be a great help to them when they leave Caswell to seek their fortune.

Miss Scott and Mrs. Hill, Matrons

o

Christmas Day at Cottage 5

We are hoping that everyone had a happy Christmas like we did here in our Cottage and really know that they did for when you would look at anyone there was a smile to greet you.

Santa Claus was very good to each and every boy and not a one was disappointed. Christmas day was a very happy one as the boys were up early so they could have their little task done before breakfast. They were so anxious to open their package as they wanted to know what each had. It was about 9 o'clock when this happy hour came. Then we were entertained by blowing harps and the running of little cars and other toys.

After this, they began to wonder what time dinner would be served and that was really worth all as we had such a delicious turkey dinner. Then when the dishes were put away, they went out in the yard to play football and to skate. It was a wonderful day and everybody had a most happy time.

We want to thank each and every one who helped make this Christmas such a happy one and we only hope that each and every one will be blessed this New Year with health and happiness.

Miss Surles, Matron

o

Wooten A

Christmas has come and gone all in a hurry and what a time we had! I think we can say that it was a joyous one for all at Caswell. Santa brought all of our girls something real nice and they were very much pleased. They want to thank Dr. Tom and Mr. Stroud for helping make it so happy.

Since it has passed, we will talk about the New Year, 1940, which we hope will be one of the most prosperous and happiest years that our children and friends have ever spent. All it will take is cooperation. Especially at Caswell we hope everyone will be happy. The New Year came in with a lovely blanket of snow, so it will be very easily remembered.

We sadly regret that Mrs. Harlan could not be with us during the Yuletide season and we feel sure she had all our heartfelt sympathies. We are glad that she is well and with us now.

Miss Heath - Mrs. Dickerson, Matrons

o

Austin A

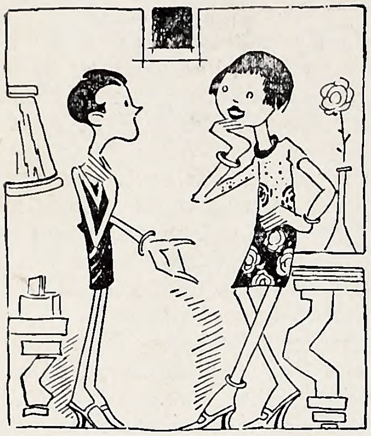
Christmas was a happy time for the children in Austin A. Christmas morning dawned clear and cold and when the girls were called, their faces radiated the happiness and good will they felt. How happy they were when the playroom was opened and they saw the tree and the loads of presents and packages!

Several of the girls spent Christmas at home and reported a good time. We want to thank everyone who helped to make it possible for us to have such an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Parker, Matron

LIFE'S
LITTLE
JESTS

CAUSE OF DIVORCE



"You say Grace is divorcing Tom? I thought it was a case of love at first sight."

"It was, but she never saw him again until a month after they were married."

"I hear you are going to California with your husband, Jane," said Mrs. Jones to her maid, who was leaving to get married. "Aren't you nervous about the long voyage.

"Well, mum," said Jane's reply, that's his look-out. I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me, it'll be his loss, not mine."

City dude in field: "Say, is this bull safe?"

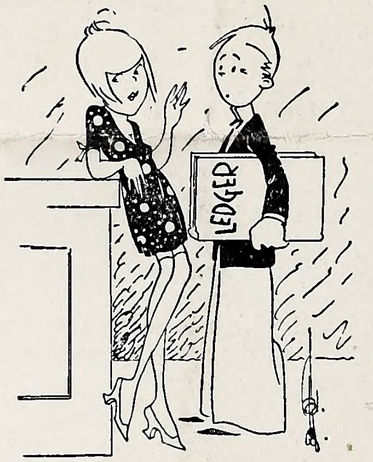
Farmer: "Well, he's a lot safer than you are."

HIS BIG PARTY

"He says he's going to hold a big party tonight."

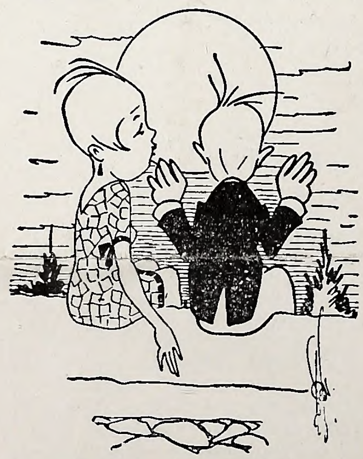
"He's probably telling the truth —she weighs 200 pounds."

BIG OBJECTION



She: "Me? Marry an efficiency expert? Never. He'd insist on living within our means."

WHY HE WAS NOT KILLED



She: "And you jumped from the balloon? Heavens, why were you not killed?"

He: "The balloon hadn't left the ground.

Tourist: "Hey, boy! Where does this road go to?"

Farmer Boy: "It don't go anywhere, because it's here every morning that I'm out."

TALKING TOO YOUNG

"Whose little okums is you?"

"Be your age, Jack. I'm your red hot mamma."

Two farmers met after church as usual and this conversation followed:

"Sold your pig?"

"Yes."

"What d'ye get?"

"Thirteen dollars."

"What'd it cost to raise it?"

"Paid $3 for the shoat, $5 for the lumber in the pen and house, and five more for the feed."

"Didn't make much, did ye?"

"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."

Teacher: "Bobby, how many times have you whispered today?"

Bobby: "Onct."

Teacher: "Willie, what should he have said?"

Willie (eagerly): "Twict."

ODOROUS STREAM

"How did the Oder river in Prussia get its name?"

"Probably from the limburger cheese made on its banks."

21 1940

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The Caswell News

Volume
4

Number
12

*Shadow owes its birth
to light.*

—GAY

FEBRUARY, 1940

CHILDREN'S PAGE

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

THIS is a story of a girl who lived in Massachusetts many years ago. She loved to write, and grew up to be an author of books for girls and boys. As a very small girl, she was often seen in her father's library, "building towers and bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read, and scribbling on blank pages whenever a pen or pencil could be found."

Mr. and Mrs. Alcott had to teach their children at home, and they made up many of the lessons they used, sometimes putting in little pictures.

One of the delights of Louisa's childhood was to run away. Once she and her hoop fell into the frog pond just out of town, and they were rescued by a black boy, which seemed to make her a devoted lifelong friend to the whole colored race. Another time she got lost, and was found asleep on a doorstep with her head pillowed on a big New Foundland dog. The next day her mother tied her to the leg of the sofa for punishment.

When Louisa was seven years old, her mother gave her a doll for her birthday, and wrote her a dear little letter. They were always writing things in that family—letters, and diaries, and little notes to one another. Louisa had her "Imagination Book," in which she loved to write; and at eight years she made up a poem to a robin which she found half frozen in the garden of their Concord home.

She learned to sew, and helped with the family mending. At ten years of age she even set up as a dolls' dressmaker and milliner, doing especially well with hats until the downy feathers on the neighbors' hens gave out.

We read in the diary kept when she was ten that she got up at six o'clock in the morning, and that she loved cold water. She washed the breakfast dishes, and then ran on the hill until nine. On December 10 she writes: "In the evening father, mother, Anna, and I had a long talk. I was very unhappy, and we all cried." This shows us how early Louisa began to feel the family burdens, and how the parents talked things over with the children. They did everything together and shared everything, glad or sad. The Alcotts were the most generous family that ever was poor. They would give away half their firewood to any suffering neighbor. Motherless girls were sheltered, hungry travelers were fed, and fleeing slaves were given a lodging under their roof. They trusted the Lord to provide, and were never disappointed.

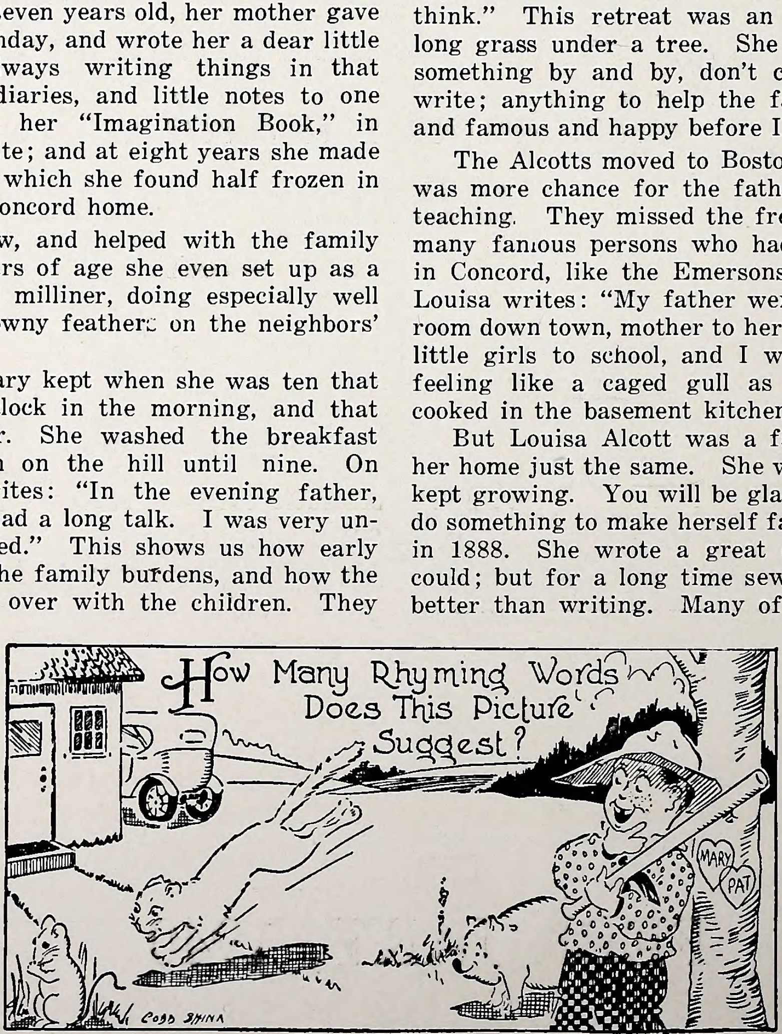
Since she wrote and thought so much, little Louisa longed for a room to herself, and her desire was fulfilled at Fruitlands, to which place they moved when she was thirteen. The family had rather a hard struggle at this place. Louisa and her sisters did not have the nice things to eat that you no doubt have in your home. How would you like to live on plain boiled rice without any sugar, or on graham bread without any butter? If you did, could you be happy, and make your own good times?

Mrs. Alcott was often grieved to see her children go without things they needed. Yet she was brave and cheerful always, and she helped the children to be. The Alcott girls reverenced their father, and they adored their mother. Louisa longed to grow up and help, so that her mother might be comfortable and some day have a chance to rest.

The Alcott family moved back to Concord, and here Louisa spent the happiest hours of her life. One day she went to her favorite retreat for "a good think." This retreat was an old cart wheel in the long grass under a tree. She firmly resolved to "do something by and by, don't care what; teach, sew, write; anything to help the family, and I'll be rich and famous and happy before I die, see if I don't!"

The Alcotts moved to Boston in 1848, where there was more chance for the father to earn a living by teaching. They missed the free country life and the many famous persons who had been near neighbors in Concord, like the Emersons and the Hawthornes. Louisa writes: "My father went to his classes at his room down town, mother to her all-absorbing poor, the little girls to school, and I was left to keep house, feeling like a caged gull as I washed dishes and cooked in the basement kitchen."

But Louisa Alcott was a faithful girl, and loved her home just the same. She worked and studied and kept growing. You will be glad to know that she did do something to make herself famous before her death in 1888. She wrote a great deal, selling what she could; but for a long time sewing and teaching paid better than writing. Many of her stories are about things she and her sisters did at home. "Little Women," "Little Men," and "Under the Lilacs" are considered her best books, and I hope you will some day read them. You will then better see how a poor girl, by patient and determined effort, can accomplish something in the world.


How Many Rhyming Words Does This Picture Suggest?
MARY
PAT
COBB SHINN

The Caswell News

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Published monthly for the benefit of Caswell Training School and for the information of the citizens of North Carolina.

Editor ....Dr. W. T. Parrott
Associate Editor ....Miss Edith Wladkowski
Associate Editor ....Mrs. Fannie Harlan
Educational Editor ....Mrs. B. S. Barnes
Business Manager ....Miss Mary L. Utley

NORTH CAROLINA SOCIETY OF NEURO-PSYCHIATRY

This association met in the Medical Library of the Professional building in Charlotte on January 26. It was a hall filled to overflowing. Every paper and every discussion of a paper were rare gems. Prof. Crispell of Duke and Prof. Appel, head of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania. Many valuable exchanges of ideas followed in the discussions, and I think every doctor got help.

Dr. William Allan, a physician of Charlotte, gave a resume of case histories in Mecklenburg County. His quaint sense of humor interspersing facts kept every man listening intently. North Carolina would be a far better state if the marrying public and general public at large knew as much of heredity as William Allan told.—W. T. Parrott, M. D., Superintendent.

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My Dear Jennie Wrenn:

Thank you so very much for your tokens of love and inquiry. It has been "quite a spell" since I have written you, but that does not mean I do not love you or think of you constantly. So very much has happened in the past few months, things we would like to forget and things we love to have happen over and over again, so our best move would be to pass over the past and live for the present. The Birdry has just about settled to the everyday working schedule again, the holidays being over, but what a Christmas these Humans had at Caswell Training School! Really, Jenny Wrenn, it even made my Byrd-heart flutter to see the happiness and joy these children manifested toward each other and their friends! Santa came to see them in person! The entire school was beautiful with Christmas trees, decorations of red and green lights. The Spirit of the Christ Child was not lost in all the blaze of gift-giving and feasting, for a beautiful sacred concert was given by the school group and we could hear them singing and resinging the lovely Christmas carols all through the festive season as they visited from building to building.

Now the New Year has begun and all have turned over a new leaf to make 1940 the best year of their life! May we, too, do the same and let us promise not to wait so long to write! True, I have to pick my chances to get to this typewriter, but I think I can manage.

Not only to you, my dear Jennie Wrenn, do we extend New Year's greetings and good wishes, but to all our friends in the far counties of North Carolina or wherever they be, may they continue to be our friends and helpers in making Caswell a happy home and school for their children and ours.

Yours devotedly,
Gertie J. Byrd

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"THE PASSION PLAY"

On Sunday evening, February 4, Mr. D. T. Edwards of Kinston presented to the employees and children of Caswell Training School the pictures of the Passion Play as given every ten years in Oberammergau, Bavaria. As there are few of us ever privileged to attend the real play in Oberammergau, we were fortunate in having Mr. Edwards bring these lovely pictures to us. Mr. Edwards is an outstanding Bible student and was able to explain to us its religious significance.

The play represents the crucifixion and the ascension of Jesus, with scenes depicting the Passion week which was Christ's last week on earth. The play in Oberammergau takes place each Sunday during the summer on a large stage (We saw pictures of the theater and surrounding country) and it usually lasts eight hours.

The performance was originally made in 1633 by the villagers, who by presenting the play expressed their gratitude for the ending of a dreadful disease that was killing the people.

From the date of that vow the play has been presented every ten years except when prevented by war.

No less than 70 villagers take part in the Oberammergau Passion Play. Each person must be of true moral character and tradition forbids that married women appear on the program.

The money they receive from the presentation of these plays is divided with one-fourth going to the performers and the remaining money spent for local charities, religious purposes and the town.—Mrs. Ramon Askew, Teacher.

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CHRISTMAS ARTICLES

Due to the lack of space in the January issue and because all matrons and attendants were so eager to relate the enthusiasm in their buildings during the Christmas holidays, we are now printing some of the articles in this month's issue of the "Caswell News."—Editorial Staff.

Why MODERN EDUCATION?

By
HAROLD L. ICKES

> *If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.*
> *—Franklin.*

HOW MANY of us have stopped to consider what would be the result if all the schools of America were to be closed tomorrow and kept closed for one full generation?

The effect would be startling. We would have a country made up almost entirely of illiterates. Culture would have disappeared. Science would be merely a word of Latin origin. In the course of a generation we would have gone back literally hundreds of years as to all the essentials that distinguish this period from that of the Dark Ages.

The higher the civilization of a country and the more complex its life, the broader and the higher and the more universal must be the education of the people in order to maintain that civilization. In a low stage of civilization education as we have developed it today was not necessary. All that the youth just emerging from savagery into barbarism needed to know to prepare him to be a good member of his tribe was a knowledge of how to hunt and fish. Later, in a higher state of civilization, it was essential for him to be trained to till the soil and to take care of his flocks. Thence, on up through advancing stages more and more education was needed to fit him for the life that he was called upon to live.

Gradually more and more people began to acquire the rudiments of learning, but they were indeed rudiments. When finally the value of an education came to be realized by the people, schools were established to teach boys and girls to read and write. What scattered schools there were, were kept open for only three or four months a year, and few indeed were the children who studied more than the three R's. It was still considered that the most valuable part of the education of the youth of the land was to be gained through experience on the farm, in the apprentice shop, or on board ship, because we were a nation of farmers and artisans and sailors. The three R's were considered merely as finishing touches to the practical education received outside of the school. There was a college here and there to educate the few for the learned professions. It is probably safe to say that the college education of those early times was not the equal in depth and extent to the education that the modern child can receive in an up-to-date high school.

But life never stands still. Life became more complex as commerce and industry developed rapidly and contested with agriculture for supremacy. As a result of our industrial and commercial development, social, political and economic problems became more numerous and difficult of solution, so that in course of time it became manifest that all the children of all the people should receive at least a common-school education. A non-compulsory school system gradually gave way to a compulsory one.

Retrogression will follow if we allow our educational system to slip back to what some people apparently are willing it should revert to. Such a highly complex civilization as we have built up requires highly trained intelligences for its maintenance and further development. No one would thrust an intricate and highly sensitized machine into the hands of a man just emerging from the jungle and expect him to operate it.

So intimately is the general education of the people related not only to their own happiness and well-being, but to the prosperity and security of the country that the importance of maintaining and developing our educational system ought not to require argument. It is by means of an educated people that material wealth is increased. None will deny that the value of the people to the nation is vastly greater than it was a century ago. This increased value is due to the fact that they have become more universally intelligent as the result of education.

We accumulate wealth; we can pass on to each succeeding generation tangible property in any form. We can even to some extent transmit native ability. But we cannot bequeath an education to our children. The most we can do is to provide them with the means for an education. Every babe that is born into the world is as ignorant as its most remote ancestor. It can neither write nor read. It has only rudimentary mental processes. It merely has reactions and responses to external stimuli. If abandoned to its own fate on an uninhabited island, if it survived at all, it would grow up to be a totally illiterate man and an ignorant one, except as it might learn certain facts of life from its environment and from its experience.

No nation in these times can hope to survive, to say nothing of progressing in the arts and the sciences, in commerce, in trade, or in industry, unless it is composed of a well-educated citizenry. Least of all can a democracy, depending, as it must depend, upon an informed public opinion for the selection of its leaders and the framing of its laws hope long to endure unless it consists of a highly and universally educated electorate. The individual American must be educated not only that he may be able to enjoy a happier and fuller life; he must be educated in order that, in cooperation with other educated Americans, he may do his part toward sustaining and upbuilding an intelligent and beneficent and capable government.

HOW CAN CASWELL TRAINING SCHOOL HELP MENTAL DEFECTIVE CHILDREN?

The above mentioned topic has been discussed on a number of occasions in previous issues of this magazine with the hope that those who read it, especially welfare officials, may help to educate parents who wish to place their children in this Institution or whose children are already here. This would indeed be a great service rendered, for it would not only facilitate our interviews with parents, but it would also make these parents more satisfied knowing the truth what we can and cannot accomplish, or for that matter, what any institution of this kind can and cannot accomplish for their children who are in need of special training.

For the past two or three months, since a greater number of children have been admitted to this institution than during any other corresponding period, it has become more obvious than heretofore that many parents of subnormal individuals harbor the false hope that their children can be cured. Others believe that if we can only teach their child to read and write, he would be "perfectly normal." Still others feel that their child's subnormality is due to his eye, speech or any other single defect which their child may have and that if this particular defect were corrected, the child would otherwise be normal.

The belief that the individual's general mental subnormality is due to any given sensory or motor defect is quite common, according to my experience, and in my interviews and conversations with parents and others who bring children for examination and admission, I attempt wherever possible to explain the relationship between the various defects and mental subnormality. Explanations are also given on how and in what ways Caswell Training School can help those subnormal individuals who are admitted.

We know that normally the average child begins using sentences in his spoken language at about two years of age. Now, in the case of a subnormal individual, no matter what the actual age is, his mentality must also be that of about a two-year-old in order for him to be capable of using sentences or even phrases. There are of course exceptions to this rule. On the whole we know that the lower the individual is in mentality, the slower he is in his general physical development including the capacity to speak. Slowness or inability to speak does not cause mental deficiency; they merely go hand in hand together.

As in the case of speech, various other defects are common among mental defectives, and the lower the mentality the more sensory and motor defects are apt to be present. To say that these have caused the mental retardation may seem natural enough to the casual observer, but scientifically it is not the case. Merely treating the obvious physical defect (even when possible) as it is the wish of many parents, will not make the individual normal.

Concerning the ability to learn to read and write, we know that the average normal child must be about six years of age before he is capable of learning these subjects. This accounts for the compulsory education law providing that children of six years start attending the regular public school grades. In the case of individuals who are mentally retarded, irrespective of their actual age, they must still have a mentality of about six years before they are capable of profiting from instruction in reading and writing. From this it is readily seen how futile it is to demand that one's child with a mentality of, say, two, three or four, be taught to read. Many parents who bring their children here are doing just that. While they are of course not to be blamed, it only shows a lack of knowledge of which they ought to be informed. Lack of this knowledge causes many parents to harbor false hopes which must only lead to disappointment.

No institution of this kind professes to "cure" individuals. These institutions take care of mental defectives in order to relieve the strain of the home and community and to give those institutionalized the special training which they usually cannot get in their own communities. The word, **training** has been used, not **curing**, and this must be emphasized for it is found that many people confuse these terms. Mentally retarded individuals can only be trained in those things of which they are capable of learning. On the whole, subnormal people are more capable of learning practical things than academic subjects and so the practical is stressed, although those able to learn to read, write and cipher are taught to do so to the extent of their abilities. In the case of very low grade mental defectives, it may not even be possible to teach them to do many practical things aside from caring for their own needs.

In closing it might be said that it would perhaps be easier for parents to reconcile themselves to their child's institutionalization if they were to realize how much happier mentally retarded children are in institutions with others of their own kind than in outside communities. In Caswell Training School attempts are made to impart this information but it is realized that many others with whom we have no contacts should also be informed. Unlike what is true in the regular public schools, children in an institution like Caswell Training School do not have to compete with those who are superior, and thus there is much less likelihood of their developing feelings of inferiority. They have companions with whom they can be congenial and special recreational facilities are arranged to meet their needs. All these make mental defective individuals happier and better adjusted in institutions than they usually are in their own homes and communities.

Edith Wladkowski, Psychologist.

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SCHOOL

Christmas is over. How the children hated to see the beautiful Christmas trees with all their gay decorations and glittering lights come down! Long ago the last of the Christmas goodies were eaten. Most of the children are back at school and eager to tell what Santa Claus brought them. Fred came today with a policeman's badge on and a small billy in his hand.

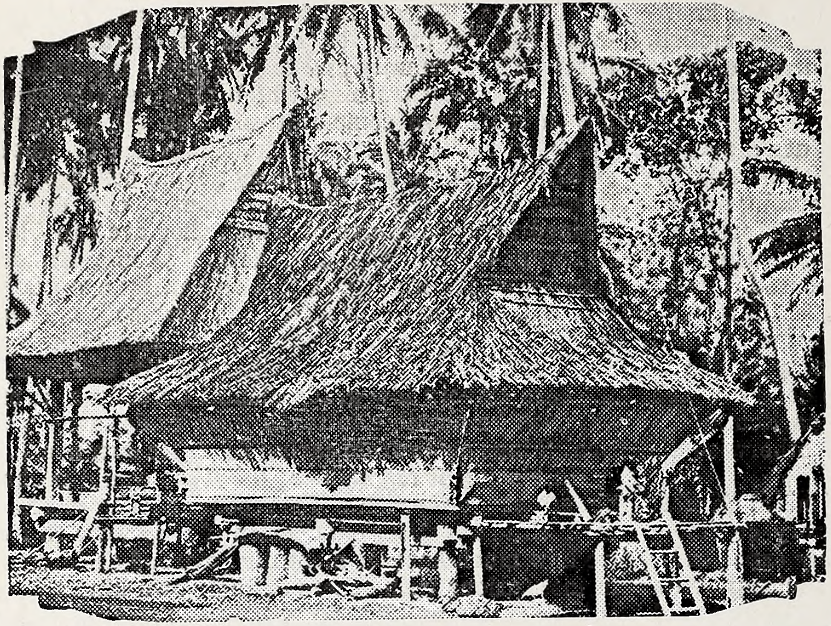
We have a new class in kindergarten, five each day now. We have four new boys to enter our room this New Year. We also have a new set of metal tapping in the kindergarten. Billy and Empie made a pin tray and a small picture which were very creditable.

Empie cut out of wood and painted several lovely figures for the manger scene; Mary, Joseph, the shepherds and wisemen, a donkey, cow and a camel.

We are all glad we have a New Year and no war. We want to make this the best year yet for the children of Caswell.

Mrs. Wilbur Dawson, Teacher.

LIFE in SUMATRA



NATIVE HOUSES, SUMATRA.

Sumatra, huge island of the Dutch East Indies, where the eruption of the volcano Merapi late in December caused loss of life, has in its interior many tribes at a relatively low stage of development. During the past decade Holland has waged an expensive war to pacify the Sumatran natives, and now by a slow penetration of roads, the establishment of rest houses and white resident administrators, is consolidating her control in the interior highlands. Along the coastal plains Dutch authority has been well established for some years.

The highlands around Lake Toba, near which the volcano Merapi is situated, are inhabited by Batak tribes. They lead a communistic life, and outside of the hedged confines of their compounds—each a little cluster of huts around a large central house—very few buildings are found. The Bataks are mostly peaceful and industrious, occupying themselves with agriculture and farming as well as in hunting and fishing.

Traveling through the Batak highlands one comes at intervals upon lines of two-wheeled carts with low, roughly thatched roofs of branches, drawn by buffaloes. The carts are driven by men, but most of the pedestrians encountered are women going to market. They balance heavily packed baskets of fine matting on their heads, and carry astride their hips babies supported by a long scarf tied over one shoulder. The simplicity and similarity of the dress of the women is striking after the variegated color one has found in Java and Malaya. The Batak women usually wear one dark blue garment—a long sarong hung loose from under the arms or around the waist.

Their turban-like headdresses are of the same dark blue cloth, peculiarly folded, with drooping corners sometimes used to support part of the weight of enormous coiled silver ear-rings.

The reports of early Arabs trading with the Sumatran coast gave the Bataks their evil notoriety as cannibals, eaters of captives, foreigners, and their own aged and decrepit relatives.

The half million Bataks scattered throughout the mountains and uplands of northern and central Sumatra are roughly divided into groups according to differences in dialect. Over a fifth profess Mohammedanism and about half that number Christianity; but in both cases the faith amounts to little more than a form of superstition, showing only vague traces of those beliefs and hardly affecting the village law of racial customs and traditions.

The remainder, including the Kara-Bataks and the tribes of Toba Lake, are animistic pagans.

Cannibalism May Persist

It is now general in the case of most of these tribes to refer to cannibalism as a practice of the past and at present non-existent.

As to whether or not any tribes continue the practice of eating their aged and decrepit relatives, one finds a divergence of opinion among the European residents of Sumatra. This form of cannibalism is by no means rare, and usually consist of the ritual killing and consumption of old and infirm males by the younger members of their own tribe.

When the aging warrior feels the waning of his powers, he climbs into a tree encircled by his relations, who dance and chant below. The old man presently drops to the ground, symbolic of the fall of a ripe fruit, and is knocked on the head and promptly eaten. In this both parties supposedly are mutually benefited; the consumers in partaking of the wisdom of their late progenitor; the eaten ancestor by finding immortality as a dimly conscious member of the bodies of his strong, young descendants.

To an animistic form of religion which regards the decay of a body in the ground as the end of all existence, this method of cheating death is welcomed alike by the failing tribesman and his younger relations. Not infrequently the practice is extended to the unfortunate strangers falling into the hands of such tribes, who are devoured that their capturers may receive the benefit of whatever wisdom they happen to embody.

At intervals along the roads through the Batak highlands a traveler comes upon women holding a market. All squat on the ground, surrounded by piles of dried palm leaves, rattan, and big woven baskets full of grain, dried fish, and various other comestibles.

FEBRUARY IN THE CLASSROOM

February is one of the most interesting months of the school year to most children. There is something to look forward to from the day the month opens until it closes.

There is that old superstition of the ground hog which they anxiously await to find if he sees his shadow. The pupils have read stories in their reading book about the woodchuck which makes the animal more interesting and creates a desire to study weather conditions. Sunny or rainy the second day of February is a pleasure.

Every child is fascinated by stories of the simple life of Lincoln and the greatness that he attained. The hardships endured in laborious work of various kinds, with Lincoln having only about a year's schooling at intervals encourages any child in finding out more about this man.

Paper, paste, scissors and crayons, oh, what fun to make such a lovely missive to be sent on Valentine Day. Colors gay, designs fancy or plain combined with that touch of individuality causes any child to be proud of his handiwork. Even the birds, according to the opinion of the old English peasantry, chose their mates at this season. Both Shakespeare and Chaucer speak of St. Valentine's Day as a time when every bird chooses his mate.

Washington amply deserves that immortal epitaph, "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." No other man is loved and admired by the school child more than this great character. In word and deed, he appears as a hero to the average boy.

February's calendar is full of birthdays of famous men that we all love. Sidney Lanier, the poet whose words flow like music; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the children's own poet and one of America's best loved poets: James Russell Lowell, another of our great poets whose works afford great pleasure and entertainment to all who read them. All these men and many more make February a most interesting month.

Rowena Tull,
Pre-primary and Primary Teacher.

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IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOSPITAL

Sometime ago there were many improvements done on the second floor in the hospital department. While these repair works were going on, we hoped that that would extend into the nurses' quarters on the third floor. At last we found that this was going to be accomplished. About two weeks ago we were notified that it would be necessary for us to move out of our rooms in order to have them repaired.

It is true that much work is involved in moving but we were very glad to do this as we were anxious to have the work done. During this moving period there was much excitement going on among the nurses, finding their temporary locations and sleeping quarters. While we were out of our rooms, numerous changes were made. The walls that were cracked are nicely plastered and pleasing to the eye and a new coat of paint makes our rooms look like new. Furniture can be more attractively arranged against such spotless walls as well as pictures and other furnishings. We are thrilled to know that our spring cleaning has already been done for before moving back into our rooms, the floors were scrubbed, curtains carefully laundered and every article dusted. In an institution like Caswell Training School there is so much to be done that we feel very fortunate, indeed, to have our rooms repaired. Certainly each of us is very appreciative.

I, personally, wish to thank those responsible for this renovation project, for I am enjoying my new room tremendously.

Edith Phillips, Nurse.

o

AUSTIN A

We just have to talk about Christmas. We had such a nice time and so many pretty packages we just have to tell a little about it. Christmas Eve, Mrs. Parker and I had the sun parlor cleaned. After we put the girls to bed, we checked over all the packages to see if every girl would have something under the tree Christmas morning. Then we arranged our packages on the long table in the back of the sun parlor and under the tree so they were very pretty. Then the doors were locked until Christmas morning. After the building work was finished, we let the girls in the sun parlor. I wish every one who reads this could have seen those happy faces. The expression on the face of each girl as she looked at the packages touched a tender spot. We just have so much to be thankful for. Mrs. Gray, Matron.

o

POLLOCK A

The boys in Pollock A had a very nice Christmas. Every one was so happy when the sun parlor door was unlocked and they saw the tree Christmas morning. They could hardly wait for their names to be called. No one complained or said he did not get what he wanted. We had such a nice dinner we hardly knew when to stop eating. We never saw children enjoy a meal more. All that went home for the holidays reported a grand time too.

The work has been very pleasant during the New Year. I think the New Year's resolution of the boys was to be better boys during 1940 than ever before.

We are all glad to have Mr. Peyton with us. It has been quite a pleasure to work with him.

It is so nice to have Mrs. Harlan back with us after she has been so sick. We missed her so much during Christmas.

Mrs. Porter and Mr. Sparrow,
Matron and Attendant.

o

COTTAGE 2

Now that vacation time is over and school and work is the same as ever, we cannot express what a joy it is to cherish after having seen the children as happy as they were Christmas morning. Santa Claus was very generous, showering them with useful gifts. They truly appreciated everything so much.

We realize we will not have much space in this issue so we shall say "Onward" is our motto for the New Year. We wish all a year of health and prosperity.

Miss Collins, Miss Brown—Matrons

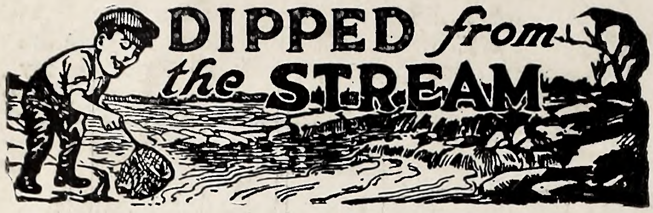
o

COTTAGE 7

What a day at Caswell for the boys in Cottage 7! When the sun came up, up came the boys, and what a thrill when the lights were turned on and to their surprise Santa had been there.

After breakfast and when our building was cleaned, we started opening up packages and then the fun began with the sound of drums, whistles and harps and even the pulling of wagons and cars, which made this a happy day for all of us.

Mrs. Hudson, Miss Meadows—Matrons



DIPPED from the STREAM

"What is an opportunist?"

"One who meets the wolf at the door and appears the next day in a fur coat."

* * *

Lady (to clerk)—"I want to buy some lard."

Grocer—"Pail?"

Lady—"I didn't know it came in two shades."

* * *

Doctor—"Deep breathing, you understand, destroys microbes."

Patient—"But, doctor, how can I force them to breathe deeply?"

* * *

"That is a fine looking horse," said Henry Ward Beecher. "Is he as good as he looks?"

"Yes. He will work any place I put him."

"I wish he were a member of my church," said Beecher.

* * *

Traffic Cop—"Hey, you! Is that your car?"

"Well, officer, since you ask me, considering the fact that I still have 50 payments to make, owe three repair bills and haven't settled for the new tire, I really don't think it is."

* * *

First Loafer—"I hear all the men have gone on a strike."

Second Loafer—"What has they struck for?"

First Loafer—"Shorter hours."

Second Loafer—"Luck to 'em. I allus did say that 60 minutes was too long for an hour."

* * *

Motor cop (after a hard chase)—"Why didn't you stop when I shouted back there?"

Driver (with presence of mind)—"I thought you just said 'Good morning, Senator.' "

Cop—"Well, you see, Senator, I wanted to warn you about driving fast through the next township."

* * *

The station master on the East Indian Railway had been given strict orders not to do anything out of the ordinary without authority from the superintendent. This accounts for him sending the following telegram:

"Superintendent's Office, Calcutta:—Tiger on platform eating conductor. Please wire instructions."

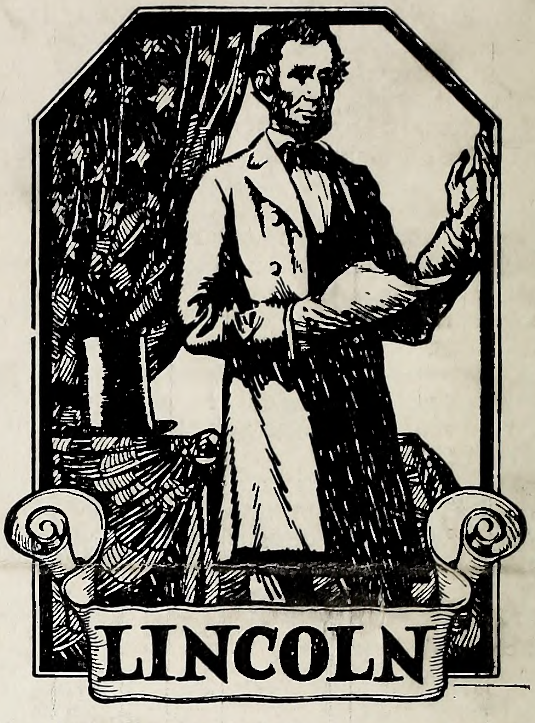
* * *

"Junior, you were absent from school yesterday, I believe," Miss Cunningham, the teacher, said. "Yes, ma'am," Junior answered, "I had to be away yesterday."

"Well, the school regulations require a written excuse for all absences, so you will have to bring me such an excuse," Miss Cunningham explained.

"Who from?" Junior asked.

"Why, you may bring an excuse from either your father or your mother," the teacher replied. "Well, I guess I'll bring one from mother, then," Junior stated. "Dad's an awful poor hand at making excuses."



LINCOLN

Lincoln is close enough to the present generation through the memory of men still living to give an intimacy that makes him and his deeds and words always applicable today.

Lincoln's life is a vein of pure gold that has enriched America for all time and there is no American who cannot profit greatly in patriotism by delving deep into it.

Ida M. Tarbell in "The Fortunate Boy," Collier's for February 10, makes a point about the boyhood of our great American that is usually lost, one worth our consideration in these days of unrest.

"The boy Lincoln did not read for forgetfulness. The book was not a sedative, a sporific for him. It did not take him out of Spencer County, Indiana, but rather helped him to understand Spencer county. It interpreted to him the thing of which he and Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and all these neighbors and friends of theirs, were a part."

We need the teachings of Lincoln more today than ever before if the world is to be saved from greed. His greatest attribute was faith in his fellowman. It was that which saved a Union divided by hate and separated by rivers of blood. Peace can come now as then only "with malice towards none, with charity for all."

Lincoln was a statesman from the people who dealt through the hearts of men and gave peace to a continent greater than Europe.

RECALLING EARLY DAYS

With plenty of patience, paper and a pencil, it is possible for you to remember what happened when you were six months old, asserts Dr. E. Pickworth Farrow, English psychologist, in Popular Science Monthly. For periods of one or two hours at a time, he says, write down any and every thought which occurs to you. Repeat the process several times. Then, as memories of recent happenings gradually are "worked off" on paper, you will go back to recollections of your early life.

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